THE

CHARACTER *and* CONDUCT

OF

CICERO,

CONSIDERED,

From the HISTORY of his LIFE, by the Reverend Dr. MIDDLETON.

WITH

OCCASIONAL ESSAYS, *and* OBSERVATIONS *upon the moſt memorable Facts and Perſons during that Period.*

By *COLLEY CIBBER*, Eſq;
Servant to His MAJESTY.

If better you're inform'd, ſpeak out! be free!
If not, enjoy theſe honeſt Truths with me.

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MDCC XLVII.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE DODINGTON, Eſq;

SIR,

IF your Indulgence can receive this public Addreſs as a Mark of my Eſteem and Reſpect, it is the only Suit or View that will attend it; nor ſhall I preſume, with the Privilege of a modern Dedicator, to deſire You, at the

Expence of your Judgment, to give my Work your good Word to the World; which of courſe, I might tell you, would be the ſureſt way to ſilence all impertinent Criticiſms againſt it.

On the contrary, if I have any farther Deſign, it is rather to prevail with your friendly Freedom to lay your Finger here and there upon the (poſſible) Miſtakes you may meet with. As to its Beauties, You will allow, Sir, I can want but very little Aſſiſtance to diſcover Them; no Man alive being more prompt or inclinable to do That than myſelf: But, as it is equally probable I may be the laſt Man who will have as quick an Eye to its Errors, there, I doubt, Sir, I muſt be beholden to the Impartiality of your critical Objections; which, as they will never fall upon a Line

that

that is not viſibly faulty, ſo neither ſhall I be willing to admit of a ſingle Error that eſcapes your notice; nor yet will the greateſt that even You, Sir, can find, give me the leaſt Apprehenſion of Severity, becauſe whatever is true will always delight me, and a Criticiſm that is *not* true I have never yet ſeen of your making.

It is only by this Appeal, therefore, I can come at the true Knowledge of the worſt that ought to be ſaid of me. You, Sir, I am ſure, will not ſpare me, from your Inclination to have me profit by your Sincerity; and I have ſo implicit a Faith in the Clearneſs of your Judgment, that I ſhall but give an Evidence of my own, while I abide by it. There is a Beauty in the naked Truths you decide with, that no rational Sceptic can reſiſt, and whoever is

oppoſed

oppoſed by them will at laſt find himſelf a Gainer by your Victory: As it is with Vanity I confeſs, that in many a Table-Controverſy I have had the Pleaſure of giving up my moſt confident Poſitions to your candid Correction.

You, therefore, who have made ſo intimate and ſo profitable an Acquaintance with *Cicero*, who have ſo high a Taſte of his various Merit, whether as a Writer, Speaker, Stateſman, or Philoſopher; You, I ſay, Sir, have I choſen to ſtand between the immortal Fame of this venerable *Roman*, and the Liberties I may have taken with him; for little will my ſhrewdeſt Conceptions avail, that fall ſhort of your Protection. Bold, I foreſee, will my Undertaking be deemed; and bolder ſtill, perhaps, when I confeſs, that had not the

hazard

hazard excited me, I ſhould not have thought the Province worth my Undertaking. But as I, notwithſtanding, claim no farther Credit for my Diſcoveries than what the moſt zealous Admirers of *Cicero* may in conſcience allow me, I ſee no occaſion to trouble the Public or You, Sir, with any farther Apology for ſaying what may not perhaps have been uſually ſaid of him by better Writers than,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient

humble Servant,

Jan. 1, 1746-7.

COLLEY CIBBER.

ERRATA.

Page 11, *for* or *read* for
Page 100, *for* lowering *read* cowring
Page 118, *for* then *read* that
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THE

INTRODUCTION.

THE moſt delightful Study, and of the greateſt Utility, that can unbend the innocent Hours of Life, is *Hiſtory:* 'Tis the firſt rational Pleaſure that the Infancy of our Underſtanding is fond of; and the ſame Curioſity, that is fed with the childiſh Stories of our narrative Nurſes, ſeldom leaves us to the end of our Days. But in this buſy Age of Gayity and Pleaſure, how few Readers either can, or care to embarras their Brains with any uſeful Reflexion on the ſeveral valuable Volumes they may have tugg'd and toil'd to get through, and throw away their Time upon? This Treatiſe therefore, being a Comment upon the Hiſtorical Life of *Cicero*, is an humble Attempt to aſſiſt thoſe indolent Proficients, who are not quite unwilling to *think* while they read; or who, in the Eaſe of Life and Fortune, make but much the ſame uſe of their Libraries as that faſhionable fine Gentleman my Lord *Foppington*, who (in Sir *John Vanbrugh*'s Play, *The Relapſe*) in his

Converſation with *Amanda*, thus recommends himſelf to her good Graces:

L. Fop. *For Heaven's ſake, Madam, how has your Ladyſhip been able to ſubſiſt thus long under the Fatigue of a Country Life?*

Aman. *My Life has been very free from that, my Lord; it has been a very quiet one.*

L. Fop. *Why that's the Fatigue I ſpeak of, Madam, for 'tis impoſſible to be quiet without* thinking; *now* thinking *is to me the greateſt Fatigue in the world.*

Aman. *Does not your Lordſhip love Reading then?*

L. Fop. *Oh! paſſionately, Madam, but I never* think *of what I read*, &c.

To thoſe then that are apt to fall into the ſame kill-time Taſte of this noble Peer (who is not quite ſo much a Fool by nature as he modiſhly makes himſelf) I humbly ſue that this Book, when it is gilded on the Back, and crowded in among thoſe of the ſame *Size*, in a nice Library, may have a chance (when the elegant Owner of it, by the Fatigue of his Pleaſures, may have ſunk himſelf into leiſure) to be taken down and dipt into, tho' it were only to ſatisfy his Curioſity in what manner the ſame Hand that attempted his Lordſhip's laſt Picture, in *The Careleſs Husband*, may have touch'd up the Portrait of *Cicero*. And as theſe two Pieces are ſo utterly unlike in their Nature, each of them requiring ſuch different Talents to go through with, the Diſcretion of your

Author

Author may be reaſonably queſtion'd, when after his Succeſs in the one, he could not reſt till he had made this vain and bolder Attempt in the other. Could he expect, that a Subject ſo ſerious would not be look'd on as a Jeſt in the Hands of a Comedian? or that among ſo many libertine Readers, or ſo few Lovers of Learning, ſcarce a Soul would ever open it? Be this as it may, I know one of the beſt Books in the World that has been worſe than ſlighted by numbers, who had either not the Capacity, or the Inclination, to underſtand, or to profit by it. If therefore the ſame Neglect or Abuſe ſhould fall upon *This*, it were the higheſt Vanity to complain of it. But neither this Hazard, nor the probable Prejudice againſt me as too familiar a Writer, has diſcouraged my Attempt; for, however little it may be believed, I ſhall have more Pleaſure in being grave, where the Dignity of the Subject demands it, than in all the laughing Licence that my Humour or Fancy could wiſh to be indulged in. Yet, when my beſt is done, I am ſenſible that Authors, like Painters, in their Attempts of greater Subjects than they ſeem naturally form'd for, are apt to retain a Tint or Manner in their Stile, that viſibly diſcovers the Pen or the Pencil they came from. This Weakneſs (if it be one) I doubt will viſibly appear in me when high Matters are in queſtion, and which wiſer Heads would rather chooſe to be grave upon. But as my bold and unbias'd Attempt is to ſet Men and Things in their true, plain, and natural Light, wherein do the Laws of Prudence or

Modeſty reſtrain me from the ancient Liberty of *comparing great things with ſmall?* at leaſt, where the Circumſtance will bear the Similitude? And if what raiſes Laughter in *me* ſhould have the ſame effect upon my Reader, I have a Notion (from the Humility of the modern Taſte) he will hardly think my Liberty prophane or unpardonable. However, not to promiſe more than I intend, or perhaps may be able to come up to, if I ſhould ſometimes ſhew a little Inclination to ſo venial a Levity, I ſhall ſtill have the Authority of *Horace* to ſupport me: The *Utile dulci* he avows to be the higheſt Point a Genius can arrive at; ſo that if I have Skill enough to make a moderate Mixture of the *Merry* and *Wiſe*, why ſhould it not have much the ſame Merit in Proſe as in Poetry?

But ſtill may it be ſaid; Tho' this ancient Receipt may be a very good one for a polemical Pudding, yet if you have not the proper Ingredients about you, what are you the better for it? To ſo ill-natured a Queriſt I can only reply ---- Sir! when you have proved me a Dunce that knows nothing of the matter he makes ſuch a rout about, your letting me into a Secret I did not know before, will make me thankful for the Favour; for whether you prove me in the wrong, or I you, I ſhall either way find my Account in it; but if, contrary to expectation, you ſhould be found too warmly poſitive, or inadvertently raſh in your Cenſure, if you don't hear of it from your Enemy, you never will from me.

But

But not to be ſo familiar with thoſe who may deſerve to be more ſeriouſly talked to, I honeſtly confeſs that I am not without my decent Apprehenſions of the Ground I may loſe with that claſs of Readers: For when they ſee with what unlimited Freedom I play the Critick upon *Cicero*, when above ſeventeen hundred Years after his Death a trifling tramontane Comedian takes upon him to pronounce, how well or ill he ſuſtained his ſeveral Parts of the Orator, Stateſman, Patriot, or Philoſopher, while *Rome* in its higheſt Glory was his Theatre of Action, what Reproof may not ſo hardy a Preſumption deſerve, if either the Contempt or the Surprize of the Learned ſhould ever take any notice of it? This, I hope, is ſetting my Raſhneſs in as glaring a Light as the ſevereſt Critick can deſire. But as Ignorance is an involuntary Weakneſs, and which no Laws have pronounced to be criminal, is it not equally venial with the Pride that makes us bluſh for not being wiſer than Nature has made us? And as I am further encouraged by a wiſer Man than myſelf, who tells me that Human Knowledge will be always in a State of Infancy, it has made me, with leſs regard to the Conſequence, go chearfully on with my Undertaking, which, tho' it were to be attended with thrice the Dangers that menace it, that's not the Critick's Concern, but mine; what Right then has he to refuſe me the idle Pleaſure of purſuing it, when I am willing to come up to his own Price (that of his ſevereſt Cenſure) for the Permiſſion? Or will he not allow, that as the wiſeſt

wiſeſt Authors are fallible, ſo the leaſt ſucceſsful, in a laudable Attempt, may be pardonable? If a mean Opinion of the *Man* is to prejudge of the *Matter*, how can there be any Aſſurance that Truth may not ſuffer by the Sentence? And if it ſhould be learnedly concluded, that, becauſe he cannot talk *Greek*, he muſt be incapable of talking Reaſon, would not that be a little too much to be granted? Nay, may we not rather inſiſt, that the moſt critical Poſition, advanced by the moſt illiterate Man alive, with *Truth* in the Front of it, (tho' all the Learning in the World were to be drawn up againſt it) will ſtill be as invincible as if it came from the Mouth of a *Socrates*?

But as our reverend Hiſtorian, throughout his whole Work, has given us ſuch unqueſtionable Proofs of his Learning, my Undertaking will need but very little, to avoid running into Errors for want of it. My Labour is utterly my own, and has but one ſimple Point in view, *viz.* ------ Now we have heard all that the moſt learned Men in the World have ſaid upon the Life and Times of *Cicero* ---- what may we reaſonably *think* of it? And taking it for granted that the long Story they have told us is true, what Profit or what Pleaſure can we reap from it? what Praiſe or what Cenſure do the particular Parts, or the Whole, demand or excite in us? Any unlearned Man, of ſound Reaſon, may juſtly ask himſelf theſe Queſtions; and why not as properly anſwer them as the greater Scholar, who may be ſometimes liable to take Authors for Oracles, and make another's Opinion his own?

own? But of this Error I am in the leſs danger, as I have the leſs Learning to miſlead me. I depend upon plain natural Reaſon as it nakedly appears to me, and if that deceives me, perhaps I ſhall be leſs ridiculous in being an illiterate Blockhead, than a learned one. But if my Concluſions upon Facts are true, from ſuch Evidence as the Hiſtory has given me of them, I ought to paſs for a juſt Critick: If notwithſtanding they are in reality erroneous, for want of a better Knowledge of the *Roman* Laws and Cuſtoms, let it not be imputed to my Ignorance, that I don't know more than the Hiſtory has told me of them. This, then, is the critical Law I deſire to be try'd by; and were it equally in my Power to chooſe my Jury, I ſhould wiſh them to be Perſons of much the ſame Leiſure and Curioſity with thoſe idle Spectators in Courts of Judicature, who find a Pleaſure in the Operations of Reaſon, in Matters conteſted, wherein they have no concern but what occaſionally riſes from the Merits, or the Defects, whether juſt, or injurious, in the Cauſes they are attentive to.

Theſe ſeem to me the moſt likely to be the impartial Judges I ought to appeal to, and to Theſe chiefly I ſubmit to be pronounced Dull or Bright, Uſeful or Impertinent, as I come out to them.

Thus, while we ſee *Cicero* in the Glory of his Conſulſhip, in the Diſgrace of his Exile, in the Triumph of his Return, (as if the ſame riotous Republick could neither live with him, or without him); or when we obſerve

ſerve *Cæſar* obſequiouſly ſerving under *Pompey*; then gradually, from his Equal in the *Triumvirate*, become his Rival for the lead in Power; thence to a fatal Breach and Enmity; *Pompey* ruined; *Cæſar* ſole Maſter of the World, envied! adored! aſſaſſinated! even on the Throne of *Roman* Glory! While *Cicero*, with a Patriot *Pleaſure*, *ſaw him periſh in the Capitol!* Theſe, I ſay, are Facts, that muſt ſtrike every ſenſible Reader with Terror and Amazement! which pleaſing Paſſions cannot ſuddenly ſubſide, without an uncommon Pauſe before our Reflexion can part with them. What Impreſſions therefore I have felt from them (or from others in this Period of the *Roman* Hiſtory) I am now tempted to publiſh: And tho' ſeveral of the ſame Facts have fill'd ſo many critical Volumes before me; yet, as I am not conſcious that I have borrowed a ſingle Paragraph from any one of them, I am in hopes that what I ſhall produce may have a ſort of Novelty, or at leaſt a new-coloured Dreſs, that it has not yet appeared in. If then I am ſo fortunate as to have ſtarted occaſional Queſtions not unworthy of the moſt grave or greateſt Man's Deciſion, let me farther hope, that neither the Reader nor the Writer will be thought to have miſemployed their Time.

After having thus ſhewn to my Gueſt his Bill of Fare, it were but decent, before he ſits down to the Table, to offer, by way of Grace to it, a due Oblation to the Founder of the Feaſt; to Him then, to *Cicero* himſelf (ſuppoſing ſtill his dignified Intelligence muſt ſomewhere have a being)

in

in as near Imitation as our barbarous Language can approach that Gravity of *Roman* Eloquence, in which, from all the Orators of his Time, he largely bore the Palm; I make this juſt Appeal, this ſolemn Invocation!

Thou venerable Shade, Spirit, Genius,or by whatever ſacred Name thy fervent Eloquence has invoked the *manes* of thoſe almoſt deified *Romans* who ſhone in Life before thee! Aſſiſt, inſpire, and fortify our Senſe with Equity! By thy own Precepts, to the Hiſtorian, let our Judgment too be regulated! With the ſame Conſcience let us *dread to utter Falſhood as to conceal the Truth!* From too open a Credulity defend! From too raſh a Cenſure equally prevent us! So ſhall we, with the ſame Juſtice, applaud thoſe Merits in which no elder Virtue has ſurpaſs'd thee; as with Sighs we ſhall lament, that Nature was not pleas'd to raiſe thee nearer to Perfection: For in Thee, alas! we find, that Man, tho' the moſt noble Boaſt of this created World, is ſtill but Man! nor form'd without the Alloy of Frailties! Thy active Eloquence, thy Care, thy Conſtancy, thy Zeal, thy Sufferings, thy Perſeverance in the righteous Cauſe of Liberty! Although the deathleſs Praiſe of Ages yet unborn muſt dignify them, yet thy equally obvious, thy needleſly ſo fond Solicitude to immortalize from thence thy Fame, prompting thee ſo pompouſly to proclaim and point out to us thy peculiar Glory, as if the envious World, by Combination, had reſolved to ſtifle thy Renown! This Frailty has, we fear,

raiſed in Poſterity a Reluctance, tho' not an abſolute Refuſal, to give thy viſible Merits their Reward! From hence too, not improbably, the crude and ſhallow Wits of Ages after thee have ſaid ---- Thy mad and memorable Deſire for Fame --- at laſt, has made thee *Famous* for thy *Deſire!* But as we now conceive thee purged from mortal Paſſions, Prejudices, or weak Reſentments; as now no longer with a partial Eye, thy pure and clearer-ſighted Soul looks back upon thy carnal State; now are we emboldened to offer Truths that can no more offend thee! now, without Awe or Diffidence, may we freely ſay, That as *The Eye ſees not its own Luſtre, ſo neither will a conſcious Wiſdom praiſe itſelf!* Self-praiſe is an offenſive Perfume in any Noſtril but our own. Men, in this World, ſtand but as on a Theatre, where, tho' the skilful Actor gives Delight, only the Spectator can reſound his Praiſe. Would not *Cicero* have reprov'd his *Roſcius*, had *Roſcius* with his *own* Hands anticipated the more valuable Applauſes of his Auditors? If this had been unpardonable in the Actor, were it leſs offenſive in the Orator? If not, as ſurely it no leſs can be ---- why then would *Cicero* incur the Reproach of it? How ſhall we excuſe him? unleſs we ſay, That *Cicero* indulging his Exceſs of Spirit, was by that very Spirit ſometimes hurried into Nature's Weakneſs. Notwithſtanding this imputed Frailty, O *Cicero!* our Admiration does not yet forſake thee; ſtill is thy Store of Excellence too great for little Loſſes to impoveriſh! nor can that ſelf-wounded Fame, which thy temporary

temporary periſhable Part ſo arduouſly laboured to perpetuate, ever die while *Rome* ſhall be remember'd!

Having, by this Apoſtrophe to *Cicero*, given up my Conſcience into his own keeping, it only remains, by way of Advice to thoſe who had rather approve than condemn what they read, that the better to qualify them to do either with theſe Eſſays, they will firſt give themſelves the Pleaſure of going through our late *Engliſh Hiſtory of the Life of* Cicero, or at leaſt, that they would ſometimes turn to thoſe numbered Pages of the firſt Quarto Edition, to which my Remarks are referred.

One previous Obſervation upon what our reverend Hiſtorian offers, in his excellent *Preface*, I cannot omit, becauſe it ſeems to warn me againſt the Raſhneſs of my Undertaking.

In *Page* xviii he juſtly adviſes his Reader " to con-
" template the whole Character of *Cicero*, before he
" thinks himſelf qualified to judge of *its ſeparate Parts*,
" on which the whole will always be found the ſureſt
" Comment.

This Tenderneſs for the Character of *Cicero* ſeems at leaſt to allow, that ſome *ſeparate Parts* of it are queſtionable; and as there are few Readers that have not the ſame Opinion of them, I am the more encouraged to proceed in my own Method: For methinks this Reſtraint that is laid upon our Judgments, till we are maſters of the whole Hiſtory, is too long a Suſpence for the moſt candid Patience to be pleas'd with. If we are not to conclude,

that the Errors of *Cicero* ought to be cenſured till we come to the end of his Life, would it not be equally juſt not to take his greater Merits for granted, till the ſame Patience ſhall change or juſtify our Judgment? Or, if either way, we ſhould occaſionally wrong him by a too haſty Judgment, will it not be an equal Pleaſure to retract it at whatever time any new Explanation may better inform us? This Caution then, tho' it may be proper to a firſt-time Reader, before he forms a concluſive Character of *Cicero*, yet, I hope, reaches not me; for as I have more than once, with Pleaſure, read this Hiſtory through, I muſt now (according to this Advice) be at liberty to offer my Senſe upon whatever Facts may appear in the gradual Pages to have excited my Reflexion, whether to cenſure or applaud them. My Point is not to *decide*, but to *obſerve*; what I offer is but as *Amicus Curiæ*, a Friend to Truth, let me ſpeak on which ſide of the Cauſe I will; I mean no more than to rouze, if poſſible, the lazy Readers of ſo learned and complete a Hiſtory from not thinking at all. ------- But it is now high time to hazard the Conſequence, and to open my Obſervations upon

THE

HISTORY

Of the LIFE of

M. TULLIUS CICERO.

NO Nation in the World has had a higher Reputation for what is called *Glory*, than the *Roman:* Yet, if the Definition of *True Glory*, which *Pliny* has given of it, be juſt, methinks a great deal of their Claim to it might be morally diſputed, and rather given to the peaceable Benefactors, than the unruly Robbers of Mankind. In this clearer Light then let *Cicero* ſhine in his Share of it. *Pliny*, ſays our Author, *Page* 4, ſhews us in few Words that True Glory conſiſts in

Doing what deſerved to be written, and writing what deſerved to be read, and making the World the happier and the better for their having lived in it.

If

If this is allowed the Character of True Glory, how juſtly may we ſay, That the inſtructive Lucubrations of *Cicero* have been many Ages uſeful to almoſt every civilized Nation, and ſo will continue to the laſt ſociable Race of Men? While the deſtructive Labours of Heroic Ambition have only hurt our Humanity, or left us a pleaſing Terror to hear of them. Even the *defeated* Endeavours of *Cicero*, as a *Roman* Citizen and a Patriot, have been a better Leſſon to us, than all the magnified Glory of *Pompey* or of *Cæſar*, through their whole courſe of Ravaging and relentleſs Victories. Or if we follow him to the End of Life, there too ſhall we find *Cicero*, in True Glory, greatly their Superior! The Death of *Pompey* and *Cæſar* were the Conſequence of their ſeveral Uſurpations. The Death of *Cicero* was a Sacrifice to Liberty and Virtue, as that of *Antony* his Murderer (and one of the ſame Candidates for Glory) was to heroic Vice and diſſolute Deſires. Grandeur, without Virtue, is but the ſtately Inſolence of Degree in Power; and barely to ſay what Actions have no Pretence to Glory might be a Satire upon more than half the Potentates upon Earth, many of whoſe proudly boaſted Actions will ſo little ſtand the Teſt of True Glory, that the fearleſs open Honeſty of a poor Parſon *Adams*, or the ſimple Chaſtity of his healthy-cheek'd Daughter, have a more laudable Claim to it. Many a Monarch has found it more difficult to ſubdue a ſingle Paſſion, than to conquer a hundred thouſand Men. The Glory of *Alexander*, and of *Scipio*, in the Humanity of

of the one to the miſerable Family of *Darius*, and of the other in giving the fair Captive to her Lover, are more ſplendid Ornaments to their Fame, than all the bleeding Bodies they had cover'd the Field with.

Tho' I ſhall avoid, as much as poſſible, to ſwell my Work with unneceſſary Quotations, I cannot reſiſt the reciting one Paragraph, wherein our reverend Author calls for our more immediate Attention and Eſteem. Speaking of *Cicero*'s Paternal *Villa*,

P. 5.

He thus entertains us, *viz.*

--- " There cannot be a better Proof of the Delight-
" fulneſs of the Place, than that it is now poſſeſs'd by a
" Convent of Monks, and called *The Villa of St.* Dominic.
" Strange Revolution! to ſee *Cicero*'s Porticos converted
" to Monkiſh Cloiſters! the Seat of the moſt refined Rea-
" ſon, Wit, and Learning, to a Nurſery of Superſtition,
" Bigotry, and Enthuſiaſm! What a Pleaſure muſt it be
" to theſe *Dominican Inquiſitors* to trample on the Ruins
" of a Man, whoſe Writings, by ſpreading the Light of
" Reaſon and Liberty through the World, have been one
" great Inſtrument of obſtructing their unwearied Pains
" to enſlave it?

This is an animated Reflexion worthy of the ableſt Writer! But, from a Divine, it has a more peculiar Merit!

Here

Here is no tongue-tied Regard to the carnal Views of general Prieſthood, where Power is the too frequent Center of the Doctrine! Here we, at once, are led from the blinded Cell of Superſtition, into clear and open Day! Sentiments, like theſe, refreſh the Soul with the primitive chriſtian Purity! Here we ſee plainly, that Religion is conſiſtent with *the Light of Reaſon and Liberty!* Such an Author, then, has an inconteſtable Claim to that *True Glory* which ariſes from ----

Writing what deſerved to be Read.

P. 7.

DOES not the honeſt old *Roman* Character of *Cicero*'s Grandfather, *Marcus*, hold ſome Analogy with that of a plain old *Engliſh* Gentleman, who has no Proſpect beyond the Weal and Honour of his Country, which being inſeparable from the Glory of his King, it contents his Heart, when, with all his Fellow-ſubjects, he has his Share of it? 'Tis true, the World ſeems not to be overſtock'd with theſe ſingular Citizens, yet the Smallneſs of their Number is no Diminution of their Merit; we ought, at leaſt, to thank them for their good Wiſhes, tho' we ſhould happen to be but little the better for their Virtue.

P. 16.

HOW far the *Poetical* Labours of *Cicero*, in their *meeting with the Approbation of* Atticus *and old* Scævola, may

may have had their Merit confirm'd, I ſhall not diſpute: But this obliges us not to paſs unobſerved what *Juvenal* has ſaid upon the ſame Subject. 'Tis true, *Juvenal*'s being a Poet himſelf might naturally incline him to a little Severity in his Criticiſm, for we cannot but obſerve he treats our immortal Orator more like a *Poetaſter* than a true Son of *Apollo*. In his tenth Satire, after having mockingly repeated this lamentable Line of *Cicero*'s,

O fortunatam, natam me conſule Romam.

He makes it a cruel Compliment to his Eloquence by farther ſaying,

Antonii gladios potuit contemnere, ſi ſic
Omnia dixiſſet ----

" That had his *Philippicks* been no better than this " Spice of his Poetry, he might have deſpiſed the Swords " of *Antony*, &c.

Now whether the pretty jingling Vanity of the *natam, natam*, &c. in this ſingle Verſe, ought to depreciate his happier Attemps (of which our Hiſtorian, in his Notes, gives us a Taſte of about a dozen Lines) perhaps is not worth our farther conſideration; for however moderate a Maſter of Verſe we may ſuppoſe him, there will ſtill be Brightneſs enough in the different Talents of *Cicero*, to keep us in a warm Admiration of him. And yet it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that even ſo wiſe a Man as *Cicero*

found it an eaſier Matter to write bad Verſes, than not to write any at all; a Conſolation too, that may help to keep many a modern Author in countenance.

P. 20.

ONE cannot, without a pleaſing Terror, conſider the wild and vain Purſuits of unwieldy Dominion. When the victorious *Romans*, after *ſacrificing three hundred thouſand Lives* in refuſing the Freedom of their City to the principal Towns of *Italy*, by whoſe Aid of Arms they had raiſed their Empire to its Greatneſs (a Benefit which political Conſciences are apt to forget) and when, at laſt, in hopes of making their Peace perpetual, they judg'd it better to comply, and to receive theſe People into a Share of that Liberty which it coſt them ſo much Blood to obtain, what was the Conſequence? a natural one; for this very Grant now ſwell'd their Body-politick into ſo enormous a Size, as threw it into a courſe of unforeſeen and mortal Diſtempers, which never ceaſed to prey upon them till they had ruined their Conſtitution and their Liberty. To contemplate, I ſay, theſe dreadful Revolutions, to ſee greedy Violence and Rapine gorging and luxurioufly choaking themſelves with the very Food which, moderately taken, might be their wholſom Nouriſhment, raiſes in the quiet Reader ſomething like the terrible Pleaſure in beholding Storms and Shipwrecks from the ſhore; ſo ſevere is the Delight, often to be felt, from the *Roman* Hiſtory!

P. 22.

P. 22.

HERE we have a memorable Example of the fore-mentioned Diſtempers breaking out, in the fatal Contentions between *Marius* and *Sylla.* Theſe warlike People, who had ſet no Bounds to their Ambition, were at laſt obliged to purſue their unmerciful Conqueſts of peaceable Provinces, merely to find Employment for their troubleſome Generals, leſt for want of their being equal to Monarchs abroad, they ſhould take it into their heads to be Maſters at home: But even, in the Diſtribution of theſe Provinces, they ſometimes brought their proper Dominions into Diſtreſs; for ſo implacable was the Pride of theſe Rivals in Glory, *Marius* and *Sylla*, that rather than not be their own Carvers, or ſubmit their different Pretenſions to the Deciſion of the legal Power, they choſe to plunge their native Country in the Calamities of a Civil War.

With what undiſtinguiſhed Cruelty to the Publick this private Quarrel was proſecuted, our Hiſtory, in the ſeveral following Pages, relates, with a farther Obſervation that the Conſequences of it were not ended even with the Death of *Marius.*

P. 24---25.

THE fierce and military Features of this rugged *Roman*, *Marius*, are ſo ſtrongly drawn, that the Portrait wants nothing but the Varniſh of Verſe to come

up to the *Pictura Poetica* of *Horace*. A skilful Painter might catch from it as credible a Likeneſs of him as from the beſt Medal of Antiquity.

P. 28.

IN every Motion of Power, from the Return of *Sylla* (after his Succeſs in the *Mithridatic* War to the Time of his Dictatorſhip) we may obſerve how naturally every Step advanced to the Ruin of the *Roman* Liberty. Here we again perceive this other unwieldy Limb of the Commonwealth grown too enormous to obey the Will of the Body it belong'd to! The unprecedented and unmercifully vindictive Proſcriptions and Ravages of *Sylla*, executed with ſuch unlimited, predatory Licence of his Troops, now began to deluge the Fields and fair Poſſeſſions of Liberty, till nothing but its drowning Laws and driving Name were to be ſeen of it. Yet the Mockery of Forms was ſtill thought neceſſary to grimace and veil the Luſt of Uſurpation! Thus *Sylla* procuring, by the Terror of his Arms, *L. Flaccus* to be *Interrex*, the formal *Interrex* declares the *diſintereſted Sylla*, during this unhappy Confuſion of the State, to be her *Dictator*, and as far perpetual as unlimited Power could make him. Hence became the Rights of the People the Prey of the Patricians, while poor dejected Liberty was chain'd to the Chariot of Treaſon in Triumph, till at laſt this ravenous *Rome*, the imperious Miſtreſs of the World, over-loaded with the Plunder of Nations round her, began now

to

to be herſelf the Spoil of her own waſteful Commanders.

But ſuch ever was, and muſt by nature ever be, the Lot of this our ſublunary Habitation; every thing here has its periodical Life, Plants, Brutes, Men, Cities, Palaces, and Empires; all that ever had, or ſhall have their *firſt* Hour of Being, are as naturally ſure to have their *laſt:* And yet the ſame wild Deſires are ſtill in motion, have ſtill the ſame Objects, and are in ſtill the ſame purſuit of them; nor can the mightieſt Ruins of the oldeſt Date ſtrike a profitable Terror to the vaineſt Hopes of Yeſterday's Creation. Even from the World's firſt mouldring Empire, to the Ambition of this very Hour, in ſome part of the Earth, the ſame periſhable Vanity is ſtill diſturbing the human Happineſs, ſtill making innocent Millions miſerable, to render one proud Man odiouſly remarkable. Tho' all this may be very little to the Life of *Cicero*, yet when it is conſidered, that I am not *writing* his Life, but *reading* it, why may I not be allowed to throw out an occaſional Reflexion to thoſe eaſy Readers, who otherwiſe might poſſibly get through his whole Hiſtory without any Reflexion at all?

As the greateſt part of *Cicero*'s Actions, in this Hiſtory, are generally taken from his own Account of them, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe they are ſet in full as good, if not a better Light, than ſometimes they will naturally bear; and tho' a great deal of his Vanity might be venial, yet ſo frequent a Repetition of it, and his ſo little care to hide it,

it, brings it too often down to the downright unpardonable. In the early Opening of his oratorial Merit, he ſets out with a mere youthful Fondneſs for a very trivial Performance, in ----

P. 38.

WHERE having occaſion, in his publick Pleading, to ſpeak in Approbation of the Law againſt Paricide, he enlivens his quaint and fanciful Commendation of it with ſuch curious *Concettos* and antithetical Prettineſſes, that (according to his own Account) it was received *with Acclamations of Applauſe.* It might be needleſs to recite the whole Paragraph, becauſe *Cicero* himſelf afterwards calls it *the Redundancy of a juvenile Fancy*; and again, farther grants us, *that it might not be ſo much applauded for its own ſake*, as for the hopes it gave of his more *improved and riper Talents.* Now here, I confeſs, I begin to ſuſpect a little Fallacy in this artful Modeſty of *Cicero*, who, provided he can make us believe that this part of his Performance actually had this Applauſe, is willing to moderate the Value of it, by allowing this publick Diſtinction to have been tacked to it; but ſtill this is inſiſting that the Applauſe was a Fact which I could heartily wiſh, for his own ſake, he had left us a better Reaſon to believe; for we are ſtill under extreme Difficulties to imagine from what Rank of his Auditors ſo ſurprizing an Applauſe, with ſo particular a Diſtinction to it, could be given: Not from the Vulgar, ſure! that were to over-rate their Capacity;

pacity; or however low this applauded Wit might be, it was ſtill too finically toſſed up to have any Reliſh for them; and as, at the ſame time, it could have no Power in it to draw ſo ſingular a Notice from the competently judicious, how can we ſuppoſe them ſo noiſily wanton as to have thrown away their Praiſe upon ſuch tawdry Ornaments of Eloquence? This were having too intolerably merry an Idea of their Gravity or Judgment; and rather inclines us roundly to believe this improbable Applauſe had no more real Exiſtence than in the vain Imagination of *Cicero*, who, like other great Writers when they ſpeak of their own Merit, are apt to be more fond of the *Marvellous* than the *Credible*.

But if our Deference to *Cicero*, notwithſtanding all theſe Suggeſtions, ought to reſtrain us from bearing ſo hard upon his Veracity, yet, ſhould we let this Matter paſs, with as favourable a Conſtruction as he himſelf could wiſh, ſtill I ſay, how ſhall we do to excuſe his Vanity, that could not reſiſt his taking ſuch oſtentatious and unneceſſary Notice of a Trifle?

As it cannot be expected that every Page, in ſo copious a Hiſtory, can furniſh us with conſtant Matter of Reflexion, we ſhall take this Occaſion of *Cicero*'s making the then cuſtomary Tour of *Greece* and *Aſia* for the Improvement of his Mind, and wait for his Return before we talk any more of him; nor are we then obliged to make him the only Subject of our Diſcourſe. Whatever therefore, of equal Importance, preſents itſelf, it may be

equally

equally uſeful to take notice of; nor then, neither, ſhall we obſerve upon any Facts, but where the reſiſtleſs Cauſe of Truth ſhall tolerate the Liberties we take with them. Truth, then, be the only End and Object of my Service! wherever ſhe appoints me to follow her --- Glory! by your leave, I ſhall make no ſcruple to joſtle any of your *Roman* Heroes to make way for her. As for example,

P. 46.

WHEN *Cicero* came home to *Italy*, about the ſame time *Pompey* return'd from his Victories in *Afric*,

" Where he had greatly enlarged the Bounds of the " Empire, by the Addition of many new Countries to " the *Roman* Dominion.

And to Exploits of this kind we are to give the Title of *Roman Glory!*

Methinks, now, to invade, plunder and deſtroy, without pretence of Right, or Provocation, might have a leſs gawdy Name given to it, becauſe, in truth, the Reverſe of all this military Skill and Valour (had it been employed in a compaſſionate Defence of the ſame People from an equally inſolent Enemy) would then have been the only true, compleat, and real Glory. How far then does this living in the World, like Beaſts of Prey, fall ſhort of that amiable Glory which *Pliny*, in his Deſcription of it, has ſo ſublimely recommended to our Imitation! But where Juſtice and Humanity have ſo little of its Concern, what has this victorious Vain Glory, more than a ſtronger Arm,

to

to value herſelf upon? Yet ſuch is, and ever will be the World, till the Politicks of Virtue are ſtrong enough to paſs it into the Law of Nations, That *imperial Injuries and private Robberies ſhall be equally clothed in public Shame.* And yet again, notwithſtanding all the Triumphs that evil Cuſtom, Fear, Ignorance, or Flattery may have allowed to the wicked Victories of Ambition, even *beaten* Virtue will have this to boaſt, that, to the End of the World, it will be a Truth inconteſtable,

That *Real Glory, and Injuſtice, are incompatible.*

On what ſolid Foundations, then, did theſe mighty *Romans* raiſe ſuch pompous Columns to their Fame? What Name ſhall we give their Greatneſs, if ſuch palpable Robberies want Strength to put ſuch impudent Glory out of countenance?

If a plain honeſt Reader may receive Pleaſure from the wonderful Progreſs of the *Roman* Arms, it cannot, ſure, afford him leſs when he ſees theſe Spoilers of the World at the ſame ſanguinary Variance among themſelves. Let us then enjoy the Juſtice of Providence, in obſerving the Conſequences of this Glorious *Afric* Expedition; nor let us grieve for the following Calamities that hung upon the ſame Ambition, till they ſunk this tyrannical Republic to Ruin. But as I pretend not to write the *Roman* Hiſtory, I ſhall only ſet a Mark upon this new Grandeur of *Pompey*, as a leading Fact to the more fatal that follow'd it.

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Pompey, then, on his Return to *Rome*, was ſo elated with his Succeſs, that he peremptorily demands a Triumph, though within the ſeveral Incapacities that deny'd him a Claim to it; he being under the ſtated Age, was but of the Equeſtrian Order, nor had yet paſſed through any of the publick Offices; all which Requiſites were viſibly wanting in him: And, therefore, though *Sylla* receiv'd him with the higheſt Marks of public Reſpect, ſaluting him at the head of the Nobility with the Title or Surname of MAGNUS, *the Great!* a Diſtinction which he enjoy'd for Life; yet all this, perhaps, was but to cover a part of that Envy which ſo young a Conqueror as *Pompey* might have created in *Sylla:* For the Triumph, it ſeems, was a Demand that neither the high Stomach of *Sylla*, or the Senate, could digeſt.--- By the way ---- Whether the Law, or Cuſtom only, oppoſed this extraordinary Claim of *Pompey*, was not the one or the other Inhibition equally injurious to the Public Service? If military Merit (the original Claim to Honour) was in a private Man to be excluded its Reward for want of Rank to come at it, how far did ſuch a Partiality differ from making it *penal*, in a Plebeian, to have any Merit at all? Or had it been remember'd, how *Scipio Africanus* had repented him of the Diſquiet he had given the People by procuring but a Diſtinction of Seats for the Senators in the *Theatre*; well might it be imagin'd that this keeping them at the more opprobrious diſtance of a *Triumph* deſerv'd, would incenſe them; ſure, ſuch unequal Diſtinctions reliſh not of that clear

clear Liberty which Patriots and Poets ſo often tell us the *Romans* had to boaſt of. But to proceed --- *Pompey*, whether from his youthful Appetite of Glory, or to conciliate to him the Love and Favour of the Plebeians, by raiſing one of their own Order to an Honour which none of them were yet permitted to pretend to, inſiſted on his Demand, well knowing himſelf now of weight and force enough to extort it. If *Sylla* therefore conniv'd at his Triumph, it does not follow that he ever heartily forgave it, when, eſpecially, to make it yet a more eminent Diſtinction, *Pompey* took upon him to have his Triumphal Car drawn by Elephants, in an unuſual Parade and Signal of the Soil and Clime he came from, and where the *Roman* Conqueſts had never yet been ſo far extended. The People, to ſee one of their own Body in ſo ſplendid an Exaltation, it may well be conceiv'd, were charm'd with the Spirit of *Pompey*, which could not fail of raiſing him a formidable Party; nor was he leſs endearing to them, when, by an aggravating Inſult to the Nobility, he calmly came down from his Car into his private Rank again, which his Reſolution had ſo dignified by aſcending it. Now, what a Fire this Spark of Ambition in *Pompey* afterwards kindled, from his growing Greatneſs, in their State, is well known to all who are converſant in the *Roman* Hiſtory, and will verify my Obſervation; That had not *Rome* been ſo long the School of Falſe Glory, ſhe might have been longer irreproachably Great. But----

Suis et ipſa Roma viribus ruit. Hor.

which is equal to ſaying,

Her Violence to others, was her own Ruin.

P. 48.

WE are now come to an Event which cannot be read without an uncommon Amazement, the *peaceable* Death of *Sylla!* That an Uſurper, and a Tyrant, who had ſo cruelly provok'd the Indignation of the greateſt Patrician Families, by making his way to Power through the Blood of their deareſt Friends and Predeceſſors, ſhould after his Reſignation of that Power, quietly walk the Streets of *Rome* as a private Citizen, without Fear, or the leaſt Attempt againſt his Life, is an incredible Inſtance of Temper in the uſually vindictive Spirits of the *Romans!* If *Cotta*, the Academic, is excuſable in uſing it as an Argument againſt the *Exiſtence of a Providence*, that ſo wicked a Man as *Marius* had been ſeven times *Conſul*, might he not have been more excuſable had he offer'd it as a ſtronger Argument that ſo cruel a Tyrant as *Sylla* died in his Bed? But as the moſt abandon'd Uſurpers are ſeldom ſo void of Senſe as not to know, that the Appearance of ſome good Qualities are as neceſſary to make their Power indurable, as their Defiance of them was to acquire it: So though *Sylla* may be allow'd not to have been without his Virtues, yet alas! how had he diſgrac'd them? What could the greateſt of them avail, in balance to his numerous

merous and execrable Barbarities? The latter were too palpably undiſſembled, but the Sincerity of the former may, without Severity, be always queſtionable. 'Tis true, the Charms of Abſolute Power muſt be allow'd an almoſt irreſiſtible Temptation to an ambitious Nature, and when the Poſſeſſion of it, however guiltily obtain'd, is employ'd to the Benefit of the ſubdued, who are willing to live peaceably under it, the Murmur againſt paſt Evils is apt to ſubſide, and to abate a great deal of that Reproach and Odium which (notwithſtanding its utmoſt fair-fac'd Lenity) ought to be thrown upon it: This, then, ſeems to be the only (however weak) way we can account for the Impunity of *Sylla*, in ſo far as the lame-legg'd Vengeance due to his Cruelties never overtook him; yet that his Intrepidity, with ſuch a loaded Conſcience, could ever *hope* to eſcape it, may ſtill leave us in Aſtoniſhment! But our reverend Hiſtorian has ſo accurately delineated his Character at length, that from one Feature only, which he tells us *Sylla* drew of himſelf, you will ſee that the whole Portrait muſt be undoubtedly like him, *viz.*

" That no Man had ever gone beyond him in doing
" Good to his Friends, or Hurt to his Enemies.

But whether the *Good* or the *Harm* weighs the heavier in his Fame, is a Queſtion which ſo ill-blended a Boaſt has left to the Deciſion of Ages behind him. To conclude, When we obſerve that ſo celebrated an Author as *Pliny*, upon *Sylla*'s giving himſelf the Surname of *Felix* (the *Happy*) calls it *A wicked Title, drawn from the Blood and*

and Oppreſſion of his Country, will it not a good deal juſtify the frequent Liberty I take with much the ſame memorable Glory of the *Romans?* When a *Roman* comes up to the Continence of a *Scipio*, or the Morality of a *Marcus Antoninus*, let no Name be too great for him: But however they may be magnified, the moſt wonderful Actions that Virtue has no part in, are but a huge Meal for a gaping, hungry, ignorant Aſtoniſhment to feed upon. After the Death of *Sylla*, thoſe turbulent Spirits that would have been Tyrants before him, and had lately been quiet in fear of him, began again to revive their Claim, as if Sedition from Bad to Worſe had an hereditary Right to the Throne of Anarchy. An uncomfortable Time for thoſe ſober Citizens who had a mind and a right to be quiet! But ſuch were the Bleſſings which the Goodneſs of the *Roman* Grandeur often ſhower'd down upon the People! Our Hiſtory, in many Pages, may be obſerv'd to groan with them. --- But my Point is *Cicero.*

The Succeſs of his Eloquence in private Cauſes having little relation to him as a publick Man, will require the leſs Obſervation; I proceed therefore to what has more earneſtly called upon my Attention, *viz.* the moſt affecting and beautiful Inference which our inſtructive Hiſtorians draws from the Practice of the greateſt Orators in pleading the common Cauſes of the People without Fee or farther Reward, than that of the Public Approbation. Whoever turns to

P. 56.

P. 56.

will find it deliver'd with a Strength of Senſe and Eloquence that *Cicero* himſelf would have applauded.

In the ſecond Section of this Hiſtory,

P. 61, 62.

CICERO, upon his having gone through his Office of *Quæſtor* in *Sicily* with extraordinary Succeſs, and in a particular time of Difficulty, ſeems unwilling to loſe a tittle of his Merit in it, for (in his own Words, quoted in the Notes) he tells us, that

" He conſidered himſelf in ſo great a Truſt as on a " public Theatre, where, that he might maintain the " Dignity of his Character, he not only deny'd himſelf " the Indulgence of his extraordinary Deſires, but ſuffer'd " not even thoſe of Neceſſity or Nature to interfere with " his Attention to it.

Does not ſo warm a concern to be thought indefatigable in his Duty, ſhew a little more fondneſs for Fame than wiſe Men commonly care to diſcover? Or, indeed, was ſo rigid a Reſtriction neceſſary to the Execution of ſo eaſy an Office? Could the receiving Money, and giving an honeſt Account of it, be ſo myſterious or toilſome a matter, but that a Man of leſs Capacity might, without overloading

overloading his Brain or his Body, have gone through with it? Why then (unleſs he places the Wonder in his Honeſty) is his Conduct to give us this Surprize? or to claim any more Praiſe from it, than what a legal Diſcharge of his Account from his Auditors could yield him? Let us, then, not have leſs regard for Truth than for *Cicero*, but roundly ſay, if in this Affair he deſerv'd any Praiſe at all, it would have fallen better from any other Man's Pen than his own. Or if he thought Vanity a more favourable Medium than Modeſty, to ſhew his Merit in, will it be our fault if he blinds our Eyes to it? For when Vanity holds up its Light too near us, the Glare of it hinders our having a clear Sight of the Picture. But however ſtrange it may ſeem, this will not be the only Inſtance of the ſame Frailty we ſhall frequently meet with in the ſame Great Man.

P. 66.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Succeſs in *Sicily*, *Cicero* ſeems to make an Abatement of it by an inſtructive Reflexion on the Diſadvantage that a Man who has not finiſh'd his Fortune lies under, in being ſtation'd at too great a diſtance from the *Eye* of Power; for, *abroad*, where his Abilities are only *heard* of, they are out of the way of being ſo immediately uſeful to him as when they are daily nearer, and in *ſight* of the Public. A Caution that will hold good in moſt Countries. I remember a Gentleman in an eminent Poſt *at home*, who found his Account

Account in being early of the ſame Opinion, and who occaſionally own'd he look'd upon it as a part of his Good-fortune, that he had not made himſelf ſufficiently maſter of the *French* Tongue, which probably might have qualified him for Baniſhment to ſome foreign Court, with a gawdy Feather in his Cap, that would have fallen far ſhort of the more ſubſtantial Favours he had receiv'd from the domeſtick Ear and Eye of his Maſter. Yet let not this be laid down as a general Rule to which there are no Exceptions: Even *Cicero* himſelf, notwithſtanding the diſadvantageous Abſence he mentions, arrived at laſt to the greateſt lawful Honours that his Country could confer on him.

P. 68.

IT ſeems ſurprizing, that in ſuch frequent Party-commotions and Diſorders of State, the *Romans* ſhould have leiſure enough from cutting their own Throats, to plunder their Neighbours. Their Conqueſt of *Crete* about this time, to which (according to the Aſſertion of *Florus*) their only Provocation was its being *a noble Iſland*, gives us another *laudable* Inſtance of their Paſſion for Glory. What a Farce is the World, when a gang of an hundred thouſand Robbers ſhall be crown'd with *Laurel*, and a *ſingle* Highwayman be truſs'd up in an *Halter!* Where the Injury is the ſame, does the Number of the Criminals authorize our changing the Name of it? Or why is the Infamy laid heavier upon *One*, than upon one *Million?*

But perhaps Glory may conſiſt not only in the *Power*, but in the *Inclination* too, to do miſchief, and then only has a Claim to the Title of *Glory*, when it is out of the reach of *Puniſhment*; if ſo, how far is Common-ſenſe or Honeſty obliged to admire it? From hence to

P. 74.

WE have a terrible View of the frequent Convulſions in the *Roman* State, all riſing from making their heroic Plunderers abroad great enough to plunder at home; a ſevere Evidence that their Happineſs was not always the Companion of their *Glory!* The alternate Outrages that were committed in the Struggle to recover or oppoſe the Privileges of the People, which *Sylla* had robb'd them of; the corrupt and ſcandalous Abuſe of Juſtice under *Verres* while *Prætor*; the difficult Suppreſſion of the *Gladiators*, called the *Servile* War; the dubious Event of the *Sertorian* War; the ambitious Enmity between *Craſſus* and *Pompey*; the immenſe Riches of *Craſſus*, torn from the neceſſary Poſſeſſions of the People; and the diſſembled Reconciliation of their private Intereſts, that with more Eaſe and Impunity they might plunder the Public; all theſe, I ſay, will keep us in a continued Conviction how inconſiſtent was the *general* Content or Happineſs with the ſtigmatiz'd *Glory* of *Particulars.* Now, though all I have ſaid in reproof of the rapacious Conqueſts of the *Romans* may avail no more than declaiming againſt Cruelty to an hungry Lion, yet it will always throw an

Infamy

Infamy on the *human* Lion, when from his worſe Indulgence of a *wanton* Cruelty, he appears, of the two, to be the leſs excuſable Savage.

Cicero now making Intereſt for the *Ædileſhip*, had, to that end, employ'd himſelf in a continued courſe of Pleading *without Fees*, in which the generality of Patrons (notwithſtanding the Law that forbad them) had not been ſo ſcrupulous: And it is farther ſaid,

P. 75.

" Some Writers tells us, that he improv'd and per-
" fected his Action by the Inſtruction of *Roſcius* and
" *Æſopus*, the two moſt accompliſh'd Actors, *&c.*

But I am glad to find that our judicious Hiſtorian does not totally come into *their* Opinion, which I hope will ſtrengthen my Credit in what I have farther to ſay for my coming into *his*.

Such Writers, ſure, do not conſider, that while they are making ſo great a Compliment to *Roſcius*, &c. they make but a very ſlender one to *Cicero*; becauſe *Cicero*, at this time, was too great a Maſter of his Art, to need any minute Hints that the moſt experienc'd Actors could give him; and if Nature had not done enough for him before (which is not to be ſuppos'd the Caſe) *Roſcius*, alas! could give him no more Beauties than what he had from Nature *himſelf*. A *young* Orator, like a promiſing Actor, 'tis true, may be taught by a good Maſter *to avoid Faults*; but *to arrive at Excellencies*, in either Art, a

Genius only can direct, and Genius muſt be had from Nature; but every one knows how far Nature had been bountiful to *Cicero*. And tho' I farther grant, that the greateſt Capacity, in any Science, may have always ſomething to learn; yet, what can we ſuppoſe *Cicero* could catch from the Excellency of theſe Actors, more than ſome particular Grace of Action in the Delivery of ſome particular Sentiment? Which Grace, if *Cicero* had been obſerv'd to have made uſe of, will it not ſtill be doubtful whether what might be beautiful on the Stage, might equally become the Dignity of the Bar, or the *Roſtrum?* Or might not the Strength and Value of what he delivered, more probably have been weakned by his ſetting it off with ſo viſibly-borrow'd an Ornament? For, in all publick Speaking, whatever is ſuſpected to come, like a Leſſon, merely from the Memory or Inſtruction, will have little effect upon thoſe it would convince. The Orator, *then*, like the Actor, only ſpeaks in a perſonated Character, and under the Diſadvantage of, at beſt, deſerving but the ſame Applauſe. It is not with the Eloquence of the Orator, as with the Elocution of the Actor. An acquir'd Action in the Orator cannot have the ſame force as when it comes evidently inſpired from the Zeal and Fervour of his Pleading. And tho' the Actor may, in proper Places, be allow'd, even to a Commendation, to imitate the Orator, yet the Orator's Imitation of the Actor ----- will but lower him to a Meanneſs unprofitable. If theſe are Truths that could not be unknown to *Cicero*, can we then ſuppoſe

that

that he either wanted, or fruitleſly endeavoured to enliven his Eloquence by ſuch imaginary Helps as *Roſcius* or *Æſopus* could lend him? I therefore take it for granted, that ſo ſhallow a Conceit muſt originally have roſe from ſome pedantick Commentator, who from *Cicero*'s having taken theſe great Actors into his Protection and Intimacy, notably concluded that this Intimacy muſt have contributed to his being ſo eminent an Orator. However,

Tho' from my regard to Truth, I have declined aſcribing to the *Theatre* an Honour which theſe kind-hearted Writers would have ſtollen from *Cicero* to have beſtow'd upon it, yet may it not be excuſable in an old Servant of the Family, as far as Truth will aſſiſt him, to throw out a fond Word or two in its favour, by way of Equivalent for the Honour not granted to thoſe *Roman* Actors? Let me then be bold to ſay, That tho' the Elocution of an Actor may ſtand in no degree of compariſon with the Eloquence of an Orator, yet ſo difficult is an Excellence in the former to be acquir'd, that if we look back, for almoſt a whole Century beyond the Memory of the Living, we ſhall find that a *Complete Actor* has been much a greater Rarity than an *Accompliſh'd Orator*; and if it is ſtill an obſervable Truth, that among an hundred Perſons of tolerable Senſe, we can ſcarce meet with *one* that can do common Juſtice to an Author when they only *read* him; nay, among the ſame number of Authors, one that can recite even his *own* Work to any pleaſing Advantage; then, I ſay, I hope I ſhall not appear in my Aſſertion either

either partial or particular. But to return to the Juſtice due to *Cicero*. To clear him, then, of this imaginary Imputation, let us throw aſide all I have ſaid, and come to a more important Queſtion, *viz.* Whether the uſe of Action in an Orator has not been a Requiſite which the Learned have over-rated?

If the Delivery of a Public Oration were only capable, like that of a Tragical Scene, to pleaſe or move us from the Excellence of the Performer, then, indeed, Grace of Action would be the indiſpenſable *ſine qua non* in the Orator: But, as the principal View of Eloquence, as well as the Pleaſure we receive from it, is chiefly Conviction, ſhall Reaſon be leſs Reaſon, tho' unadorn'd with Action, or not priding itſelf with the gaudy Flowers of Rhetorick? Or rather, will not the Nakedneſs of Truth oftner, and to greater Clearneſs, ſhew her natural Beauty, where unbias'd Senſe is the Judge, than the moſt elegant Dreſs ſhe can be ſeen in? What does this want of Demonſtration? If, indeed, on the contrary, Eloquence has a lawful Right to deceive, to varniſh Falſhood, to throw a Veil over Truth or Injuries, to clothe Oppreſſion in the Robe of Juſtice, to elbow Innocence and Poverty from their Claims, or to appeal from our Senſes to our Paſſions; then, indeed, theſe Ornaments and Trappings may, to an Orator, be neceſſary: Yet, if Virtue, Truth, and Juſtice, cannot have the ſame occaſion for them, why are we to eſteem, or ſet ſo intrinſick a Value upon theſe falſe Gems, that ought at beſt to excite in us but a ſmiling Nod of Appro-

Approbation? Nay, ought we not rather to ſuſpend our Belief or Conſent, whenever Eloquence ſets forward in this pompous Array of Appearances? And when by the Glare of them they happen to dazzle or make a fallacious Seizure on the Underſtanding, is not Eloquence rather abus'd than adorn'd by them? Even the Eloquence of *Cicero*, I am told, by a too frequent uſe of them, is liable to the ſame Imputation. Yet ſo it is, ſo much is Cuſtom more prevalent than Reaſon, Pleaſure than Profit, that the plain Truth I am now advancing, may perhaps be deny'd admittance into modern good Company, for want of the very Ornaments I find fault with.

P. 79.

THE ſtated Caſe that opens to us the Impeachment of *Verres*, *charg'd with Injuſtice*, *Rapine*, *and Cruelty*, during his *Prætorſhip* in *Sicily*, wakens our Impatience for the Iſſue of it; and the whole Narrative of the Proſecution keeps us in a pleaſing Abhorrence, continually glowing in proportion to thoſe Obſtacles, within which the Power and Corruption of *Verres* had intrench'd himſelf from the Attacks of Juſtice; but the ſucceſsful Conduct and vigilant Intrepidity of *Cicero* in aſſailing him, raiſes us to a yet higher Delight! For to *his* Eye, wherever the Weal or Honour of the Republick was concern'd, no Difficulties were ſtrong, no Dangers had their Terror, no Guards of Guilt appear'd impregnable; not all the Power of Party-oppoſition, the Menaces of Revenge, the artful,

the

the inſolently irritating Delays, nor the far-diſtant Evidence, then thought impracticable to produce, could deter or ſlacken this laudable Proſecutor, till he had humbled the formidable Oppreſſor into a Confeſſion of his Offences, and an almoſt Petition for Baniſhment. *Cicero*, from a Merit ſo memorable, will preſerve a better Claim to *Real* Glory, than many a more vaunted Victory which the *Roman* Proweſs may have pretended to.

If the Reader's Curioſity is warm enough to turn to this Part of our Hiſtory, he will find, in the enumerated Evidences againſt *Verres*, ſo many entertaining Facts and Anecdotes, that perhaps he will thank me for this Notice of them; and at the end of this Pleaſure (if he is not too warm in Politicks himſelf) he will ſmile at the different Views of State-Politicians in the Struggle for and againſt reſtoring the *Tribunitial* Power, a *valuable* Right of the People, but as conſtantly *venal* to the beſt-bidding Party. Here too

P. 110.

HE will obſerve, how much deeper into Events was the Penetration of *Cæſar* than that of *Pompey*.

P. 111.

HOWEVER commendable the *Roman* Government was at this time in reviving the Office of *Cenſors*, which inveſted them with a ſummary Power of puniſhing all Immoralities, *&c.* yet from the little effect of it, the Frailties

Frailties of Antiquity ſeem as hard to have been eradicated, as the Vices in modern Practice; for ſo it has happened, that during the Eſtabliſhment of a Society for the Reformation of Manners, nothing at laſt ſeem'd more to want Reformation, than the *Reformers.* But tho' *Cicero* tells us, that this Office *was become merely nominal, and had no other effect than of putting a Man to the Bluſh*; yet methinks this ſeems no ſtrong Argument for aboliſhing it, becauſe, as *Shame* is one of the greateſt Pains that can be inflicted on the ſenſible Mind of Man, it muſt, at leaſt, in ſome meaſure have fix'd a Terror among the looſe or abandon'd, of falling into it; and more than probably have made a proportionable Abatement of Guilt in ſuch as were not able to bear the Confuſion of a Bluſh; if therefore in a thouſand, but *One* was mended by the *Cenſors*, ſuch a reſtraining Power was fitter ſtill to be in force, than totally to be laid aſide: While the Rod is ſtill ſticking up in the School, the Children will hardly grow worſe for being in ſight of it: But as no Wiſdom, perhaps, can make a Law always ſtrong enough to ſtand againſt the Prevalence of Corruption or Private-Intereſt, let us therefore, in deference to the Wiſdom of the *Roman* Legiſlature, ſuppoſe, that to One or Both of theſe Paſſions the Office of a *Cenſor* was an Eye-ſore!

P. 121.

THE *Calphurnian* Law too, *to prohibit Bribery in Elections*, however juſt, was of little uſe to the Public,

either in regard to the Merit of the Elected, or to the Reformation of the Electors; the old Game ſtill went on; the People ſtill ſold their Voices, and the Elected their Votes; while Politicians did their uſual Buſineſs with the ſame Tools they had ever made uſe of before the Law had a Being. Thus their Penal Laws, like their National Treaties, when they did not execute themſelves, were mere Rolls of Parchment. To what purpoſe, then, were they made? Oh --- perhaps for ſeveral Purpoſes, that neither the Laws nor the Treaties ever expreſs'd; and what thoſe Secrets were, Politicians never told; tho' they were forced ſometimes to cover their Views with wholſom Appearances. When it is conſider'd that Iniquity was of ſo antient a Date, methinks the preſent Age might be almoſt thankful that this *Roman* Practice has left us ſo little to improve upon. But ſo much was *Rome* alter'd from what ſhe had been, when a different *Glory* was in faſhion, when her moderate Poſſeſſions choſe a General from the the Plough, who, after an honeſt Victory, return'd to it again.

P. 128.

UPON *Pompey*'s being voted to the Government of *Aſia*, and the Command of all the Armies in thoſe Parts, it is obſerv'd, that

" *Cæſar* alſo was a zealous Promoter of this Law, but " from a different Motive than the Love either of *Pompey* " or the Republic; his Deſign was to recommend himſelf " by

" by it to the People, whoſe Favour he foreſaw would be " of more uſe to him than the Senate's, and to caſt a " freſh Load of Envy on *Pompey*, which by ſome Acci- " dent might be improved to his Hurt, &c.

There is ſomething ſo great, ſo amiable, in the Character of *Cæſar*, that I will not be ſure my Partiality may not incline me to think that, in this Reflexion, he is too hardly dealt with ---- I mean not by our *Engliſh* Hiſtorian (for in him it is but Juſtice to give us the different Opinions of Authors upon the ſame Subject) but by *Dio Caſſius*, whom he refers to *l.* 36. 21. for the Extract of this Paragraph. Let *Dio*, then, be my Man; and fairly let us ſee, when we put his Aſſertions together, what Inferences can be drawn or inſinuated from them? *Cæſar*'s Caſe is this: When the *Romans* judg'd it would be for the Good of the Republic to paſs a Law for giving the Government of *Aſia* to *Pompey*, *Cæſar* gave his Vote for that Good of the Publick, and therefore deſign'd ------ what? why, to do the Public a Miſchief by it (if to do Good or Ill are ſynonymous Terms, this may be a right way of reaſoning.) But how was he to bring this Miſchief about? ---- By the Favour of the People, to whom, he knew, this Vote would recommend him. But was not the Love of the People a lawful Advantage, equally incidental to every Vote on the ſame ſide of the Queſtion? Why then muſt it be only criminal in *Cæſar?* For tho' *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, from ſubſequent Accidents, were afterwards Enemies, it never appear'd that this Vote any

more contributed to their being ſo, than it might do to the Marriage of the one with the Daughter of the other, tho' ſuch a Marriage afterwards took place. Such friendly Conſequences, at leaſt, ſhew no great Guilt or evil Deſign in the Vote of *Cæſar*. But if *Dio* will needs have *Cæſar* ſo incredibly deep a Politician, as to have ſeen improbable Events at ſo great a diſtance, and to have planned his Schemes upon them accordingly, how came *Dio* to be ſo intimately let into his Cloſet, as to know *this* was the critical Time of his forming them? for, with all his Faults upon him, that of blabbing his Boſom-ſecrets was never imputed to *Cæſar*. Should not *Dio*, therefore, have left us ſome better Evidence for his Accuſation than that of his own dictating Suſpicion? But this ſort of Treatment, it ſeems, has been his uſual Practice, of which the Preface to our Hiſtory gives us ſeveral Inſtances, that equally diſplay the Strength of his Judgment, and the Candour of his Mind; or, as the *Cenſura celebriorum Authorum* of Sir *T. P. Blount* has it in better Words,

> *Omnino hæc, aut inſignem judicii defectum, aut malam mentem arguunt.*

Shall then ſo inſolvent an Author demand our Credit only by drawing his Aſſertions ſo confidently upon us? Or, is what he has ſaid againſt *Cæſar* a ſtronger Proof of his being an ill-minded Man, than what is urg'd againſt *Dio* is of his being an injurious Author? But to go through our

our Account with him. ------ *Cæſar*, he affirms, gave this Vote with an inſidious Deſign

" To caſt a freſh Load of *Envy* on *Pompey*, which by " ſome Accident might be improv'd to his Hurt, *&c.*

A notable Project, truly! and ſo refin'd, that it hardly has the leaſt Cloud of Common-ſenſe to obſcure it. But ſo hot, it ſeems, is the Judgment of *Dio*, and ſo cold is the Ambition of *Cæſar*, that he voted his Rival into Power, in a faint Phlegmatick Hope that *Envy* would, one time or other, take it out of his hands again. Well, and by what means does he aſſure us that Envy would be able to get hold of him? Why ---- by *ſome Accident* ---- Ay, ay, or any better Way, which he kindly leaves to be found out by his Reader. This ſure muſt have been the *Non ultra* of *Cæſar*, and riſes juſt to the Sagacity of a Lover's leaving his Miſtreſs alone with his Rival, in hopes ſhe might hate him. Heavy-ſpirited *Cæſar!* Had he no quicker way to diſgrace him? No, *Dio* thinks not; and therefore has wiſely tied down our thinking of *Cæſar* according to his *Hobſon*'s Choice. To conclude; I ſee no better way to get our Friend *Dio* out of this Difficulty, than by allowing, that his Prediction of what *Cæſar* one Day *would* be, was made after *Cæſar* was dead. It can be, therefore, no great Error in a Reader if he ſhoud ſuppoſe that the *Gueſs* of an Hiſtorian, like that of an idle Mathematician, abſolutely demonſtrates--nothing. But, not to be quite ſo wanton upon the matter --- Suppoſing *Cæſar* to have been as wickedly ambitious as ſome refining Pa-

triots

triots have made him, are we, for that reaſon, never to do him Juſtice? Let us not paint him black while he ſtood fair in the World; let his Guilt, at leaſt, precede our Accuſation; for when the worſt has been ſaid of him (if one Author may have leave to gueſs in his favour, as well as another to his prejudice) why may we not make it a queſtion, whether the Raſhneſs of his *Aſſaſſins* did not prevent even his *reſtoring* Rome *to her Liberty?* And as that would have been the moſt glorious Action of his Life, wherein were it inconſiſtent with the Greatneſs of his Mind, or with his Knowledge of what was *real* Glory, if we ſhould allow ſo conſummate a Genius a latent Intention to have crown'd his Ambition with it? And, if a generous Heart can find a Pleaſure in being deceiv'd into this Imagination, there can have been no great Impertinence in a Reflexion that may have led ſo candid a Reader to the Enjoyment of it.

My Zeal for *Cæſar* having hurry'd me to break into the numerical Order of my Obſervations, I muſt beg room for what follows, tho' it may not be at all the weaker for being out of its Place.

P. 127.

HERE the Conduct of *Cicero* ſeems to lie under much the ſame Cenſure with that of *Cæſar*, which we are told too

" Was ſuſpected to flow from an intereſted View of fa-
" cilitating his own Advancement (*to the Conſulate*) by
" paying this Court to *Pompey*'s Power.

Tho'

Tho' *Cicero*, in his Oration for the *Manilian* Law, has honeſtly defeated this Suſpicion; yet why might not ſomething more be ſaid for *Cicero* than he might, then, think proper to ſay for himſelf? Admitting, therefore, this Suſpicion to have been true, what was there in its pretended Fact that could impeach either the Honour or the Morals of *Cicero?* While the Public had the Benefit of his Vote, to whom could he be accountable for any farther Motive to it? And tho' Liberty of Thought may be unlimited, yet ſo is the Liberty of Thinking wrong too; for *Cicero*'s Right to ſerve any private Intereſt that went along with his Vote, was as indiſputable as the public Good that attended it. And as no National Law can ſo equally deal out its Benefits, but that ſome one Individual may have more Advantage from it than another, ſo the Vote of *Cicero*, in having ſuch an Advantage occaſionally annex'd to it, can never be reproachable, that Advantage being but the Favour of Fortune, and Fortune, ſure, could have no view in beſtowing it; for tho' ſhe may have been called partial, yet Malice herſelf could never accuſe her of giving or taking a Bribe. What then could this Imputation on *Cicero*'s Conduct ariſe from but the common Envy of Ingratitude? And if *Cicero* could not but know this to be true, it were rather a Queſtion whether he might not be more pleas'd, than uneaſy, under ſo impotent a Slander; for, without this Accuſation, his Eloquence had loſt not only ſo fine an Occaſion of ſhining in his Defence, but likewiſe of lanching into that Torrent

of

triots have made him, are we, for that reaſon, never to do him Juſtice? Let us not paint him black while he ſtood fair in the World; let his Guilt, at leaſt, precede our Accuſation; for when the worſt has been ſaid of him (if one Author may have leave to gueſs in his favour, as well as another to his prejudice) why may we not make it a queſtion, whether the Raſhneſs of his *Aſſaſſins* did not prevent even his *reſtoring* Rome *to her Liberty?* And as that would have been the moſt glorious Action of his Life, wherein were it inconſiſtent with the Greatneſs of his Mind, or with his Knowledge of what was *real* Glory, if we ſhould allow ſo conſummate a Genius a latent Intention to have crown'd his Ambition with it? And, if a generous Heart can find a Pleaſure in being deceiv'd into this Imagination, there can have been no great Impertinence in a Reflexion that may have led ſo candid a Reader to the Enjoyment of it.

My Zeal for *Cæſar* having hurry'd me to break into the numerical Order of my Obſervations, I muſt beg room for what follows, tho' it may not be at all the weaker for being out of its Place.

P. 127.

HERE the Conduct of *Cicero* ſeems to lie under much the ſame Cenſure with that of *Cæſar*, which we are told too

" Was ſuſpected to flow from an intereſted View of fa-
" cilitating his own Advancement (*to the Conſulate*) by
" paying this Court to *Pompey*'s Power.

Tho'

Tho' *Cicero*, in his Oration for the *Manilian* Law, has honeſtly defeated this Suſpicion; yet why might not ſomething more be ſaid for *Cicero* than he might, then, think proper to ſay for himſelf? Admitting, therefore, this Suſpicion to have been true, what was there in its pretended Fact that could impeach either the Honour or the Morals of *Cicero?* While the Public had the Benefit of his Vote, to whom could he be accountable for any farther Motive to it? And tho' Liberty of Thought may be unlimited, yet ſo is the Liberty of Thinking wrong too; for *Cicero*'s Right to ſerve any private Intereſt that went along with his Vote, was as indiſputable as the public Good that attended it. And as no National Law can ſo equally deal out its Benefits, but that ſome one Individual may have more Advantage from it than another, ſo the Vote of *Cicero*, in having ſuch an Advantage occaſionally annex'd to it, can never be reproachable, that Advantage being but the Favour of Fortune, and Fortune, ſure, could have no view in beſtowing it; for tho' ſhe may have been called partial, yet Malice herſelf could never accuſe her of giving or taking a Bribe. What then could this Imputation on *Cicero*'s Conduct ariſe from but the common Envy of Ingratitude? And if *Cicero* could not but know this to be true, it were rather a Queſtion whether he might not be more pleas'd, than uneaſy, under ſo impotent a Slander; for, without this Accuſation, his Eloquence had loſt not only ſo fine an Occaſion of ſhining in his Defence, but likewiſe of lanching into that Torrent

of

of Praiſes which he pour'd out upon *Pompey*, and which naturally aſſiſted one the other; the more apparently he proved the Services of *Pompey* to the Public to have deſerved his Praiſe, the ſtronger was his Juſtification in having given him his Vote.

As I am only an Advocate for Truth, my having pleaded for *Cicero* is but an occaſional Duty; I ſhall therefore, with the ſame Freedom, be againſt *Cicero*, whenever Truth retains me to oppoſe him, as will be ſeen in the following Caſe, *viz.*

P. 142, 143.

CALLIDIUS having charged *Gallus* with a Deſign to poiſon him, *Cicero* forms an Argument from the Coldneſs of *Callidius* his opening the Fact, that the Charge could not be true; *Cicero*, therefore, thus replies to him --- (I don't ſee how I can well avoid quoting the whole Paragraph) *viz.*

" How is it poſſible for you, *Callidius*, to plead in " ſuch a manner, if you did not know the Thing to be " forg'd? How could you, who act with ſuch force of " Eloquence in other Mens Dangers, be ſo indolent in " your own? Where was that Grief, that Ardour, which " was to extort Cries and Lamentations from the moſt " ſtupid? We ſaw no Emotion of your Mind, none of " your Body, no ſtriking your Forehead or your Thigh, " no ſtamping with your Foot; ſo that inſtead of feeling

" ourſelves

" ourſelves inflamed, we could hardly forbear ſleeping " while you urg'd all that Part of your Charge.

If Actions or Emotions of this kind were cuſtomary in the *Roman* manner of Pleading, there will then be leſs to be ſaid againſt *Cicero*'s preſcribing them, than againſt the Cuſtom itſelf. Cuſtom is a great Lawgiver, it is true; but the Laws of Reaſon are infallible, far more ſecure and coercive. By theſe alone, then, let us be govern'd, and judge from them how far *Cicero*'s Objection to *Callidius* has obſerv'd or is wide of them. All theſe tempeſtuous Emotions, therefore, let us recommend to the next Comedian who may happen to act the Part of *Ben Johnſon*'s Advocate, *Voltore*, in the *Fox*; where a Son is falſly accus'd of an Intent to murder his Father: There theſe pathetick Signs of Abhorrence and Concern may be proper to him who pleads the Cauſe of another; there they might commend the Labour of the Advocate, however little they might contribute to make Innocence guilty. But the Caſe will widely differ when, like *Callidius*, the Complainant pleads for himſelf. Here even a Reluctance to accuſe may be ſo govern'd, as to gain more Credit than all the mouth'd invectives of the moſt agitated Advocate, whoſe exclamatory Motions will, at moſt, be but Proofs of a ſtrong Deſire in the Pleader to be believ'd, but can be none of the Fact; whereas probable Circumſtances, temperately related, ſhew a more decent Submiſſion to Judgment, and gather a more prevailing force from the Confidence which the Plaintiff may have nakedly placed

in them. But the ſhallow Streams of Falſhood are apt to be noiſy and frothy, while the Depths of Truths are always ſmooth and clear to the bottom. *Callidius*, then, being known to be an *accurate* Speaker, will it be difficult to believe that *Cicero* may not have a little overcharg'd his Moderation, in calling it by the Name of *Indolence?*

Allow me this to be an equitable Queſtion, and there will be no Terror in the Opinion of *Cicero* againſt it. Truth will ſtill be Truth, whether maintained by a *Conſul* or a *Comedian.* And if the Charge againſt *Gallus* was true, neither the cold Delivery of *Callidius*, nor the warmeſt Eloquence of *Cicero*, without Evidence, could falſify it. Juſtice, I hope, does not ſtand upon ſuch Ceremony, that Truth is never to appear before her but in a full Dreſs. Juſtice is always equally herſelf, and as ſhe has no Pride or Paſſions of her own to gratify, Truth is as welcome to her ſtark naked, as in all the flaunting Ornaments of Eloquence, which worn, or not worn, can neither blaſt or brighten her Complexion. One plain wholſom Evidence of Fact will, or ought to be of more weight in the Balance of Conviction, than all the rhetorical Flowers of Wit or painted Paſſions that Eloquence can blaze in. Truth or Falſhood can no more be talk'd out of one into the other, than the Sweetneſs or Harſhneſs of a Voice can mend or mar the good or bad Senſe of a Song in an Opera. ---- To all this, perhaps, the Lawyer, or my Lady, may ſay --- What! is Eloquence good for nothing?

I ſuppoſe you would have People live without Law too! ---- Charmingly proper, to be ſure! ſays my Lady; and I don't doubt you would lay the ſame Reſtraint upon Operas. --- Not ſo cruel, Madam! But if Orators were never to turn Comedians, nor appeal to our Paſſions, when the Law is againſt them, it would be no Obſtruction to Juſtice. Or, if your Ladyſhip's Muſick were now and then zeſted with a little Common-ſenſe, could it do any Harm to the Melody? But when Eloquence, like an Eunuch, is trilling its Notes to the Ear only, the Judge that is partially pleas'd with it will be in danger of giving Sentence with much the ſame Juſtice that governs the Taſte of our modern muſical Beauties.

If therefore *Callidius* truſted ſimply to the Goodneſs of his Cauſe, Juſtice was the more oblig'd to be attentive to it; and if merely by that honeſt Confidence he *loſt* his Cauſe, the Sentence that acquitted *Gallus* might be no more a Proof of his Innocence, than had the Eloquence of *Cicero* himſelf, without Evidence, condemn'd him, it would have been a Proof of his Guilt. For take it either way, the Warmth or Coldneſs of the Evidence, or of the Orator, will have nothing to do with the Merits of a Cauſe; Fact and Truth, in any ſhape, will weigh them into the Air; for all the Eloquence under Heaven can never give a Being to what is not, or take it away from a viſible Subſtance. If *Cicero* were to undervalue a Fly, he muſt ſtill leave it Wings and Motion. The moſt, then, that can be objected to the ſuppos'd Indolence of *Callidius*

is, that if he thought Votes would always go along with Conviction, he knew too little of the World, or did not conſider, that the Reaſon which might gain or loſe a Cauſe, would not be always a good one.

The only Mitigation that ſeems to offer itſelf for this ſtrange manner of *Cicero*'s invalidating the Charge againſt *Gallus* is, that in thoſe Days a florid and impetuous kind of Eloquence was accounted one of the higheſt Accompliſhments in the greateſt Men, preferr'd even to military Proweſs; and, in regard to the general Eſteem the *Romans* then held it in, *Cicero* would not ſuppoſe that a Man who deſired to be believ'd would not more warmly have exerted himſelf in ſo flagrant an Accuſation. Still this amounts to no more than a Criticiſm upon the Calmneſs of *Callidius*, but carries not with it the leaſt Vindication of the Criminal. Let us therefore be willing to ſuppoſe, there might be better Arguments for the Acquital of *Gallus*, in thoſe Parts of *Cicero*'s Orations which happen to be loſt.

Whatever Glory may have attended this *Roman* Eloquence, the abovementioned Sketch that *Cicero* has given of it, ſeems but to place its chief Merit in magnifying or leſſening Good or Evil, as they were more or leſs conducive to whatever was contended for. What Benefit Mankind has reap'd from its Power, more than its exciting our Admiration, might be worth our Inquiry, becauſe, if it can prevail (as ſometimes they ſay it has) againſt Right or Innocence, will it not as often ceaſe to be

be glorious? Is ſuch a Victory an Excellence or Merit to be proud of? or within the Laws of Virtue to imitate? But, be all this as it may, theſe great *Romans* admir'd it.

Nay, ſo great is the prevalence of Cuſtom, that the ſame Admiration is handed down to Poſterity; the ſame Favour and Indulgence is ſtill allow'd to the Exerciſe of Eloquence; and, to this very Hour, ſcarce the moſt infamous Cauſe that ever came into a Court, ſhall, from the loſs of it, throw the leaſt Shame or Scandal on the Advocate. Thus Cuſtom has at laſt brought Eloquence at the Bar, and Courage at the *Bear-Garden*, to an Equality of Conſcience; while Money is their Motive, the Cauſe or the Battle, loſt or won, leaves always ſomething to be got by it. To conclude --- the *Lacedemonians* had ſeen Eloquence ſo often abus'd, that they thought it too dangerous to be tolerated in their Commonwealth, and accordingly baniſh'd the Profeſſors of it. But alas! this is now come to be an old Man's Story; and while ſo many Eſtates and Honours have been purchas'd by Talking to better purpoſe, now to offer any farther Truths againſt it, will be talking to no purpoſe at all. However, Truth, like the Sun's Light, tho' it may be obſcur'd, can never be extinguiſh'd. Yet, in all this, I would be underſtood to have intended my Obſervations upon Eloquence no farther than againſt the Abuſe of it.

Whether *Cicero* has not very near allow'd too ignoble a uſe of it, may be obſerved in

P. 138.

P. 138.

" WHERE *Catiline* being brought to a Trial for " his Oppreſſions in *Afric*, had ſolicited *Cicero* to un- " dertake his Defence, who at one time was determined " to do it ----

And what were his Motives? He does not ſay, becauſe he believ'd *Catiline* to be innocent, but becauſe he thought his defending him would *oblige the Nobles*. ----- Here Eloquence was palpably inclin'd to be more the humble Servant of Policy than of Juſtice. Well, but *Cicero* did not defend him at laſt! --- This we don't blame him for; but it were ſtill to be wiſh'd his thinking to defend him *at firſt* had been back'd with a better Reaſon than his *Hope of obliging the Nobles*.

This poſſibly may be one of thoſe profitable Leſſons which the preſent Age may have learned from the magnified Rigour of the *Roman* Virtue. And tho' *Cicero* ſeems to have better Sentiments in *P.* 40. where he places the *True Glory of Eloquence in defending the Innocent in Diſtreſs, eſpecially when they happen to be oppreſs'd by the Power of the Great*, yet we plainly ſee, that *Cicero* found it an eaſier matter to lay down good Principles, than always to perſuade himſelf or others to follow them.

Section

Section III. *P.* 145.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great Mixture there may be in the Character of *Cicero*, it muſt be a ſtrong Severity that will deny what was conſpicuouſly laudable in him to have far outweigh'd his common Defects or Frailties. An Inſtance of the former we ſhall preſently offer. And as our accurate Hiſtorian produces more frequent and authentic Vouchers for his material Facts than any Author within my courſe of Reading, I therefore rely on him as the moſt infallible Guide to Truth, and from this Confidence I am bold to ſay, that the uncommon Motives which voted *Cicero* to the Conſulſhip, do *Cicero* more Honour than any one yet related Action of his Life, or than the moſt celebrated Patriot has to boaſt of: For as (according to our Hiſtorian) his viſible Merit and ſingular Abilities were judg'd, even by thoſe Nobles (who for that very Merit were known at other times to have envied him) to be now the only Hope and Reſource they had to reſcue the Government from the latent Deſigns of the Deſperate and Seditious, ready to break out into a Flame; their Unanimity, I ſay, in yielding up that Envy to their Safety, in placing the Conſular Power in the Hands of *Cicero*, will remain a Monument of his Fame, which neither Time or critical Prejudice will ever be able to deface. But let not this Encomium miſlead

the

the Reader into an Imagination, that the leaſt Flaw in this Diamond is intended to be overlook'd, but that its Appearance ſhall, with equal Juſtice, have its different Remark. The Liberty already taken with *Cicero*, 'tis hoped, may have eas'd him of that Apprehenſion. As for what is above ſaid in favour of *Cicero*, I doubt it would be too bold a Theft from our Author to tranſcribe the whole Evidences of its Truth; but if I want credit for them, the unſatisfied Reader may receive them from *P.* 148 to a full Diſcharge.

Hitherto we have ſeen *Cicero* but in the Morning of his Life; he is now entring on his Meridian, his *Conſulate*. But as (from the School-books of our Youth) it is in this Station we generally receive our firſt Impreſſion of him; many of his Admirers have gone no farther, but have taken the reſt of him upon content, or have ſeldom made any cloſer Inquiry about him. 'Tis to our induſtrious and accurate Hiſtorian, then, we owe him ſo conſpicuouſly intire: Here every common Apprehenſion, that had before met with only the detached Pieces, the broken Limbs, and ſcatter'd Remains of him, will ſee them now collected, all in due order replac'd, and form'd into one complete and perfect Statue of him. Such a Work will deſerve the Thanks of Poſterity while *Roman* Hiſtory ſhall be valuable. From ſuch an Author only can we raiſe a true Judgment of *Cicero*. Let us therefore, if poſſible, throw aſide all former Prejudices for or againſt him; and, here, conſider him as if this clear and copious

Account

Account were the firſt we had ever received of him. Without this Impartiality we are in danger of being too liberal in our Praiſe, or too cautious in our Cenſure: Let then his Sentiments and Conduct have gradually their Comment, ſtill reſerving the Definitive Sentence upon the whole Man, till Death ſhall make an end of his Character; but having ſtill an equal Eye too upon his different Fortune; for if his Conduct in Proſperity may have been lifted into too high a Praiſe, yet the friendleſs Virtues of his Adverſity will have only their own Luſtre to commend them, and Adverſity ſeldom or never has its Flatterers. But to proceed----

P. 138.

CICERO being now fix'd in his *Conſulate*, let us ſee how his Conduct will open to us the more viſible Nature of his Mind. He is now Himſelf, independent and incontrollable; unaw'd by the ſelf-preſerving Fears of a private Man, and at full liberty to aſſert the Cauſe of Juſtice and Virtue, as a public Miniſter in Power; now under no Reſtraint but that of Truth and Conſcience; and yet, by the Dictates of theſe Monitors, his Actions more ſtrictly limited than thoſe of the loweſt Citizen, in proportion to the Greatneſs of his Truſt, and his natural ſuperior Knowledge of Good and Evil.

His firſt Reſolution being to remove the ſeveral Obſtacles that might embarras his Adminiſtration, will commend itſelf in our barely naming them, *viz.*

P. 150.

HIS early Sagacity in leading his Collegue *Antonius* (whoſe ſiniſter Views he had reaſon to ſuſpect) into an implicit Confidence and Adherence to all his intended Meaſures for the Public Good and Tranquillity, was a Merit to the Commonwealth, which, as it carried with it its own Reward, the higheſt Praiſe muſt naturally follow it.

P. 152.

HIS fortifying its Liberty, by his *uniting the* Equeſtrian Order with the Senate *into one Party and Intereſt*, could have no View excluſive of the Public Security. And if----

P. 158.

HE tolerated the Laws of *Sylla*, which he own'd to be tyrannical, he even in that conſulted the common Safety, which, by a raſh and unſeaſonable Attempt to repeal them, muſt at that time have brought it into viſible Danger. There is as great a difference between Toleration and Support, as between Patience and Approbation, between enduring an Evil and enjoying it.

P. 160.

WHEN an outrageous Clamour of the People broke out, upon the Entrance of *Otho* into the Theatre, who by

by a Law had advanc'd the Knights to diſtinct Places above them, yet ſuch was their awful Regard to the Interpoſition and Addreſs of *Cicero*, that he not only pacified the Tumultuous, but even reconcil'd them to an Approbation of the Law that had incens'd them: This was an Inſtance of his intrinſic Dignity; and tho' a ſurprizing Honour to *Otho*, was yet a greater to *Cicero*.

P. 162.

HIS wholſom and amicable Perſuaſion us'd to the Deſcendants of thoſe whom *Sylla* had proſcrib'd; his prevailing with them to acquieſce under their acknowledg'd Misfortunes, and which occaſion'd *Pliny* to break out into ſo *warm* an Admiration of his Eloquence, cannot be heightened by a more laudable Obſervation. Yet from ---

P. 162 to 167.

HIS Eloquence breaks into a yet ſtronger Blaze in his Defence of *Rabirius*. There never was ſo critical a Contention between the *Senatorial* and the *Tribunitial* Power, as this Trial had occaſion'd. Throughout the Pages referr'd to, an attentive Reader cannot but receive the warmeſt Delight from it. In all the Charms of his Eloquence, we have hitherto met with nothing equal to thoſe which on this Occaſion (even under the Diſadvantage of a Tranſlation) will be obvious. His Arguments have ſuch irreſiſtible Strength, not only in clearing the Innocence of the Accuſed, but equally powerful in

proving the Fact (tho' admitted) not to be criminal, that in either Queſtion the moſt ſcrupulous Doubt muſt have clos'd, and voted with him. His Intrepidity and quickneſs of Reply to the impotent Noiſe of the Party that interrupted him; his ſetting the ſeditious Views of the Proſecutors, and the Lawfulneſs of what *Rabirius* had done in ſo clear a light; all this too delivered with ſuch a flowing Grace of Expreſſion (and perhaps with a more ſpirited Vigour, from his Pleading being limited to a bare Half-hour) gives us ſo diſtinguiſh'd an Impreſſion of his prompt and unſtudied Eloquence, that our ſilent lifted Hands will be the natural Applauſe of it. Here he was glorious!

If theſe are Facts that become the Wiſdom and Integrity of *Cicero* as a Conſul and a Patriot, let us yield him the valuable Regard he may claim from them; and if he is not (as what wiſe Man is?) always equal to himſelf, let that Regard only keep pace with his Conduct: Perhaps, on the following Occaſion, we may meet with ſomething leſs laudable in him.

P. 168.

UPON *Catiline*'s being diſappointed in his hopes of the Conſulſhip, he threw out ſuch menacing Declarations againſt the State, and againſt his Oppoſers, that he ſtartled the Senate into "their uſual Refuge in all Caſes of im-"minent Danger, of *ordering the Conſuls to take care* "*that the Republic received no harm.*

Let us obſerve how *Cicero* executed this Order.

"He

" He doubled his Guards, and called ſome Troops in-
" to the City. (A neceſſary Act of Vigilance for his own
" and the common Safety.) And when the Election of
" Conſuls came on, that he might *imprint* a Senſe of his
" own and of the public Danger the more ſtrongly, he
" took care *to throw back his Gown in the view of the*
" *People, and diſcover'd a ſhining Breaſt-plate which he*
" *wore under it.*

Here let us halt a little. The Point ſeems here a little clouded. Let us ask a few Queſtions. --- Was this mute Inſinuation of his Armour to ſupply what his verbal Declaration might fail in? Could ſuch a ſpecious Parade of his Fears give them more credit than they could hope from his Eloquence? Or was this Breaſt-plate (whatever Proof it might be of his Fears) any material Evidence of *Catiline*'s Deſigns againſt himſelf or the Public? And yet *Cicero* produced it to *imprint a Senſe of their Danger* in the People. Is *Cicero* then reduced to imitate the *Pantomime*, who may be commendable when his Fear of an Enemy *imprints* the ſame Paſſion on the Spectator by ſo fortified a Dreſs? But could this acted Apprehenſion equally become the *Conſul?* Or, to let him ſtand in a more favourable light, let us ſuppoſe this Armour had been worn conceal'd, might it not then have better anſwer'd his purpoſe? While the Snare was hid, the Raſhneſs of *Catiline* might have fallen into it; and had the Armour then reſiſted his Dagger, *Catiline* might have been taken in the Fact, and the Armour been produced in

Evidence

Evidence againſt him; but by being expos'd, this Breaſt-plate was but an injudicious Warning to the Traitor to lay his Deſigns deeper for the future, and to look better about him. Had *Catiline* too been cool enough to have taken this Warning, and had lain a little quiet upon it, *Cicero* might have been in danger of having his inſinuated Suſpicions, for want of Proof, turn'd upon himſelf, and of being clamour'd into a tyrannical Miniſter, an Abuſer of his Truſt, and an Oppreſſor of the Innocent, by the then formidable Party of *Catiline*. And admitting *Cicero* foreſaw that *Catiline* would take no warning, and conſequently was in no fear of ſuch Clamours prevailing againſt him, yet this ineffectual glare of his Armour brought him neither a ſtep nearer to his Detection of *Catiline*, nor could at all ſtrengthen his own Defence in it. The Grimace of it was viſible, but the Uſe or Wiſdom of his expoſing it, we have not yet diſcovered. When a Man has ſo much Truth as *Cicero* had on his ſide, he wants not ſuch feeble Supports to it. The forward Zeal of an over-willing Witneſs has ſometimes created Doubts in an otherwiſe credible Teſtimony. Whether *Cicero* loſt or gain'd any ground by his Breaſt-plate, our Hiſtory does not mention; but how far this Expedient came up to the proper Spirit or Gravity of a Conſul, is a Queſtion that perhaps may be better debated.

If, to a candid Reader, this Speculation may ſeem too critically refin'd, or hard upon *Cicero*, let it be conſider'd, that ſimply, in our Search of Truth, we have a right to the

the leaſt Article that can lead us to it, and which ought not to be concealed or ſlighted by our Juſtice, Diffidence, or Favour; if we are limited in our Inquiry, our Report of *Cicero* muſt be defective.

P. 168.

WE are now entering upon the notorious Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, the Defeat of which *Cicero* has it at heart to erect into the Monument of his Glory: But, in giving it our equal Admiration, let us follow his own Advice, by firſt inquiring *what ſhare either Chance, Raſhneſs, or Prudence had* in this memorable Tranſaction. A clear and copious Account of whatever relates to the treaſonable Deſigns of *Catiline* will be found from

P. 168 to 176.

TO conſider, then, the Meaſures that *Cicero* took to ſuppreſs them, let it be obſerv'd, That when by his Vigilance and Management with *Fulvia* (a Miſtreſs to one of the Conſpirators) he was maſter of *Catiline*'s whole Scheme, and of his Reſolutions taken for the Execution of it, *Cicero* brings, at the ſame time, his Diſcovery of the Plot and his Accuſation of *Catiline* before the Senate, without thinking it neceſſary to ſhew any farther Evidence than the Splendor of his Eloquence to ſupport it, which notwithſtanding ſo far prevail'd, that the Senate gave an intire credit to the Charge, and look'd upon *Catiline* with the Abhorrence due to a Criminal condemn'd. But

Catiline,

Catiline, leſs diſmay'd by the Orator, and obſerving no Witneſs yet produced to confront him, ſo boldly ſtood upon his Innocence, that, in defiance of his Accuſer,

" He repreſented the whole as the Fiction of his Enemy,
" offering to give Security for his Behaviour, and to de-
" liver himſelf to the cuſtody of any whom the Senate
" would name, even to *Cicero* himſelf.

But this not being accepted, *Cicero* plainly told him,

" That he ſhould never think himſelf ſafe in the ſame
" Houſe, when he was in danger by living in the ſame
" City with him.

Such a pretty-turn'd Concluſion might ſound well in the original round Cadence of a *Ciceronian* Period; but when our Ear has been pleas'd, what has it ſaid to our Underſtanding? Why, that becauſe it was not ſafe to live in the ſame City with a Traitor, it muſt therefore be dangerous to *ſecure* him! If *Cicero* had a better Reaſon for letting him eſcape, might not this as well have been conceal'd?

But this confident Offer of *Catiline*, with his Impudence of coming afterwards to the *Capitol*, while under ſuch an Accuſation, ſo provok'd the *Conſul*, that he broke out into a moſt ſevere Invective againſt him " and with
" all the Fire and Force of an incenſed Eloquence laid
" open the whole courſe of his Treaſons, and the No-
" toriety of his Villanies. *P.* 178.

This we muſt allow him to have done in all the ſtrongeſt Colours that could blacken the Crime or the Criminal,

Criminal, as an Object of Danger, Terror, and Deteſtation. But ſtill (without ſome Evidence of the Facts alledg'd) in what was this flaming Eloquence legally to avail againſt *Catiline?* Could it have any greater force than an Indictment well open'd againſt him, which paſſes for no more than a mere fine Speech, till the Allegations of it are proved? Or, if it was neceſſary to make *Catiline* odious before he was condemn'd, would he have been leſs odious from Evidence than from a bare invective Accuſation? Or, if his Evidence was not judicially prepar'd, why was *Cicero* ſo *forward* with his Accuſation? If in regard to the Lightneſs of *Fulvia*'s Character, he was doubtful of what Credit it might have with the Senate, how came her Information to have ſuch Credit with *Cicero* as to be thought ſtrong enough to ground his Charge upon? Whatever Credit *Fulvia* might want with the Senate, *Cicero* wanted none; why then might not the Senate have been convinc'd by the ſame Proofs that had prevail'd upon the Conſul?

But be all this as it may, *Cicero* thought he had a ſurer ſharper way to diſpatch him; he would kill him with Eloquence and Lenity, and even *talk* him into his *own* Deſtruction. He therefore diſpenſes with the Decree of the Senate, which impower'd him *to take his Life*, and only tauntingly tells him, *There was a ſecret Reaſon that yet withheld him*; intimating, that a ſeverer Puniſhment might fall upon his Wickedneſs from another Quarter. Upon this, *Cicero*, for fear *Catiline*, by ſtaying where he

was, ſhould not meet with the Danger he did not ſee, adviſes him to make the beſt of his way out of the City, that, like a blind Oaf, he might *run* into it---- for thus ſays our Hiſtorian (after running over the flagitious Enormities of his Life) ---

" He exhorts, urges, and commands him to depart, " and, if he would be advis'd by him, to go into a vo- " luntary Exile, and free them from their Fears, *&c.*

How paternal a Reproof was this! Was ſo notorious a Conſpirator, inſtead of being capitally puniſh'd, only to be terrified by being roundly rated? Was *Cicero*, as a Father of his Country, ſo fond of this reprobate Son, that he hoped Reproaches would go nearer to his Heart than if he had roughly ſtruck him out of the Family, and cut off his Hopes with a Halter? For with what greater Chaſtiſement than Chiding does *Cicero* yet treat *Catiline?* But let us ſee how his Vengeance is to riſe upon him in the ſame Oration.

P. 179.

HERE again, ſince *Catiline*, he ſays, was not to be reclaim'd, (Good lack! was *Catiline*, then, only to be *reclaim'd?* What harm would a little wholſom hanging him have done the Public?) " He exhorts him, if he " would not go into Exile, to go at leaſt where he was " expected, into *Manlius*'s Camp, and begin the War.

And then---what was to become of him? Why, there, ſays he, " he might riot and exult in his full Eaſe, with-

" out

" out the Mortification of ſeeing one honeſt Man about " him." --- Not unlikely!

If *Catiline* had been capable of the leaſt Modeſty, this ſevere Admonition might probably have reduced him to Bluſhes; but as his Cauſe was brazenly wicked, his Confidence might think it no great Mortification to be at the head of an Army, tho' all form'd of Profligates, it not being their Morals, but their Numbers and Courage, he was to depend upon.

But *Cicero*, leſt this plain Perſuaſion might not prevail on ſo harden'd a Heart, ſharpens it with a quicker Senſe of the Condition which *Catiline* at this Camp would find himſelf in, *viz.*

" There he might practiſe all that Diſcipline to which " he had been trained, of lying upon the Ground, *not* " *only in purſuit of his Amours*, but of bold and hardy " Enterprizes; there he might exert all that boaſted Pa- " tience of Hunger, Cold, and Want --- by which how- " ever he would ſhortly find himſelf --- undone.

Anon we ſhall ſee whether *Cicero* or Fortune had the greater ſhare in his Ruin; but, as the Caſe yet ſtands, does not that martial Patience of thoſe Hardſhips *Cicero* ſeems to upbraid him with, ſhew *Catiline* more a formidable than a contemptible Enemy? and was that a Reaſon for rather defying him to the Field, than condemning him to the Scaffold? Or if in former Camps he had choſen the cold Ground for his Gallantries, what terrible Blackneſs could this Bolt of his Eloquence blaſt him with?

This, methinks, might better have become the Delicacy of a Prude than a plain-ſpeaking Patriot. However, even *Cicero* himſelf is not ſo aſſur'd of this Expedient but that he confeſſes it needs an Apology; for after his imagining what *would* be, and owning what *had* been ſaid againſt it without Doors, he ſays ---

P. 180.

" TO this moſt ſacred Voice of my Country I ſhall " make this ſhort Anſwer, That if I had thought it the " moſt *adviſable* to put *Catiline* to Death, I would not " have allow'd that Gladiator the uſe of one Moment's " Life. (Hitherto he only ſuppoſes it not *adviſable*, yet proceeds to give Inſtances where Death in the like Caſes *had* been adviſable.) " if in former Days (ſays he) our moſt " illuſtrious Citizens, inſtead of ſullying, have done ho- " nour to their Memories by the Deſtruction of *Saturni-* " *nus*, the *Gracchi*, *Flaccus*, and many others, there is " no ground to fear that, by killing this Parricide, any " Envy would lie upon me with Poſterity. (Such memo- rable Precedents therefore might have juſtify'd his Severity, tho' he had no equal Examples to excuſe his Lenity.) " Yet if the greateſt (Envy) was ſure to befal me, it was " always my Perſuaſion, that Envy, acquired by Virtue, " was really Glory, not Envy.

If theſe were his real Sentiments, how came his natural Paſſion for Glory ſo coolly to abandon them, as not to ſeize this laudable Occaſion of advancing it, by following the

the Practice of the aforecited illuſtrious Citizens, in making the immediate Death of *Catiline* an emulous Proof of his Juſtice and Virtue?

But, as if he had been ask'd this Queſtion, he farther accounts for his Conduct by declaring, That even in the Senate,

" There are ſome who do not either ſee the Dangers " that hang over us, or diſſemble what they ſee, who by " the Softneſs of their Votes cheriſh *Catiline*'s Hopes, and " add Strength to the Conſpiracy by not believing it.

Why then did he not rather ſtrengthen their Belief of it by producing his Evidence, than give them an Excuſe for their Doubts by ſo unaccountably concealing it? But he has not yet done with his Reaſons; the reſt of this Paragraph is to inforce them.

" Whoſe Authority influences many, not only of the " Wicked, but the Weak. (Which Influence ſtill, by a little wholſom Evidence againſt *Catiline*, muſt have been naturally abated.) " Who, if I had puniſh'd this Man as " he deſerv'd, would not have fail'd to cry out upon me " for acting the Tyrant.

A Tyrant acting according to Law is a Criminal yet unheard of; and was not this paying too humble a Deference to what the guilty might have ſaid of a *Conſul* in his Adminiſtration of Juſtice? Was he ſo tender of his Fame that he could not bear an Imputation upon it from the *Infamous?* Was *Catiline* to live till *they* too, his Abettors, were convinced it was but juſt to deſtroy him?

That,

That, ſure, would have been too long a Work upon his Hands. Let them have loaded him with the worſt of Calumny, while he had a Decree of the Senate for taking the Life of *Catiline*, the Title of Tyrant coming from ſuch abandon'd Prejudice (had he obey'd that Decree) muſt have remain'd more an Honour than a Reproach to him. But the Schemes of *Cicero*, it ſeems, were form'd on a Policy more refin'd, with which he thus ſurprizes us, *viz.*

" Now I am perſuaded, that when he is once gone into " *Manlius*'s Camp, whither he actually deſigns to go, " none can be ſo ſilly as not to ſee that there is a Plot, " none ſo wicked as not to acknowledge it; whereas, by " taking him off alone, tho' this Peſtilence would be ſome- " what checked, it could not be *ſuppreſſed*.

And therefore he ſends him to an Army that expected him, to make it a moot Point whether *Catiline* ſhould not *ſuppreſs* the Republic, and to which Army, if he had had no hopes of Succeſs, he would never have gone. Or if *Cicero* knew *Catiline* to be raſh, yet Raſhneſs does not always end in Ruin. However *Cicero*, not liking the Face of a Traitor ſo near him, judg'd that this *Snare* of his *Eſcape* would be a ſurer way to ſecure him; for when once his open Rebellion became an Evidence of the Conſpiracy, it muſt be believ'd with a Vengeance. The Evidence indeed muſt be allow'd to be pretty ſtrong; but that *Cicero*'s ſo far aſſiſting the Rebellion was the wiſeſt way of coming at a Proof of the Conſpiracy, ſeems to be a Depth in Politics not eaſily to be fathom'd. To leave open the

Gates

Gates of a Town to ſee if the Army of an Enemy would have the *Impudence* to enter it, would be a ſtrange way of *deſtroying* an Enemy. *Catiline* in *Rome* might have been no more than a Lion in the Toil: But if *Cicero* turn'd him looſe, only like a Bag-Fox, to catch him again, --- ſhall we call it the Glory or the Sport of a Stateſman? To look upon great Things and ſmall with an equal Eye, is ſometimes the ſhorteſt way to come at the Truth of them. But, not to loſe the Reſpect due to *Cicero*, let us, before we obſerve upon the Conſequences of his letting *Catiline* eſcape, ſee how they both, in the Senate, take leave of one another.

Cicero having ſo eloquently expos'd and blacken'd him, turns to *Catiline* with an Air of Security, and thus confounds him:

" With theſe Omens, *Catiline*, of all Proſperity to the " Republic, but of Deſtruction to thyſelf, and all thoſe " who have join'd themſelves with thee in all kinds of " Parricide, go thy way into this impious and abominable " War.

That is --- Now I have ſhewn the World how rank and filthy a Traitor you are, I ſcorn to foul my Fingers with you; therefore get out, go, troop to the open Field, and there --- puniſh yourſelf.

This is one of thoſe diſtinguiſhed Occaſions where the Thunder of *Cicero*'s Eloquence, like that of the *Vatican*, or of our bouncing Cannon upon a rejoicing Day, does its

its Duty without mortal Execution. But let us ſee what effect it had upon *Catiline.*

P. 182.

" *Catiline*, aſtoniſh'd by the Thunder of this Speech, " *with downcaſt Looks, and ſuppliant Voice, begged of the* " *Fathers not to believe too haſtily what was ſaid againſt* " *him by an Enemy*, &c. but as he was going on to give " foul Language, the Senate interrupted him, calling him " *Traitor and Parricide!*

So far, at leaſt, *Cicero* had the Senate's Voice to ſupport him againſt whatever Fears or Apprehenſions the Fierceneſs of *Catiline* or his Adherents might have raiſed in him; but *Catiline* was ſo ſtung with the Senate's diſclaiming him, that, to their Teeth, he defied them all in this remarkable manner:

" *That ſince he was circumvented, and driven headlong* " *by his Enemies, he would quench the Flame which was* " *raiſed about him by the common Ruin*; and ſo ruſh'd " out of the Aſſembly.

So uncommon an Event in Hiſtory, cannot, ſure, but raiſe the Aſtoniſhment of an attentive Reader! What a confuſed Idea does this leave us of the *Roman* Government! that ſuch an audacious Spirit, after ſo outrageous a Menace to a full Senate, ſhould, without Let or Moleſtation, be turn'd looſe to put his Wickedneſs in practice! Sure, ſuch enormous Licences could not be deem'd

a Right among their boaſted Sweets of Liberty? Was their public Safety of an inferior conſideration to the Life or Confinement of a free-born Conſpirator? Or (if this Suppoſition is too ſtrong) could it ſtill be a Breach of Privilege if ſome honeſt Patriot had taken *Catiline* by the Throat and brought him back to their Reſentment and Juſtice. If *Catiline*, after ſuch a Declaration, found his way open to *Manlius*'s Camp, how ſhall we reconcile this Tameneſs of the Senate to Common-ſenſe or Policy? Shall we take from them all Capacity or Cogniſance of Government? call them no longer *Fathers* of their Country, but rather Sons of *Anarchy*, without regard of Duty, Dignity of Rank or Spirit? Or can all this artful Lenity of *Cicero* be reconciled with (or refined into) the profound Policy of a *Conſul*, to whoſe Hands (by an expreſs cautionary Decree of the Senate againſt this very Man) the public Safety was committed?

Indeed, indeed the Dignity of a National Juſtice ſeems to be but very ill maintain'd, when ſhe rather chooſes to call her Criminals out to the Combat than to her Tribunal. It would be very odd to ſee a Lord Chief Juſtice turn Champion, and, inſtead of paſſing Sentence upon a Traitor, offer him the Satisfaction of a Gentleman. And tho' *Catiline* behaved with great Bravery in the Field, and held the *Roman* Laws at noble Defiance, yet methinks a Court of Juſtice might have been as proper a Place to have talked with him.

What might have been the conſequence of much the milder Meaſures taken by *Cicero*, let us judge from the Opinion of *Salluſt*,

" Now ſuppoſe (ſays he) *Catiline* had conquer'd in the " firſt Engagement, or had even retired with Loſs, ſurely " very tragical Calamities muſt have overwhelmed the " Commonwealth; nor would the Conquerors have been " ſuffered to enjoy their Victory long, ſince, when they " were weakned and exhauſted, whoever had ſuperior " Power would have ſeized the Government, and oppreſs'd " the Public Liberty. [*Gordon*'s *Tranſlation.*]

If this has any weight, could there have been more Danger in ſeizing *Catiline* than in letting him go? But to ſet aſide theſe imaginary Conſequences, let us attend to what *really* follow'd upon *Catiline*'s being ſo eloquently driven from *Rome.*

P. 183.

CICERO, the next Day, to unite the various Sentiments of the People into an Approbation of his Conduct in the Senate, calls them together in the *Forum*, where he recounts the whole Tranſaction, with chiefly the ſame Arguments, that had induced him to the Meaſures he had taken: But as this Point has been already obſerved upon, let it paſs without farther notice, than that here, in the ſecure Joy of his Heart, (*P.* 185.) *Cicero* ſeems almoſt ludicrouſly to triumph over the reſt of the Conſpirators yet remaining in *Rome.* After deſcribing their profligate Lives and Converſation, he declares it

" In-

" Inſufferably *impudent* for ſuch Men to pretend to " plot, &c.

It would have been a new Strain of Eloquence indeed, had he proved to them how Treaſon might have been committed with *Modeſty:* And tho' this Expreſſion may not directly imply that it *might*, &c. methinks, from a Conſul, it would have been quite as important had it been a little more gravely guarded: The Blackneſs of Impudence, however offenſive, is but a faint Stain upon Treaſon; Impudence, therefore, not being penal by the Law, could at moſt be but a facetious Aggravation of their Wickedneſs: And tho' the Lights and Shades which *Cicero* in his Deſcription has thrown them into muſt be allow'd a maſterly Performance, yet to amuſe the People with theſe fine rhetorical Flowers, when their Attention demanded the Motives to ſo material a Fact as the letting *Catiline* eſcape, was but ſo much talking to their Senſation, ſmothering the Omiſſion of his Duty by regaling their Smell with a Noſegay. What could it avail in his Juſtification of letting *Catiline* go, to tell the People, in the moſt eloquent Language, that all his Accomplices were a company of Sots and Blockheads? And yet however ſuch ſatirical Flights might depreciate theſe miſerable Malecontents at home, yet their Friends in the Field were found no ſuch Dunces to deal with, they were as skilful in drawing Blood as Men of the niceſt Morality. Not but if *Cicero* had not ſent *Catiline* to the Head of them, they might not have been quite ſo formidable; and if thoſe

who lurk'd in *Rome* were as bad as he makes them, were they not ſtill as fit to be hang'd as if they had all been Men of Parts and Sobriety? Why then was the dignified Truſt of a *Conſul* to heſitate a Day in the cutting off *Catiline?* Was it his Regard to what ſuch detected Traitors could ſay of him? Is he ſo far to be indulg'd in his Concern for his precious Good Name, that the Clamour of ſuch Miſcreants can excuſe his being frighted from ſo demanded a Duty? Yet *Cicero*, it ſeems, had the Avoidance of their Clamour ſo much at heart, that he even exults in his having eſcap'd but a part of it:

P. 186.

" IF Men (ſays he) are ſo perverſe as to complain of " his being driven away, what would they have ſaid had " he been put to Death?

Why, a great deal more perhaps; but when the diſaffected had ſaid their worſt, honeſt Men would at leaſt have had *this* to ſay, That, had he been put to Death in the *City*, he *could never have faced them in the* Field, *or have killed ſo many of his Fellow-citizens at the head of an Army.* For how dear the ſuſpended Puniſhment of this fierce Offender was afterwards bought, *Salluſt* ſeems to tell us with a Sigh, in his Account of the honeſt Lives it coſt to defeat him, *viz.*

" The Victory, indeed, fell to the Commonwealth, " but was accompanied with Bloodſhed enough to *check* " *their Joy*, ſince the braveſt among them were either " *kill'd*

" *kill'd* in the Fight, or left it *grievouſly wounded.* Nay,
" as there were many who viſited the Field, whether for
" Curioſity or Spoil, and turned over the Carcaſes of the
" Rebels, ſome diſcovered a Friend, ſome a Kinſman,
" others a Gueſt; ſome too there found their particular
" Enemies; ſo that through the whole Army was ſeen
" a various Diſplay of contrary Paſſions, Gladneſs and
" Sorrow, Mourning and Rejoicing. [*Gordon*'s *Tranſl.*]

Such was the conſequence of *Cicero*'s Lenity.

But notwithſtanding this Expence of civil Blood, the Conſpiracy at laſt was ſuppreſs'd, and *Cicero* had the Glory of it. And if the Expence had been leſs, might not the Glory have been greater? But if at ſuch a time, nothing was thought too much for their Preſerver, it is not to be wonder'd at; a People ſo tranſported for their Deliverance ſeldom repine at the Price of it; Joy is too generous a Paſſion to look into the dry Accounts of Dangers paſt, and Payments in Praiſe coſt little to make; but Poſterity, who have not the ſame Paſſion to gratify or to blind them, may think it more Amuſement than Trouble to ſee the Balance ſet right, before they pay in to *Cicero* the Applauſe he demands for it. Let us inquire then how much of that Praiſe was as demonſtrably due to Fortune, as to *Cicero.*

Cicero has been generally allowed more a Philoſopher than a Hero, fitter to give good Counſel than to execute it; and in this Light we may a good deal account for his procraſtinating the Puniſhment of *Catiline.* Had he,

like

like a *Cæſar*, ſooner faced the Danger of deſtroying him, the ſooner, and with leſs Bloodſhed, he had cruſhed the Conſpiracy; for this Delay it was that gave the *Allobrogians*, or *Gauls*, time to confederate with the Conſpirators, while *Catiline* (let looſe) ſtood ready in the Field to deliver them from the tyrannous Yoke of the *Romans*. But it was the Work of *Fortune*, not of *Cicero*, that theſe Auxiliaries kept not their Faith with *Catiline*. *Cicero* gave them *time* to conſpire, but had no hand in their deſerting him; the Republic ſtill lay open to the hazard of the *Allobrogians* being firm to their Engagements; nor does *Cicero* give us any reaſon to ſuppoſe he foreknew they would break them; and if it afterwards coſt ſo much Blood to vanquiſh *Catiline* without them, what Calamities might not have enſued had *Catiline* been reinforced by their keeping them? If *Catiline*, as *Cicero* owns, *P.* 204. *was the Life and Soul of the Conſpiracy*, why would *Cicero*, with ſuch public Danger, *prolong* the Life of it? How many Hours could the Conſpiracy have liv'd when the Head was off? Treaſon would have a wanton time in the World, if the Governors of it, like *Cicero*, durſt not puniſh a Traitor till his Treaſon had its chance for being no Treaſon at all. Hiſtory ſhews us many Examples where Victory decides the Legality of Power, and makes a Hero of the Rebel. Have we not modern Inſtances of this Miracle? What was our *Engliſh Cromwell?* or the preſent Monarch of *Perſia?* not near ſo formidable as *Catiline* when he firſt took the Field. Yet what

what renowned *Roman* of them all has carried Heroiſm to a higher Amazement than the latter? Has he not in ſix Years walked over more extended Dominions than the *Roman* Arms could ravage in an hundred? and who, had he but equal Writers to record him, might leave Poſterity to judge whether *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, or *Kouli-Kan*, had moſt Right to the Palm of Military Glory. But to leave this rambling Speculation, and come nearer to *Cicero*; let us obſerve, that *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, and other illuſtrious Conſpirators, were executed without the leaſt public Diſturbance, even while *Catiline* was in the Field with an Army inclined, tho' not yet ſtrong enough, to revenge them. Nay further (*P.* 222.) it is ſaid, that after theſe Executions were over, " *Cicero* was conducted home " in a kind of Triumph by the whole Body of the Se- " nate and the Knights, the Streets being illuminated, *&c.* Does this agree with or ſupport the Apprehenſions *Cicero* had of any evil Conſequences, had he as juſtly ordered the Execution of *Catiline?* Is not this public Approbation of the Death of his Accomplices almoſt an Evidence that their Principal might have been diſpatched with the ſame Security? But lawful Power that ſhrinks under unlawful Oppoſition, may be wholly loſt, but never gains Strength or Reſpect by Connivances. Had the Courage of our Orator, then, been as viſible as the inſtant Demand for it, his Eloquence would have had no need of ſo many faintly florid Excuſes for his Lenity. This Aſſertion is yet encourag'd by another Circumſtance.--- " When (*P.* 223.)

" the

" the fatal Account came *of the Death of* Lentulus *and*
" *the reſt* (to *Catiline* in the Field) the face of his Affairs
" began preſently to change, and his Army to dwindle
" apace, by the Deſertion of thoſe whom the hopes of
" Victory and Plunder had invited to his Camp.

If this is true, might not the ſame Panic or Deſpondency have taken place among his *undiſciplin'd* Friends in the City, had *Catiline*'s Death, like theirs, preceded his Eſcape? The Danger, ſure, in that caſe, could not have been greater than it appeared to be in the other. *Manlius* alone would ſcarce have been able to revenge the Execution of *Catiline* at ſo dear a Price of Blood, as *Catiline*'s being ſuffered to join him coſt the Government after the Execution of *Lentulus* and the other Conſpirators; and yet *Cicero* (*P.* 184.) firſt tells us, that " thoſe who had " deſerted his Army, and ſtaid behind, were more to " be dreaded than the Army itſelf. And in another place " (*P.* 190.) theſe very Accomplices are called *a lazy*, " *drunken, thoughtleſs Crew*, who he knew would ruin " themſelves. Which of theſe Inconſiſtencies are we to ſuppoſe could be true, for both of them could not? (Terror and Contempt are never raiſed by the ſame Object.) Or if either of them *were* true, it will be ſtill harder to decide which of them had the better Title to Clemency. Does not this ſhew *Cicero* a little diſtreſſed in his Argument, when he is forced to beg ſo ſingular a Queſtion as that either *Catiline* or his Accomplices were terrible to a Miniſter of Juſtice? From what Part of the *Roman* Hiſtory,

Hiſtory, then, is it demonſtrable that the delay of *Catiline*'s Death was the moſt *glorious* way of cruſhing the Conſpiracy? unleſs we allow, that a Body will ſooner die by firſt cutting off he tLimbs, than by firſt taking off the Head (this, I ſay, being the clear light in which the Expedient ſtands) whatever Danger aroſe from the Singularity of it, *Cicero* was anſwerable for; and that from the ſtrange Eſcape of *Catiline* ſome Danger *did* ariſe, not only the Affair of the *Allobroges*, but the many Lives ſacrificed in the Defeat of *Catiline* have already made apparent.

To what hidden Spring, then, are we to attribute this his ſurprizing Lenity to *Catiline?* who, if we admit him to have been as dangerous as *Cicero* has painted him, was therefore leſs intitled to it. *Cicero*, 'tis true, gives us a hint, *that a ſecret Reaſon withheld him from putting* Catiline *to death*, but, by his not leaving this Reaſon behind him, we can follow no Lights but what are before us; for in no part of his laboured Excuſes does any more of it appear, than from his Apprehenſion of the clamorous Imputations that might have attended his Severity. But were *thoſe* the Spectres that the Glory of a Patriot Conſul was to ſtart at? Timorous and temporizing Power, perhaps, might urge too, that, in unſettled Times, while the Paſſions of ungovernable Factions were at ſuch a height, the Execution of Juſtice was almoſt impracticable; but therefore was *it indiſpenſible*. If the Commonwealth was in ſuch imminent Danger from its domeſtic Enemies, the

more immediate was his Call to exert the active Virtue of the Conſul in its Preſervation. But alas! when Juſtice loſes her Fortitude, ſhe deviates into Cruelty; her Pauſes are public Injuries; her Sword, *then*, becomes the Spoil of *Anarchy*, no more to make the Guilty, but the Innocent tremble. *Cicero*, ſure, could not but know that Glory was of a more enterprizing nature, and not attainable by palliative Expedients, Diffidence in Danger, or only doing juſtice by halves, or in a calm Security; theſe are Reproaches Glory would have avoided. In vigorous and intrepid Virtue it is that Glory ſhines, and from the Danger of the Combat only can ſhe receive the Wreath that crowns her. Even *Succeſs* may be no real Merit in miſtaken Policy. But Virtue, tho' defeated, will ſtill be glorious. If then, to let *Catiline* eſcape, was thought the ſafer Policy by *Cicero*, how would it have been juſtified had *Catiline* ſucceeded in the Field? and (no Thanks to *Cicero*) how fair had been his chance for Succeſs, had not his *Allobrogian* Auxiliaries fail'd him? But, to that Failure, what did *Cicero* contribute? not an Atom! their falling off was what he could not foreſee, becauſe he knew not of their Engagements; and if the Diſcovery of them was afterwards ſuch a cauſe of Joy to *Cicero* and the whole People of *Rome*, what could that Joy ariſe from but the bleſſed Eſcape from their Danger? Yet what could poſſibly have brought them *into* that Danger but *Catiline*'s being ſuffer'd, at the head of an Army, to encourage and receive them? Such was the unneceſſary Danger which the

Republic

Republic was drawn into by the *Tenderneſs* and *Clemency* of *Cicero*. Whatever Merit, then, there might be in repelling this ſecond Danger, the People would ſtill have been under as great an Obligation to *Cicero* had his Clemency never thrown them into any Danger at all. As, therefore, the unforeſeen Event of the *Allobroges* becoming Evidences againſt the Conſpirators was intirely owing to the *Fortune* of their own Fears to make good their Engagements; to *Fortune* then, as ſhe was a *Roman* Deity, ought to have been paid her Due of that Thankſgiving for their Deliverance, which the accumulated Praiſes demanded by *Cicero* ſeem to have engroſs'd.

From my having been early led and talked into an almoſt implicit Admiration of *Cicero*, it is with great Reluctance I yet perſuade myſelf to put any diſadvantageous Queſtion on his Character; and tho' I ſtill have a due Eſteem for him, I cannot ſo far loſe my Regards to Truth as to perſiſt in a Partiality for him: Perhaps too the Attractions of Truth are leſs reſiſtible in Age than in younger Years; old Men have little more to delight them, and therefore have a charitable Claim to be indulg'd in the Purſuit of it. Nay, ſo warm is my Affection for Truth, that ſhould I be convinced of my having dealt hardly by *Cicero*, the Surprize of it would ſtill be an equal Enjoyment.

Notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, I am yet under ſome Apprehenſion from the Influence which the oppoſite Opinion of our reverend Hiſtorian may have had on the ge-

nerality of his Readers; his great Learning is as formidable to me as the Integrity of *Cato* was to *Cicero* when he pleaded the Cauſe of *Murena*, whom *Cato* had accus'd of Bribery, *P.* 193. But as *Cicero* ſaid *he was more afraid of the* Authority *than the Accuſation of* Cato; ſo, if I ſhould own I had no other Diffidence upon me than what ariſes from the *Reputation* of ſo eminent an Author who defends him, tho' it might create a juſt Suſpicion of my Ignorance, it will not, I hope, be an abſolute Proof of it; and as I have cautiouſly avoided any Remarks upon his Juſtification of *Cicero* in this point, I am not anſwerable for a Folly I have not yet committed. *Cicero* has ſpoke largely for himſelf, and to him only have I choſe to reply, with this bold Hope to ſupport me, That if *Cicero* has not fully juſtified himſelf, whoever offers any *new* Arguments on his ſide, plainly acknowledges that the Point has at leaſt been queſtionable.

After this happy Defeat of *Catiline* and his Conſpiracy, one might reaſonably hope to find the Government of *Rome* in a State of Tranquillity. But alas, from a Dominion ſo ſurfeited with Power, what Repoſe could be expected where the ſame Commanders that had extended the Public Conqueſts abroad, were now as active each to be their Maſters at home.

Thus the deſtined Commonweal (their conſtantly pretended Care) was as conſtantly ſacrificed to ſome particular reſtleſs Demand of Power, or to the private Intereſt of theſe military Miniſters.

That

That this was evidently their Situation will be found in ſeveral following Inſtances; and, as if Fate had here fix'd the Period of *Roman Liberty*, in this very Year, when the Defeat of *Catiline* had given it a ſhort Reprieve, was born *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *P.* 230. who, in about twenty Years after, buried it in a long Reign of arbitrary Sway, although it had coſt a greater Man than himſelf, his Predeceſſor *Julius*, his Life, before he had ſix Months enjoy'd the Uſurpation of it. By the way, whether the Aſſaſſination of *Cæſar* was abſtractedly owing to a remaining Spirit of Liberty, or that, in ſo general a Corruption of the greateſt *Romans*, it might not as probably riſe from a leſs laudable Ambition than that which ſeem'd almoſt graceful in every Act of *Cæſar*, is not perhaps an unreaſonable Queſtion. But be this as it may, it cannot be denied us that neither *Liberty*, nor his Aſſaſſins the Aſſertors of it, found any Relief or Advantage from their ſo avowedly deſtroying him. Liberty, 'tis evident, under the mercenary Views of her pretended Phyſicians, had been long languiſhing without hopes of Recovery; and if at laſt *Cæſar* clos'd its Eyes, what did he more than *Pompey* would have done, had *Pompey* clos'd the Eyes of *Cæſar*.

If *Pompey* and *Cæſar* then, during their military Competition, were the two greateſt Evils that menaced the *Roman* People (in whom legally was placed the Sovereign Power) the Queſtion in that caſe will only be, which of thoſe Evils were the leaſt; and not, which of them the

People

People ought to have choſen? it being certain, that had the intimidating Arms of either left the People free, the People would have excuſed them both, and have quietly choſen to be their own Maſters. But as the Government, from the fluctuating Prevalence of Faction, had then in a manner diſſolved itſelf, every ſenſible Reader may have the Pleaſure of making himſelf the ſupreme Judge of what ought, or could have been done, more or leſs, than *Cæſar* did, in ſo deſperate a Juncture. But this not being the proper Place for the farther Conſideration of ſo critical a Point, let us, as we proceed, obſerve from gradual Facts in what calamitous Confuſion the Government was involv'd before *Cæſar* took the Reins of it into his own Hands, and then (as our modern Proverb does by the Devil) let us give *Cæſar* his due. Then too, ſhall we find, from the Fate of ſo enormous an Empire, how fruitleſs is the Labour of Human Wiſdom to entail the Happineſs of a People upon their Grandeur.

Section 4. *P.* 235.

THE Diſgrace of *Cicero* being now a determined Point, was hotly purſued by the Party then coming into Power, who of courſe, by being his Enemies, could be no Well-wiſhers to the Republic: *Metellus*, the new Tribune, an Adherent of *Cæſar*, began the Attack, while *Cæſar* himſelf (now *Prætor*) undertook the Proſecution of *Catulus*

tulus (*P.* 236.) which the Oppoſition of the Senate obliging him to drop, a little wholſom Violence was thought a ſurer way to carry whatever Cauſes they had a mind to bring on. Accordingly *Metellus* (not without *Cæſar*'s Advice we may believe) publiſhed a Law to call home *Pompey* with his Army " in order to *ſettle* the State " (Yes, with an Army!) and quiet the public Diſorders " raiſed by the Temerity of *Cicero.* (Right again, the Temerity of too cautiouſly puniſhing a Traitor.) Poor *Cicero!* had he join'd in the Conſpiracy he had ſo lately ſuppreſs'd, theſe Patriot Magiſtrates, 'tis poſſible, might have protected him; but now they wanted an Army to deſtroy him. In what ſplendid Confuſion did this glorious Republic ſhine, when *Cicero* was cenſured as a Criminal for ſaving it? This ſort of Tranquillity is ſhewn by another notable Inſtance of the Decency and Order obſerved in almoſt every Act of State; for in the publiſhing this Law,

" As ſoon as *Metellus* began to read it to the People, " *Cato* ſnatched it away from him; and when he ſtill " proceeded to pronounce it by heart, *Minucius*, another " Tribune, ſtopt his Mouth with his Hand.

Did ever wrangling School-boys more loudly call for the Rod of a Maſter to quiet them? But whether *Cæſar*, at this time, could hope or intended to be their Pedagogue, while *Pompey* was in ſo much greater Power, ſeems not ſo clear a Point againſt him as ſome *ex poſt facto* Politicians have made it; for might we not, with equal reaſon,

reaſon, inſiſt that *Cromwel* was determined to be *Protector* when he was but a Major-General? The unforeſeen Accidents that contributed to the making either of them Maſters of their Country are viſible from their Hiſtory; and tho' their Uſurpations might be equally unjuſt, yet, perhaps, they were the leſs notorious as the civil Diſſenſions had then ſcarce left the People any nearer Protection. Nor let it amount to an Excuſe for either of them, ſhould it be inſiſted, that had their Titles been equal to their Capacity to govern, both *Rome* and *England* might have been greater and happier for their Adminiſtration; but neither Succeſs or Glory can wipe out the Flaw in the Title of an Uſurper.

The Lights into which theſe growing Diſorders of the State are thrown, may prepare the Reader for the natural Conſequences of them, when he finds that from theſe bad Times to worſe, the *Romans* were at laſt driven into the Arms of what they naturally abhorred, a Tyrant or Monarch for their Relief; yet favourable was their Fate, that ſo great a Genius as *Cæſar* was deſtined to be their merciful, tho' illegal, Maſter; for that lawleſs was his Power cannot be denied, yet that he abuſed that Power is not ſo viſible. But be that as it may, let us profit from the Fate of this famous Empire; and ſince whoever changes a Government does not always give Security for his mending it, it will always be the Intereſt of thoſe who live under a limited Monarchy to take their Chance for Happineſs under a legal Succeſſor. But to return to the Republic.

With

With what farther Animoſities the turbulent Publication of the above-mentioned Law was attended, ſee *P.* 237.

Among ſo many ungovernable Spirits, it is no wonder that a well-meaning Man, like *Cicero*, found himſelf unſafe; he therefore, in a Letter to *Pompey*, flies to him for Support; but ſo ſtrong was his prevailing Paſſion, that in this Addreſs he ſuffers his Vanity to take place of his Intereſt, and, inſtead of ingratiating himſelf by an Applauſe of what *Pompey* had done, and had promis'd to do farther for the Service of the Republic, he complains, that in the laſt Letter he received from him he had taken but too cold a notice of his own (*Cicero*'s) late Merits to his Country. *Cicero* therefore is ſo impatient of the Slight, that he roundly tells him " he would have him to know, " that the things he had been doing for the Safety of his " Country are applauded by the Teſtimony and Judgment " of the whole Earth. Tho' this weak Reſentment is thrown out with all the ſwelling Vanity of a fine overlook'd Lady, yet is it not more the Subject of our Wonder, than is his dogmatical manner of ſolliciting Favours with Reproaches.

If *Pompey* was either ungratefully blind, or envious of his Merit, was it *Cicero*'s Buſineſs to tell him ſo? For, could leſs than ſuch an Accuſation be implied by ſo ſharp an Expoſtulation? Should he not rather have conſider'd, that Great Men, eſpecially when growing greater, are not always in a humour to ſet other Peoples Merit upon a

level with their own? And tho' they may always desire to be thought the Patrons of public Merit, yet whoever tells them they are *not* so will have but a hopeless chance for their Favour. Such an uncourteous Stile, sure, could not expect it would let him (as in the close of his Letter he flatters himself it would) " into a share both of " his public Councils and private Friendship. A wise Man, methinks, would rather choose to give his Counsel when *asked*, than ask to *give* it; but a vain Man is too often apt to think he is a wise Man.

The Truth is, that *Pompey* " having been inform'd by " *Metellus* and *Cæsar* of the Ill-humour which was rising " against *Cicero* in *Rome*," thought it not advisable, in such a Juncture, to load him with those ample Praises which the ill-timed Impatience of *Cicero* expected.

P. 244.

WHATEVER may have been urg'd in extenuation of *Cæsar*'s Conduct is not intended to justify it, but to distinguish the Degree or Nature of his Guilt from theirs who at this time were higher Insulters of the Republic than himself; for that he made no scruple, when an occasional Point was in view, of turning his Back upon the Laws, the following Fact must allow.

When a fresh Inquiry was resumed against the Accomplices of *Catiline*, *L. Vettius* and *Q. Curius* impeached *Cæsar*, the one before the *Quæstor*, the other in the Senate where he (*Curius*) likewise claimed the public Reward as first

firſt Diſcoverer of the Plot, &c. and affirmed, that " what he depoſed againſt *Cæſar* was told him by *Cati-* " *line* himſelf; and *Vettius offered to produce a Letter to* " Catiline *in* Cæſar's *own Hand.* A ſhrewd Circumſtance! *Cæſar* here ſtands confeſſed in a bad Light, and by his ſhuffling to get out of it ſteps into a worſe, for all he had (or thought neceſſary) to ſay for himſelf was, that *he called upon* Cicero " *to prove that he alſo had given* " *Informations of* Catiline's *Deſigns.* But how came *Cæſar* to know his Deſigns?

A weak Defence hurts a Man more than a weak Evidence againſt him: What we don't confute, we ſeem to allow: If therefore the Teſtimony of *Cicero* could not amount to a Proof that the Letter was forged, or that even *Cæſar*'s Informations could not be a Cloke to his Guilt, how could a ſtrong Suſpicion of his Guilt be avoided? But *Cæſar*, it ſeems, was in no great pain for the worſt they might think of him, being reſolved to ſet matters right with a *rougher Hand*; " for, by his Vigour and In- " tereſt in the City, *he deprived* Curius *of the Reward* " *and got* Vettius *committed to Priſon.* Here one might think he had carried the Affair as far as it could well go. ---- No, *Cæſar* did nothing by halves,

Nil actum reputans, ſi quid ſupereſſet agendum. Lucan.

Therefore, to complete his Vengeance upon theſe his preſumptuous Enemies (who had been ſo weak as to think the Law would take hold of a Man whom the

Law was afraid of) he went through with his Work, and *impriſoned the* Quæſtor Novius *too, for ſuffering a ſuperior Magiſtrate to be arraign'd before him.*

What Inconſiſtences! Were theſe *Roman* Magiſtrates ſo imperious or ſo ignorant that they did not know the Limits of their Authority, or on whom to exert it? If the *Quæſtor* had no right to call *Cæſar* to anſwer his Impeachment, what prevail'd on *Cæſar* to appear before him? If he *had* ſuch a Right,[1] by what Law could *Cæſar* impriſon him for making uſe of it? How then ſhall we reconcile theſe Contradictions but by admitting, that the Laws at this time were ſo openly violated, that every bold Man of Rank, with a Party at his Beck, was above them.

When the ſame People, then, came to have but one Maſter (who gave them Laws from the Wiſdom of his own Will) could their Government be more infamous or more intolerable? Yes, many of them thought it was *both*; they hated a Monarch, and what we hate can never make us happy. If this were true, to a Man of the greater *Romans* it would be unanſwerable; but as it was evident that ſeveral of theſe anti-monarchical Patriots had a mind to be *themſelves* this *odious only Man*, the Argument is not ſo ſtrong on their ſide; and when the number of thoſe Candidates for Empire was reduced to *two*, *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, was it unpardonable in *Cæſar* that he did not give up his Pretenſions to *Pompey*? Undoubtedly! *Pompey* had the Senate on his ſide; and had not *Cæſar* the

the People? But, when *Pompey* was defeated, then *Cæſar* ought, by laying down his Arms, to have reſtored the Republic. Why then would not the Republic ſtay till, with Safety, he *could* do it? Becauſe the Republic had a right to reſtore itſelf, and therefore at laſt deſtroy'd *Cæſar*. A deſperate Remedy! But what Cure it wrought let the ſucceeding Hiſtory of their long Race of Tyrants relate. If then the Ambition of *Cæſar* made him fall a juſt Sacrifice to Liberty, ſo fell the Republic a gradual and as juſt a Sacrifice to her own boundleſs Ambition.

----- *nec lex eſt juſtior ulla,*
Quam necis artifices arte perire ſuâ.

Is a Sentiment that will hold good on either ſide of the Queſtion.

No Law more juſt tyrannic Wrongs can heal,
Than that the Wounds they give, the Tyrants feel.

But to return to the Time we were talking of.

While ſcarce any Preferment was beſtowed, any Election of a Magiſtrate made without ſome Violation of the Law, no wonder the People were publickly venal or wantonly mutinous, or indeed how could they well be otherwiſe, when they ſo ſeldom had what could properly be called a legal Magiſtrate to quiet them. Nor was the Senate itſelf untainted with much the ſame Diſtemper; even there, Wickedneſs and avowed Corruption took their Seat,

and

and with ſo bold a Face, that the Guilty triumph'd in a ſcurrilous Contempt of their credible Accuſers, of which *P.* 258 gives us a moſt ſingular Inſtance in the frontleſs Rallery of *Clodius* upon *Cicero*, whoſe Evidence againſt *Clodius* had been rejected by the infamous Judges that acquitted him of his impious Pollution of the *Bona Dea*. Here *Clodius* exults upon his Eſcape, and even while the State of the Republic was in debate, takes occaſion to be pleaſantly ſmart upon *Cicero*, as holding him at defiance; ſo to it they go, ſlap-daſh, hit for hit; *Clodius* upon *Cicero*, and *Cicero* upon *Clodius*, like Prince *Prettyman* and *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearſal*; and all this without the leaſt Reprimand, till the ſtronger *Laugh* of the *grave* Fathers puts an end to this merry Contention of Wiſdom and Waggery. Was this the Auguſt, the Potent, Venerable *Roman* Senate? Yes, and ſuch too was the frolickſom Taſte of *Cicero*, that, in a Letter to *Atticus*, he owns himſelf not a little delighted with the ſhare he had in the Vivacity of the Strokes on both ſides, which he tells us,

P. 259.

" MUST needs appear flat in the narration, ſince " their Force and Beauty depended upon the Smartneſs " and Spirit with which they were delivered.

That the Comedy was well play'd, is not difficult to believe; but when *Roman* Senators were the principal Actors, what ſhall we ſay to them? What were ſuch particular Fleas in the Ear to the Public Affairs?

If

If ſo youthful a Fondneſs for Wit could bring the Stage into a Senate, why might not ſo ſingular a Senate be brought upon the Stage? and as the greater Actions of theſe memorable Men have been dignified by Tragedy, why might not their leſs heroic Faults and Follies have been equally ridiculed in Comedy?

------ *Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat? -----

How theſe fierce imperious People ſtill maintained their Power of giving Laws to the better Half of the World, while the Government of their proper *Capital* was ſo daily defied, inſulted, and torn by their own Citizens, will be always matter of Delight or Amazement to the lateſt Readers of *Roman* Hiſtory.

P. 249.

I cannot paſs by, tho' foreign to our Matters in hand, the following Reply of *M. Livius Druſus*, the Tribune, to the Architect who propos'd to build his City-Houſe in ſuch a manner " that none of his Neighbours ſhould " overlook him: But, if you have any Skill (replied *Dru-* " *ſus*) contrive it rather ſo, that all the World may ſee " what I am doing. There is a Spirit in this Direction worthy of an honeſt old *Roman*. What hinders ſo many Maſters of our modern fine Houſes from having the ſame ſpirited Taſte? Of what great uſe is the churliſh incloſing of a fine Front from the public Eye by a high Wall?

Wall? Is it modeſtly to avoid Envy, or to cover any Deeds of Darkneſs? Who ſhould envy them? Not the common Paſſengers, they rather might be obliged or delighted with the Proſpect. But where there is ſhelter for Acts of Shame, is it not *there* we ſhould moſt ſuſpect them? Yet what Fence is ſo high that Common-fame will not fly over, when Guilt or Suſpicion puts her upon the wing? If Magnificence is neceſſary, why is it not open to our Admiration? Fine Houſes, ſure, are not like the Grand Signior's fine Ladies, to be lock'd up from all Eyes but his own. A ſtately Edifice, no more than a *Venus* of Marble, has neither Senſe nor Frailties to create Fear or Jealouſy from its Beholders. The more its Nakedneſs is ſeen, the more valuable is its Beauty. Why then is not a Range of Iron-work, that the Eye may penetrate, a Fence ſufficient againſt too near Approaches, or from public Obſervance of what may be doing in the Apartments? If I miſtake not, ſome old Author (who, I have forgot) tells us, that the Ancients had a more generous way of building:

Atria nobilium valvis celebrantur apertis.

Fam'd are the open Portals of the Great.

'Tis true, at the weſtern end of our Metropolis, we have a fine Example againſt this Rule, which is ſomething more than excuſable, where the ſtately Elegance of the Wall and outward Portal equally content and ſurprize us; here, indeed, the public Eye is made ſome amends

amends by the Exchange of one magnificent Object for another. But to our Hiſtory.

P. 259, 260.

The Character of *M. Pupius Piſo*, now *Conſul*, as *Cicero* has ſatirically drawn it, has ſuch ſtrong natural Features, that tho' he was *Cicero*'s Enemy, it perſuades us to believe it could not but be like him: It concludes with a ſharper point of Wit than has yet been obſerv'd among the many well-ſaid things of *Cicero*, viz.

" That he would have been more vicious by having " one Vice leſs --- Sloth and Lazineſs.

This is that ſort of Sterling Wit, which, into whatever Language we turn it, cannot be depreciated. A well-ſaid Thing that ſtands not this Teſt, can have no intrinſic Value, or at beſt riſes but to a local Merit when it has not ſtrength enough to get out of its own Country. Whatever Violence of Party could raiſe Men of ſuch low and lazy Characters to the Conſulſhip, either of them demonſtrates how weak muſt have been the lawful Authority: And tho' the other Conſul, his Collegue, *Meſſala*, was a Man of unexceptionable Reputation, yet Power ſo unequally yoked could but ill draw together; nor are we to ſuppoſe that *Piſo* ſtood upon his own Crutches; the over-bearing Power that ſet him up knew what ſteps he ſhould take, and be ſupported in, while the helpleſs Virtue of *Meſſala* could make but little way againſt the Preſs of a Crowd that carried all before them. Let this

Obſervation be thrown in among others upon the preſent precarious Condition of the Republic, that we may the leſs wonder that in ſo much Corruption the Seeds of Slavery ſhould be ſown.

In the Commendations beſtowed upon *Meſſala* ſomething may be worth our different Notice. According to our Hiſtory, he ſtands in this laudable Light,

" That he was a firm and excellent Magiſtrate, in the " true Intereſts of his Country, and a conſtant Admirer " and Imitator of *Cicero*.

All this we may believe to be true of *Meſſala*. But *Cicero*, who gives him this Praiſe, makes himſelf a little remarkable in his manner of beſtowing it; for, as appears by the *Latin* Text, in the Notes, *Cicero* chooſes to meaſure *Meſſala*'s Merit by his own, and to magnify the Compliment, ſays of him to *Atticus*, that he was

Noſtri *laudator*, *amator*, *imitator*.

An Admirer, *Lover*, *and Imitator of* Me.

Now the *Engliſh* Text, by giving us this Commendation from a third Perſon only, has decently veiled the Vanity of *Cicero* from the *Engliſh* Reader, tho' to the *Latin* Reader our Hiſtorian is ſo juſt as to uncover it. But as the greateſt Admirers of *Cicero* have not excuſed his Vanity, enough may have been ſaid of it; and tho' diſadvantageous Truths of him ought not to eſcape us, it will give us much more Pleaſure to dwell upon his Merits, which are equally viſible.

P. 261.

P. 261.

UPON *Pompey*'s Return from the *Mithridatic* War, a general Apprehenſion prevail'd *of his coming at the head of an Army to take the Government into his own Hands.*

This Report could not have prevailed had the Government been its own Maſter, or not reduced by its Anarchical Factions to the want of a Maſter, a Charge which it is evedent *Pompey* rather wanted Reſolution than Inclination to attain. If *Cæſar* then, according to our Hiſtory, invited him to ſtep into this Superiority, *and had no other Ambition (at preſent) than to ſerve under him*; and as *Cicero*, who had no view beyond the Peace and Glory of the Public, found it neceſſary *to be in ſtrict Friendſhip with* Pompey, *P.* 273. will it not in ſome meaſure juſtify *Cæſar*'s being in Friendſhip with *Pompey* at the ſame time? Even the real Patriots, it is plain then, were no longer able to ſupport themſelves without a little winking at the Conduct of others, tho' not quite ſo honeſt as they could have wiſh'd them; and why it could not well be otherwiſe *Cicero* ſhews us in the ſame Page. ----- *We live here*, ſays he, *in an infirm, wretched, tottering Republic.* If therefore *Cicero*, I ſay, was reduced to attach himſelf to *Pompey*, why may not *Cæſar*, as yet, ſtand equally unblameable for taking the ſame Meaſures?

This Obſervation is only intended to keep the Eye of our Memory upon *Cæſar*'s Conduct, till it comes to be more queſtionable. Let us therefore be contented with a

curſory View of leſs important Matters, till the ſtronger Convulſions of the State call upon our cloſer Attention.

P. 262.

From the recited Facts of ſeveral Pages following, we are clearly let into the Politics and Character of *Pompey*, which have tempted me to throw out a general Obſervation upon them. His View undoubtedly was the Dictatorſhip, an Office which in elder Days had been diſcharged with irreproachable *Glory*; but, orginally, that Power was only erected to defend the Republic from its foreign Enemies. Now it was growing more unfortunately neceſſary to guard *Romans* from *Romans*, and to quell their more dangerous Contentions at home. But alas! *Rome* was not now her former ſelf; her ancient Glory had changed its Form and was become the proud vain Miſtreſs of particular military Commanders. Her violated Chaſtity was now trick'd up in a more gaudy Dreſs; Pomp, Splendor, and unbounded Power were the falſe Charms that had intoxicated her modern Admirers; while the vaunting Poſſeſſors Happineſs rather aroſe from the weak Aſtoniſhment or Envy of the gaping Vulgar, than from the Applauſes of a public Gratitude, or from the Acknowledgments of Virtue. May we not affirm then, that in the Time of *Cincinatus*, her rural *Dictator*, (when *Rome* was leſs magnificent, when ſhe only wore the plain Garb of rough manly Valour and Liberty) ſhe

was

finitely more glorious? Unleſs we allow Glory and Va... Glory to be ſynonymous Terms.

But as no National Government can be immortal, as they are all, like the human Body, naturally *ſown in Corruption*, the time of their Decay is inevitable, though uncertain: All that can be done in the ſevere Attacks of Conſtitutional Diſtempers is, by Palliatives, to defer the evil Day. Nor can the Sway of any free Government be ſo equally balanced but that, at certain Seaſons, ſome vital Part of it will be too ſtrong or weighty for the other. In *Rome* we have ſeen the Regal, the Conſular, the Senatorial, and the Popular Power, all in their turns predominant, but ſcarce one of them quietly of any wonderful Duration. Human Wiſdom and human Wickedneſs muſt, from their own Nature, be in continual War; yet ſo provident are the Laws of Nature, that in the moſt virulent Corruption are hid the Seeds of Sanity. From a Band of outlawed Robbers *Rome* firſt grew up to Fame and Virtue, from thence to Power and Riches, from thoſe to Ambition, and from that to Ruin. When ſhe had ravag'd the World about her, ſhe ſavagely fed upon her own Bowels, till ſhe once more rottened to the Corruption ſhe came from. Yet, in all her Revolutions, it is not from any one Point or Perſon we can deduce the immediate, the *ſine qua non* Cauſe of her Ruin. Scarce, I doubt, can we originally charge any one leading Man, or particular Party, with ſo fatal a Conſequence. Her Decay was gradually natural; one ſharp Diſtemper, too obſtinately reſiſted,

ſiſted, threw her into another, and ſometimes a third into a worſe; no wonder then her ſhaken Conſtitution, at laſt, had no better Relief than a deſperate Submiſſion to that terrible grand Remedy, an Abſolute Maſter.

At this time *Pompey*, from his great Fame in Arms, threw all Competitors for the Prize behind him; and though we were to admit that his Ambition glow'd only for the Public Good, yet the Tenderneſs of his Policy to come at it certainly loſt his way to it: For, as in moſt Uſurpations, to keep as near as poſſible to the appearance of Juſtice and Virtue may be the moſt feaſible Meaſures for Succeſs, ſo too cautious a Regard to them may ſometimes be more hazardous than a total Neglect of them. Had *Pompey* had *Cæſar*'s Reſolution, leſs trouble might have brought ſo formidable a Candidate to the end of his Wiſhes. But *Pompey*, by his obſequious Application to *every* Party (as *Cicero* obſerves) *pleas'd none*; he conſider'd not that all Political Parties, being naturally hateful to one another, are hardly brought to allow there can be any Merit or Sincerity in whoever would be well with their Oppoſers; his good Intentions (if he happens to have any) will be miſconſtrued, or ungratefully blackned with ſiniſter Views; even a juſt Suſpicion and Juſtice ſeldom dwell in the ſame Boſom; much leſs will a miſtaken Jealouſy think itſelf in the wrong in rejecting the moſt rational Offers that would quiet her: *None ſo blind as thoſe that won't ſee*, is not the leſs true for being a vulgar Obſervation; and this may ſerve to explain the Cenſure

of

of *Cicero*, when (as above) he ſaid, that *Pompey*'s Addreſs to every Party *pleas'd none.* Had *Cromwell* been as ſcrupulous in diſſolving the ſelf-ſubſiſting Parliament, he had never been Protector; and tho' the *Romans* had not yet (as the *Engliſh* then had) commenc'd a Civil War, yet their as violent Contentions wanted very little of it but the form of declaring it, their political Feuds being as fatally ſharp as their military Swords could be.

While the State was in this Ferment, *Cicero* muſt be allow'd to have had a very difficult Part to play. Which way ſoever he turn'd him, he ſaw no Party that intended any great good to the Public; every leading Man was for mending Matters, but then it muſt be to his own Mind; *Self* was the principal Perſon conſider'd, who, when he had made his full Meal of the Carcaſe, why then, much good might it do the People with the Scraps he had left them.

Yet, in all theſe Diviſions, *Cicero* was cutting out no unequal ſhare for himſelf; he had no Views beyond what his Paſſion for immortal Fame might reap, by perſuading them to keep the Republic in Peace, which, from the general Regard then paid to his Character and Eloquence, might make him vainly hope was practicable. If his Meaſures miſcarried, it was not his Fault but his Misfortune; and if he was not always equally attached to the ſame Party, it was not always *Cicero*, but the Party, that ſometimes chang'd their Principles. When he firſt took to *Pompey*, he looked on him as the leaſt Evil; when he

he found him otherwiſe, he declined him; for (*P.* 266.) he tells us, that *he had nothing ſincere, great, generous, or free in him.* In this Wreck of the State then, no wonder we ſee *Cicero* catching hold of any Plank or Part of it that could ſupport him. 'Tis true, he ſometimes ſeems to have an over-officious Zeal to direct thoſe at the Helm, which Zeal, tho' his natural Vanity might keep conſtantly warm, yet this (call it what we will) was not only venial but laudable.

If *Cicero* intended well, ſhall we not praiſe him for it becauſe he was fond of Praiſe? If we pay him but his Due, has he not a right to ſet what Value he pleaſes upon the Reward? And if the ableſt Politicians had had the ſame weak Fondneſs for public Praiſe, probably it might have incited many of them to have changed their Meaſures, and, that way, have given the World a Chance to have been the better for their Conduct. Let us not then be too hard upon the Vanity of *Cicero*, ſince it ſo often meant well to his Country: And if at laſt he periſh'd with its Liberty, let it be conſider'd, that when a State is in ſo outrageous a Storm the higheſt human Prudence may be at a loſs in ſaving the Veſſel from ſinking. However, it muſt ſtill be allow'd that all Labours in the Intereſt of Virtue (with or without Succeſs) have an equal Claim to our Acknowledgments.

Tho' we are naturally hurt when Hiſtory ſhews us any unequal Weakneſs in a Man of great Merit, yet the Right and Wrong of him ought to be weigh'd, one againſt the

the other, if we would come at his intrinſic Value. Which ever Scale of *Cicero* appears in my Hands to be lighter, I am not conſcious that I have taken away any Due, or thrown any falſe Weight into either: I have endeavoured to be juſt; if I am miſtaken, it may at leaſt be ſome Merit to have given a wiſer Man the Pleaſure of correcting me.

P. 280.

THERE cannot be a deeper Stain or Inſult on the Honour of the *Roman* Government, than that ſo profligate a Man as *Clodius* ſhould be of conſequence enough to lead and ſpirit up the general Cry for the Baniſhment of *Cicero.* The ſcandalous Means by which it was at laſt accompliſh'd, will raiſe in the Reader a pleaſing Aſtoniſhment and Deteſtation. The various Violation of the Laws, through which *Clodius* was to paſs before he could come within his reach of *Cicero*, will ſhew the boaſted Liberty of *Rome* in a more wretched State than any ſingle Tyrant of common Senſe would have ventured to reduce it to: For example, *Clodius*, to ſtrengthen his Vengeance upon *Cicero*, muſt firſt be made a *Tribune:* But here the Law ſtared him full in the Face! He was a Senator, and therefore not qualified, only Plebeians could be *Tribunes:* Say you ſo? Why then, to ſhew his regard to the Law, a Plebeian *Clodius* will be. ----- Halt a little! how was that Impoſſibility to be got over? any how; one bold Stroke is as good as another: *Fonteius* the Cobler, or Tailor, (no

matter which) ſhall adopt him for his Son, and then what have we to ſay againſt him? why, that as many Rubs of the Law lay in his way here too, the leaſt of which was, that *Fonteius* was fifteen Years younger than *Clodius*, and had already Children of his own --- there we are ſtuck faſt again. 'Tis true, the Expedient might be a little new and prepoſterous; but as it would be mighty *convenient*, *Clodius* thought it would be ridiculous to ſtop at a Scruple of Conſcience or Honour, when, by making a breach in an old Law, a Man might ſo eaſily make it up with a new one. And thus, by theſe political Puſhes, was this victorious Nobleman triumphantly degraded into a Commoner. With what a high hand, as a *Tribune*, he afterwards overbore *Cicero*, will yet make a ſtronger Blaze in our Hiſtory. Such were the precious Flowers of *Roman* Liberty! but, as they grew upon the Common, might not *Cæſar* as laudably gather a Garland for his own Brow, as let others make nothing but Muck of them? Or, in plainer *Engliſh*, ſince every Great Man was taking ſuch kind care of himſelf, was it not time for *Cæſar* to be upon his guard, and not to depend upon any Man's Protection more than his own? Anon we ſhall ſee how his Fortune gets forward; but, in our way to it, let us keep an Eye upon the Conduct of *Cicero*.

P. 281, 282.

METHINKS *Cicero*'s Reaſons for his cloſer Union with *Pompey* carry not that Strength and Conviction with them

them which one would wiſh from a Man of his public Spirit and Capacity; for, if he thought the *Roman* Liberty in danger from the growing Power of *Pompey*, his coming into his Intereſt chiefly with a view of *Pompey*'s protecting him from the determined Menaces of *Clodius*, ſhewed him leſs concerned for the public Safety than for his own; nor does he much mend the matter, when (in his Letter to *Atticus*, who he owns had gently chid him for this Union) he ſays, "That he had rendered him "(*Pompey*) the better by it, and had made him remit "ſomewhat of his Popularity. But wherein does this new Goodneſs of *Pompey* appear? Obſerve *Cicero*'s Proof of it: "For you muſt know (ſays he) that he now ſpeaks "of *my Acts*, which many have been incenſing him "againſt, much more gloriouſly than he does of his "own, *&c.* So that to have ſpoken well of *Cicero*'s Services paſt, was an ample Security for *Pompey*'s good Intentions to come. Great Allowances might be made for this Concluſion, if we were to ſuppoſe Politicians never carried any Points by Flattery, or that they always *meant* as well as they *ſpoke*; but, till that is out of the Queſtion, it will be eaſier to come to the bottom of *Cicero* than of *Pompey*; which of theſe two was more likely to be the others *Dupe* will need no great Penetration to decide.

'Tis true, the Honeſty of a Man's own Heart may naturally lead him into too favourable an Opinion of Another's; and this way, for want of a better, we may

account for *Cicero*'s being ſo zealous as not to ſtop at the Good he fancied he had done upon *Pompey*, but to go forward with his benevolent Skill upon *Cæſar* too, who he is ſo good as to think not incorrigible; for in the ſame Letter, " What (ſays he) if I could make *Cæſar* alſo a " better Citizen? ſhould I do any great harm by it? This modeſt Merriment in making his Promiſe a Queſtion ſeems (with a ſort of gracious Nod) to imply, it might be depended upon. If at the ſame time he had told us how he was to bring this profitable Scheme to bear, perhaps he might have left us nothing to object to it; but as yet he ſeems to place all his hopes of Succeſs in his having as high an Opinion of *Cæſar*'s natural Virtue, as he had of his own Capacity to lead him into the Practice of it. But alas! in ſo deſperate a Caſe, where the Fever of Ambition had got to ſuch a head, how little could it be hoped this gentle Julep of Perſuaſion would contribute to the Cure of it? Whether this ſmooth way of treating political Diſorders, or the rougher Preſcriptions which he ſo blames in *Cato*, might be the more skilful Practice, let the Doctors diſpute; but I have not at all the better opinion of one Man's Skill becauſe he undervalues a Brother's of the ſame Profeſſion: Thus when *Cicero* ſays of *Cato*,

P. 284.

" THAT with the beſt Intentions and the greateſt In-
" tegrity he often hurts the Republic; for he delivers his
" Opinion

" Opinion as if he was in the Polity of *Plato*, not in the " Dregs of *Romulus*.

Then, I ſay, he ought to have given us ſome Inſtances where his own Lenitives had been attended with better Effects than the Corroſives of *Cato*.

And farther, while *Rome* was drawn down to theſe *Dregs of Romulus*, and was in the wretched Condition which *Cicero* owns it to be, which of all the broken Joints of the Law did *Cicero* believe might be firſt made ſtrong enough to ſupport any one ſingle Act of Juſtice? What one Muſcle of ſo mangled a Government could he propoſe to ſet in motion without giving Pain or Diſturbance to another? When Riot, Miſrule, and Violence were at every turn let looſe upon the Laws, and upon every unavailing Act of Virtue; when Party-Seditions were daily up begirting their Loins, and abroad, could he hope that *Cæſar* would, like his Friend *Atticus*, ſit at home to be ſafe? or that, for the Public Good, *Cicero* could make him lie quietly a' bed according to Law? Could *Cato*'s Integrity, then, ever have been more chimerically bold than *Cicero*'s ſofter Civility was weak? For ſure, to ſide with the Seditious, in hopes of converting them, ſavours more of the Paternal Prieſt, or the modern Monk, than the Miniſter. At leaſt it is that ſort of Policy that Poſterity has ſeldom choſe to practiſe; the moſt that our humble Heads have pretended to, is, perhaps, to have play'd the ſame Game of coming into one Party with a more feaſible Intention of betraying it to another,

another, which, when it meets with a blundering Succeſs, we (poor Devils!) are ſlovenly content with. To conclude, let us moderate our Levity upon *Cicero*, and only ſay, that if by his having too ſtrong an Opinion of his own Eloquence, or too ſlight a one of *Cæſar*'s Wit; he ſuppoſed he could *talk* him into a better Citizen than *Cæſar* had reſolv'd to be; it was ſtill but a well-meant *Ciceronian* Speculation; and tho' it might be a little too refined, the Attempt at leaſt was not unpardonable; even the Errors of Integrity may be commendable. While we look upon *Cicero*'s Conduct then, in this favourable Light, there can be no great Severity in not paying it our Admiration; but anon we ſhall ſee, after *Cæſar* had ſchemed the *Triumvirate*, that *Cicero* gave up his hopes of mending *Cæſar*, and, as the leaſt of the many Evils that then ſurrounded him, choſe only to cloſe with the Intereſts of *Pompey*.

P. 286.

THIS Triumvirate (ſays our Hiſtory) "was nothing "elſe, in reality, but a traiterous *Conſpiracy of Three*, "the moſt powerful Citizens of *Rome*, to extort from "their Country by Violence what they could not obtain "by Law. What were their joint, ſeparate, public, or private Views is learnedly diſtinguiſhed in the ſame Page.

Thus, at laſt, we ſee the *broad Bottom* of this old enormous Republic, like that of a Pyramid, was gradually diminiſhing

diminiſhing to a ſingle point of Power. When once it came to a *Triumvirate*, two Steps more naturally narrowed the Fabric to a Monarchy. But in all States where a military Power preſides, what other conſequence can be expected? When the Magiſtrate is in awe of the Soldier, the Laws are ſoon the humble Servants of the Army, and victorious Armies ſeldom chooſe to be disbanded, nay, are ſometimes ſo averſe to it, that rather than be quiet they will deſtroy the very Ends they were rais'd for. Thus the *Engliſh* Liberties that fought themſelves up to a Commonwealth the laſt Century, were loſt again by the intimidating Arms of their pretended Protector.

But this *Triumvirate* being form'd on the Scheme of *Cæſar*, I doubt we muſt allow had a Depth in it that neither *Pompey* nor *Craſſus*, his other Confederates, could dive into; for tho' each of the three had probably the ſame Deſign of being himſelf at laſt the only Maſter, yet *Cæſar* having given them no equal ſhare in his ſuperior Genius, it is no wonder the Odds, in playing their Cards for the Imperial Wreath, were ſo ſtrong on the ſide of *Cæſar*.

P. 287.

CICERO, we are told (and various Reaſons are ſhewn for it) " might have made what Terms he pleas'd with " the Triumvirate, been admitted even *a Partner of their* " *Power*, and *a Fourth in their League.* Whether *Cicero* took

took a right or wrong ſtep in ſlighting this Occaſion, may be no diſagreeable Reflexion.

If there had been the moſt diſtant Hope that his adhering only to *Pompey* could have reſtor'd the Republic to a legal Adminiſtration, the Debate were at an end, and his Views in it indiſputable; but as the then diſmal Proſpect of the State had no ſuch Light let in upon it, his attempting it by this ſingle Junction with *Pompey* could be at beſt the vain Labour of his Virtue.

The Power of the Republic then being viſibly in the Hands of three Uſurpers, who had jointly determined to bend or break the Laws to their own, only regarded Intereſts; 'tis true, had *Cicero* ſtood out againſt them all, his Baniſhment might have been ſooner reſolv'd on: But alas! how much longer could he hope it would be delay'd by his refuſing the favourable Offers and Invitation of *Cæſar?* Was *Cæſar*'s natural Reſentment of ſuch a Slight without its Danger? Was not that holding him at too raſh a Defiance, while even *Cicero*'s ſure Friend, *Pompey*, was ſo fond of *Cæſar*'s Alliance too, that to cement their Intereſts he now married his Daughter? Or, if *Cicero* flew to *Pompey* chiefly for the Safety of his Perſon, why would he not put his Security out of doubt by declaring for *Cæſar* too? Could he then have made a leſs laudable Figure to the World by being a fourth Man in this political League, than by his ſo cautiouſly lowering only under the Wing of *Pompey?* When he was invited by

by them all to a ſhare in their Power, might he not, by his accepting it, have been better able to have aſſiſted the Freedom of the Senate, whom he favour'd, or to have retarded any ruinous Deſign againſt their Authority, than by thus diſarming his Virtue from a poſſibility of his ſupporting the Conſtitution? But *Cicero* we find (*P.* 288.) " choſe what the Wiſe will always chooſe in ſuch Cir- " cumſtances, *a Middle Way:* And yet methinks *the Middle of the Mud* is what a clean Conſcience would ſeldom chooſe to ſtick in. The *medio tutiſſimus* here ſeems the moſt pitiful Plight a Politician could plunge in. In ſuch public Contentions a *Trimmer*, or moderate Man, can ſeldom hope for any great Honour to be done him from either ſide; to be too fearful of Danger is ſometimes the readieſt way to run into it. Now whether *Cicero*, in joining or abjuring the *whole* Triumvirate, might have done the State or Himſelf more Service, tho' I pretend not to have decided, yet if I have brought it to a doubtful Queſtion, it may raiſe in a ſtronger Judgment the Amuſement of anſwering it. But ----

P. 291, 292.

HERE we ſee how ſoon *Cicero* felt the Reſentment of *Cæſar*, whom he had afreſh provoked by his too freely reflecting on the Triumvirate in the Senate; nor was *Pompey* ſo much his Friend as to protect him from the " *Bow* (as *Cicero* calls it) *that had been kept bent againſt* " *him*, viz. the (now paſs'd) Law for the Adoption

of *Clodius*, from whence flew at laſt the Shaft of Baniſhment upon *Cicero*. Yet (*P.* 296.) *Cæſar* appears not ſo intemperate in his Reſentment but that he ſtill, knowing the Value and Uſe that might be made of *Cicero*, ſhewed him ſuch outward Reſpect, that he again, by his former Agent *Balbus*, ſolicited his Aſſiſtance in the *Agrarian* Law, which *Cicero* notwithſtanding choſe neither to comply with, or farther to oppoſe, than by *keeping out of the way* when it came to the Queſtion: But from his *Villa*, in a Letter to *Atticus*, he ſeems to be uneaſy (as well he might) under his new Attachment to *Pompey*, and (ſince the Adoption of *Clodius*) even to repent of the Praiſes he had formerly given him. This *middle way* again of being neither *for* or *againſt* the Intereſts of *Cæſar* in the *Agrarian* Law, left him ſtill under worſe Difficulties; for alas! theſe were no Times for Men of his Conſideration to ſtand ſtill, or be neuter in; and when a wiſe Man cannot retire with Safety, his active Courage *abroad* ſtands a better chance for it than his paſſive Philoſophy at *home*.

But there is ſuch a frequent Uncertainty and Mixture in the Character of *Cicero*, the Colour of his being right or wrong ſo often comes and goes in him, that while we are drawing it, what is like him in one Page ſeems in the next not to reſemble the ſame Perſon.

P. 293, 294.

THE Trial of Strength between *Cæſar* and his Fellow-Conſul *Bibulus*, who headed the oppoſite Party againſt his Promulgation of the *Agrarian* Law (*for the diſtributing the Lands of* Campania *to twenty thouſand poor Citizens who had each three Children or more.*) This Trial, I ſay, ſets the Dignity of this imperial Government in a light ſo ridiculouſly licentious, that it is not an eaſy matter to ſpeak of it too ludicrouſly. Our Author (grave and learned as he is) is forced to tell us the Truth as he finds it. " From Words (ſays he) they ſoon " came to Blows, where *Bibulus* was roughly handled, " his Faſces broken, Pots of Filth thrown upon his Head, " his three Tribunes wounded, and the whole Party " driven out of the *Forum* by *Vatinius* at the Head of " *Cæſar*'s Mob. Now what are we to think of all this? Think never ſo long of it, it will come out thus; that tho' theſe contending Conſuls were equally inveſted with a lawful Authority, yet both their Parties had ſo little regard to it, that they would not ſuffer either of them to execute their Office without falling together by the Ears. Can this be credible? Yes, ſo true it is, that tho' this great People had many fam'd for Eloquence and Oratory among them, yet ſo fond were their high Hearts of Liberty, that they rather choſe to ſhorten this Debate by Clubs, Drubs, and Chamber-pots, than ſuffer the Impertinence of Reaſon to be heard in it: And yet if Reaſon

could have been heard, the Law would ſoon have appear'd to have been juſt and honourable; and the more honourable, as it was a charitable one. But what was that to the Patricians? *Their* Charity was a domeſtic Deity, that choſe not to leſſen their Luxury to feed thoſe who did not belong to their Family. Beſides, it appeared to them neceſſary to ſtarve the People, becauſe *Cæſar* it ſeems had an ambitious View in relieving them. Not impoſſible: But was it not the Patrician Party that made his View more practicable, by their making the People more liable to Corruption in their keeping them poor? Is not ſuch Oppreſſion as great an Act of Tyranny as any they had reaſon to fear from the generous and benevolent Mind of *Cæſar?* Or had the very Hands that conquered theſe Lands for the Public, and that too at their own Expence, without Pay, no natural Right to a moderate ſhare of them? Were not the People an original Part of the Legiſlature, and was their Poverty to be the Guard of their Conſciences? Which Ambition, then, is the more eligible, that which makes its way by Oppoſition, or that which riſes by its Benevolence? Was not *Cæſar*, then, rather more juſtifiable in aſſerting the Rights of the People than *Pompey* had been in ſupporting the Incroachments of the Senate? But *Cæſar*, we find, had Skill enough to lead even *Pompey*, however attached to the Senate, into the paſſing this Law, which in ſome meaſure ought to qualify the Imputation of *Cæſar*'s ſiniſter View in the Promulgation of it. A Government muſt have been in a very

very crazy condition that could not ſuffer ſo juſt a Law to paſs, without bringing the Body into imminent Danger. But *Cæſar* takes ſuch faſt hold of me, wherever I meet with him, that I ſcarce know when to have done with him.

Whatever Views of Ambition, then, *Cæſar* might have had at this time, yet we may obſerve his Meaſures in purſuing them did but at moſt keep pace with others whom he rather choſe to be led by, than to lead through the Breaches they had made in the Conſtitution; for ſcarce is it to be conteſted that his gaining the Affections of the People, by his Endeavours to redreſs their Grievances, was more legally laudable than was *Pompey*'s ſupporting the ſtrained Authority of the Senate who had oppreſs'd them. And as this Motion of *Cæſar*, at leaſt, ſaved all the appearance of Legality, it may naturally incline us to wiſh, that in his courſe to Empire he might leave his Leaders behind him. Whether the *Roman* People, when under the neceſſity of ſubmitting to a Maſter, would have choſen *Cæſar* by a Ballot to have been the Man, may not be ſo clear a point; but by the Votes of Poſterity he ſeems to have carried it againſt any other Candidate, *nemine contradicente.*

There is a wide difference in the Obedience due to any eſtabliſhed Government, and in what is due to a broken one. When one Man, or many, endeavour to ſubvert the firſt, they will all deſerve to be hang'd for it: But in the latter State, where little or nothing is criminal, where

where Juſtice can only ſit and ſigh with her Arms acroſs, were it not a ſort of Relief to her that ſome bold Spirit would take up her Sword, and make a more ſalutary uſe of it. Such then ſeems to be the State of theſe unruly *Romans*, before *Cæſar* ſet himſelf at the head of them. And if this extraordinary Step, or, if you pleaſe, this *ſummum jus* was *ſumma injuria*, will not the fiercer Proceedings of thoſe Patriots who killed *Cæſar* in the Capitol, be liable to an Imputation of a deeper Dye, unleſs it could be proved that the Public Good was the better for his Death? *Cæſar*'s criminal Ambition, then, had this Advantage of their pretended Patriotiſm, that whatever Violence he offered to his Country, he did it in open Day, with a timely Warning to provide for its Defence; a Truſt which the Patriots who deſtroy'd him durſt not hazard their Cauſe on. Their lurking Daggers rather choſe to ſecure their Fears by a ſafer Aſſaſſination, an Act of Courage that Cowards may arrive at.

But let all this decide nothing in full favour of *Cæſar* till we come to his Death; I ſpeak of him hitherto but as I find him; whenever, as he gets forward, I perceive him making a falſe Step, it will be an equal Temptation to take as warm a notice of it. The Pleaſure of ſpeaking Truth, whether turned to the right or to the left, will always have the ſame bias in my Inclination. When we have ſaid our worſt of *Cæſar*, perhaps it may ſoften our Severity to reflect, that as *Rome*, by the Arms of her military Commanders, had robbed the World to make her

her the arbitrary Miſtreſs of it, it was but the ſame ungovernable Ambition, and equally juſtifiable, that at laſt made one of her own Captains the abſolute Maſter of *Rome.*

There is a Sentiment from *Euripides*, which *Cæſar*, by his frequently repeating it, is with cenſure ſuppoſed to have embraced as a Principle in Politics.

Si violandum eſt jus, regnandi causâ violandum eſt, &c.

If Laws may be broken, to reign is the beſt Excuſe for it.

This they call a vaunting Juſtification of Tyranny: But is there no Abatement to be made of ſo ſevere a Conſtruction? Does not the doubtful *If* imply or allow it to be criminal *to break the Laws?* Or, if the Expreſſion grants that *to reign* may be a ſtrong Temptation to break them, it is at moſt but a concluſion that the greateſt Men have ſeldom or never reſiſted that Temptation; yet this maintains not, that no great Man ever *ought* to reſiſt it; the Words leave us ſtill at liberty to load illegal Power with as much occaſional Ignominy as will lie upon it. But be all this as it may, ſcarce any Dirt of this kind will ſtick upon the Conduct of *Cæſar*, the *Roman* Laws having been ſo long ſlighted, contemn'd, and infamouſly broken to his hands, that little or none of that ſhameleſs Guilt was left him to get through, where ſuch Anarchy, with its own Hands, had open'd to him the Gates of Empire; ſo that before we can abſolutely condemn him, we muſt

muſt inſiſt, that to *mend* a corrupted Government was worſe than no Government at all. And tho' the Death of *Cæſar* was ſtill thought an infallible Cure for this Evil, we find from the Event that it proved but a cruel Expedient of political Error; and that the poor Public, after his Aſſaſſination, fell into a far more terrible Condition than had *Cæſar* been ſpared it could poſſibly have groned under.

Whatever Partiality this may ſhew for *Cæſar*, it is not intended as a Plea for arbitrary Power; for unleſs Princes could become Angels by their immediate Poſſeſſion of it, the moſt peaceable People will naturally look upon them but as ſo many dignified Mortals of Fleſh and Blood, and will conſequently conclude, that they may have a better chance for Happineſs under a limited than an abſolute Monarchy. All I have ſaid for *Cæſar* then amounts but to this: That of all the Evils which the Licentiouſneſs of the *Roman* Government had then reduced them to a choice of, the abſolute Power of ſo great a Genius as *Cæſar* was the *leaſt*, and therefore the moſt eligible that could befal them. But to return to *Cicero*, whom

P. 296.

WE find retired from the Difficulties he was to contend with in *Rome*, to the *more agreeable* Amuſement of *his Studies and of his Children*, *at his* Villa *near* Antium.

More agreeable, no doubt: But what are we to make of this new Mind of *Cicero*, that in ſuch a time of danger was

was ſo capable of Amuſements, and of writing upon Subjects which only the Mind at eaſe could be maſter of? Was it his Fear, his Prudence, or his Policy, that took this turn of Tranquillity to ſoften the Malice of his Enemies, by no longer ſuffering his Virtues or his Public Spirit to provoke them? Or was it his Courage that contemn'd them? His Courage, in his more proſperous Days, us'd to be brighter in his Words than his Actions, and rather choſe to court his Enemies than to provoke them; but as his Lenity had not met with that Succeſs towards the Converſion of *Catiline*, he could not but have leſs reaſon to hope it would prevail upon his now more formidable Enemies. Can we then, without Amazement or Perplexity, conſider him in this ſtrange Step he had taken? A Temper naturally ſo officiouſly active, to be now ſo ſullenly paſſive as to declare (*P.* 297.) that *ſince he was driven from the Helm* he had nothing to *wiſh but to ſee the Wreck from the Shore.* How unequal, I ſay, is this unaccountable Deſpondency (or this Defiance) to *Cicero* the Philoſopher, or (as he had at heart to be thought) the heroical Patriot? In how many pompous Periods has he rolled down to us his Contempt of Death and Dangers, when the Public Good or Safety ſhould call upon his Vigilance, his Virtue, his Protection. But here, alas! we ſee theſe crackling Blazes of his Eloquence abated, now dwindling down to a gloomy Glow-worm-zeal, inactive, and unheeded in Obſcurity. Poor, unhappy, wavering *Cicero!* When Ruin was at his Heels, when the prevailing Envy

of his Enemies had hounded down his public Services to a criminal Impeachment, was his Virtue ſo mortally tired or ſo timorous, that he durſt not ſtand at bay with them? Would he ſtrengthen their Inſolence by his Submiſſion, and rather chooſe to make a melancholy Figure in their Triumph, than to baffle or hang up their Malice by a manly Defence of his Integrity? At what good or great Man's Hazard, when he thus forſook himſelf, did he expect to be ſupported? Could he, with equal Honour, turn his Back, as his Face, upon Danger? Or hope that his *own* would not be the conſequence of the *Public* Ruin? Sure then, in his thus tamely *feceding*, he did more to *betray* than to *aſſert* the Cauſe he ſat out with; and the Public could be under no great Obligation to his Spirit, that choſe to be the *Nullus* when he could not be the *Cæſar*. But Philoſophical Heroes are Rarities; *Cicero*, it is plain, knew better to praiſe Magnanimity than to practiſe it; ſo that to give his Portrait a Likeneſs, we muſt fairly pick up his Features, good, bad, or variable, as we find them.

P. 299.

WHAT particularly prevail'd on *Cicero* to return to *Rome*, is not mentioned in our Hiſtory; but thither he came in *May*, " reſolving to decline all public Buſineſs " as much as he *decently* could, and to give the greateſt " part of his Time to the Bar. There let us leave him till his Motion in public Affairs calls upon our farther notice;

notice; in the mean time the following Article will give us a glimpſe of his natural Mind, *viz.*

P. 307.

THE Triumvirate " being now dreaded and deteſted " by all Ranks of Men, *&c. Bibulus* (who with a vigorous Spirit had oppoſed them, ſays *Cicero*) *was extolled to the Skies, tho' he knew not why.* Not know why! that ſeems to be a little hard upon him; our Hiſtory ſays a good deal in his Commendation; but *Cicero* the *Seceder*, it ſeems, only throws an ironical Fleer upon his Zeal and Honeſty: " For what (ſays he) is all this Greatneſs of " Mind (*iſta magnitudo animi*) but a mere Teſtimony of " his Sentiments, without any Service to the Public? If there is either Good-ſenſe, Good-nature, or Wit in this Reflexion, I confeſs it too deep for my Penetration: But as I am always willing to give our reverend Hiſtorian credit, I may venture to ſay that the Merit he gives to *Bibulus*, deſerved ſomething more favourable from *Cicero* than ſo cold a Compliment: He who was ſo fond of magnifying the Conduct of his *own* Conſulate, might have thrown a grain of Praiſe from his Abundance on the honeſt Endeavours of a Succeſſor; the Attempt (however unſucceſsful) having at heart the Public Good, could not deſerve leſs than the Acknowledgment of every candid Patriot, and more eſpecially an Attempt that was made at the very time when *Cicero* deſpondingly complains (*P.* 308.) in theſe Words, *viz.* " Yet we ſeek no Remedy, through

" a Perſuaſion that there is no reſiſting our Deſtruction. This Imputation of Non-reſiſtance, at leaſt, could not lie upon this Attempt of *Bibulus*, tho' it might upon the *Seceſſion* of *Cicero:* Let us then fairly give that Praiſe to *Bibulus* which the *Gravity* (I had like to have ſaid Severity) of *Cicero* has thought fit to refuſe him: Or ſay we ſhould go a little farther with him; for if *Cicero* (*P.* 244.) very near calls it Envy in *Pompey* that he took ſo little notice of the Service *he* had done the Public while Conſul, what ſhall we now ſay to *Cicero*'s ſlighter Sentiments of *Bibulus?*

High time was it that ſome Struggle ought to have been made for the Public Liberty! for never, ſure, was the Comedy of Patriotiſm, or the tremendous Tragedy of *Roman* Glory played with a more perſonated Spirit than by the preſent Triumvirate; where----

P. 307, 308.

THEIR ſeparate Views appear ſo plauſibly united, their friendly Frauds ſo ſmoothly covered, their diſguſting Jealouſies of one another ſo frequently forced to gulp down what they did not like; yet all ſo grimaced with the Public Good, that no Theatrical Farce could ever come up to it.

Now when we quietly conſider how long this has been the natural courſe of worldly Affairs, why ſhould we, Nine Parts in Ten of Mankind, who either for want of Ambition, or Merit, or Skill, can never hope to have any ſhare

ſhare in theſe inglorious Poſts of Preeminence, give our ſelves any trouble about *whoſe* Fools we are to be? For let matters go how they will, govern'd by ſomebody we *muſt* be, and when our Maſters happen not to be honeſt Men (a poſſible Caſe you'll allow) will not *Fools* be a favourable Name for us when we *are* governed by them? And yet ſtill, to our comfort, may it be ſaid, not *greater Fools* than were theſe rough *Romans* under their Triumvirate. The Diſgrace, methinks, ſhould be hardly felt, while we have ſuch high Examples to keep us in countenance.

While ſuch then is, and ſo long has been the common Lot of Mankind, what Philoſopher can be poſitive whether it would be Weakneſs or Wiſdom in Poſterity to put their political Complaints in their Pockets; and whenever honeſt Men think they have reaſon to be out of humour with their Betters, adviſe their Fellow-ſufferers to look into the *Roman* Hiſtory, and then let them honeſtly ſay whether it is not *well* it's no *worſe*; or whether it would not be Inſolence in any People to repine that they are not happier than the wiſeſt or the braveſt People in the World before them?

This, I foreſee, will be called talking like an old ſtoical Fool; let it be ſo; and that I may not have the Name for nothing, I will proceed. I ſay then, that while theſe enormouſly great Men are as often Loſers by their *doing* Injuries, as the weaker and patient are by *bearing* them, methinks they have no ſuch mighty matters above us to brag

brag of. And tho' Children and Fools, when they tell Truth, may be beaten for ſhewing its Nakedneſs, yet, beat them to death, Truth changes not its Colour, nor alters a Feature of its Face upon it. But if theſe menacing Maſters were to be as often thump'd when they tell *lies*, poor Souls? whoſe Sides would be foreſt? If therefore a Man, ſtrong in Power, ſhould puniſh a weak Man for ſaying roundly that the World is every where, both abroad and at home, full as bad as it was ever known to be (and thoſe muſt be fine Times indeed when *that* is not known to be true) might it not be ſuſpected that the World had not been a Jot the better for this *ſtrong* Man's having had any thing to do with it? But let him be as good a Man as he would have us think him to be, I ſtill ſtay (as the Children ſay) What does he meddle with me for? Did I meddle with him? Why then may not one Fool talk to another, without doing him any *harm*, as well as two great Rogues talk together without doing us any *good*? As one of theſe Fools, then, I have a right to go on with my Tale, where this wiſe Man's Anger broke in upon it. And ſo I ſay again, if he thinks the World would be more likely to grow worſe than better by our quiet Submiſſion to bad Maſters, or inſiſts that the moſt dangerous Meaſures to remove them are what every honeſt Man ought to come into, why then, let every Man take his own Meaſures, and if he has an eye to the conſequence, it will do him no harm. But if the wiſeſt Meaſures (often, as they have been tried) have ſo very little mended

the

the matter, or have only ſat us down juſt where they took us up, and ſince we are to feed to-day but as we did yeſterday, with the ſame Diſh again for our Dinner, why ſhould not *Hobſon*'s Philoſophy (who never refuſed Beef when he could not have Partridge) be a wholſom Leſſon to us? But if every Maſter that is not an Angel muſt be a Devil with us, what a long long time might this mortal Life be an Hell upon Earth to us? I remember ſomewhere a ſhrewd old *Roman* (*Statilius* I think his Name was) that gives a ſort of countenance to this way of thinking: This Man, a thorough Republican, being preſs'd by the Conſpirators to join in their Enterprize againſt *Cæſar*, heard them patiently, thank'd them for their good Opinion of him, wiſhed them well, and owned that *Cæſar* deſerved to be taken off; but, ſays he, the groſs of Mankind are ſuch a wicked parcel of Raſcals, that no honeſt Man would think their Welfare worth his while, or would trouble his head about any point that concerned either their Freedom or their Slavery. Now, if *Statilius* too did not talk like an *old Fool*, who knows but many a merry and wiſe Man may be of his Opinion? For if we are always to be mending the World till no body finds fault with it, when is our Buſineſs to be over? If we are never to be quiet till Power and Juſtice are always of the ſame Mind, or till Public Good and Private Intereſt have but one Purſe between them, then indeed it muſt be allowed (if the Tenure be accepted) that we have ſettled the Fee Simple of Virtue upon our Poſterity for ever.

While

While Ambition then, that places all legal Power in Succeſs and Poſſeſſion, is itſelf ſo ungovernable a Paſſion that it will ſeldom allow Conſcience a Seat at its Council-board, and is ſo evidently prompt to do more Miſchief than Good when arrived to its abſolute Sway, it is no wonder that the ſelf-intereſted *Fools* among Mankind, who, like ſo many ſenſeleſs Hogs, look after no body's Food but their own, ſhould ſometimes let one ſingle wiſe Man be too hard for their infinite Majority. Of theſe wiſer Men, then, no Nation having produced more famous Examples than the *Romans*, to what viſible Cauſe can we aſcribe this their more particularly prevailing Ambition but to the peculiar Genius of their Climate? For how many Ages (even after the memorable havock which the rude *Goths* and *Vandals* made of their extended Empire) has their invincible Genius ſurvived? For we ſtill find what they loſt by the Sword their Policy has recover'd. *Rome* ſtill ſtands where it did two thouſand Years ago, and its Maſter almoſt as formidable in the Chriſtian Fox, as of old in the Heathen Lion; and, in one Senſe, in thrice its ancient Luſtre, as far as *three* Crowns on *one* Head may be ſaid to outſhine the brighteſt ſingle Diadem of an Emperor. Her princely Conclave, her ſplendid Croſſes, her Croſiers, and her Bulls, have as wide a Dominion, as of old had her Enſigns and Eagles. Her militant Church has as pompous Commanders, and her Epiſcopal Dignities are as fat and lordly, as in the Days of *Cicero* were the appointed Provinces of her arbitrary

arbitrary Conſuls. What then but the natural *Roman* Genius could have ſo carnally improved the primitive Patrimony of the poor and pious Apoſtles? But as ſo overgorging a Tyranny could not but endanger its politic Conſtitution, it prudently ſubmitted (about two hundred Years ago) to an emetic *Reformation*, that has brought down its bloated Body to a reaſonable Size; ſeveral Nations having ſince entered their religious *Proteſts* againſt its pillaging Power, and (happy Heretics as they are) now pay their Church-rents only to their native Paſtors.

At this rate have theſe *Glorious Roman* Reformers been mending the World for Ages upon Ages paſt, without making a ſingle Village the better for them in any Peoples opinion but their own. They may tell us, that from them firſt came the politer Arts, Sciences, and Manners; but while Slavery was the Price which their plundered Neighbours paid for theſe Improvements, they muſt have civilized them into an elegant Taſte indeed, if by their being only ſo much finer Gentlemen, they could think they had any great Bargain to boaſt of. However, that there may be now no Murmurers left among ſo poliſhed a Poſterity, the ſame imperial Kindneſs for them is not yet at a ſtand; for as their Souls are the more precious part of their Being, *Rome* has a yet higher Happineſs in ſtore for *them* too; and if they will but believe that their Teachers are *infallible*, they may depend upon the ſame Holy Fatherly Care to lead them, at a very moderate Price, into everlaſting Salvation.

Now, as this has been ſo long, and is likely ſtill to be the State and Nature of Mankind, who knows but that it *ſhould* be ſo, becauſe ſo it *is*? And if (according to our late poetical Philoſopher's *Eſſay on Man*) *whatever is, is right*, how weak muſt be the greateſt human Wiſdom that would take the Amendment of the World out of the Hands of Providence, in a pious Preſumption that it is the Duty of every virtuous Man to take his ſhare of ſo high a Province upon himſelf? But as our Patience of this wicked World, as it is, may be ſomewhat too ſtoical a *Medicine* to be palatable to the Zeal and Piety of the preſent Age, it ought to be allowed, then when a more effectual *Noſtrum* than this ſimple Patience can be found for our Relief, no wiſe Man can have any Exception to it. In the mean time it can be no great weakneſs to remember, that thoſe who undertake to cure the Gout are generally Quacks, who, provided they are but employed, ſeldom care what bungling Work they make of it. Even Kings themſelves are patient enough not always to inſiſt upon their Right, where it is not to be had: When this too happens to be the Subjects Caſe, would the ſame Patience be a greater Weakneſs in the one than in the other?

To conclude, unleſs every Man that finds fault with the World will begin with the Amendment of himſelf, he can have no juſt right to complain of its Wickedneſs, for Tyrants could not be Tyrants, if the majority of their Subjects did not deſerve to be Slaves.

If

If this looſe Diſſertation has taken up any Reader's time from better Employment, the Writer ought to ask his Pardon; but if with all its Errors, it has awakened him to clearer Reflexions that otherwiſe might have ſlept within him, even that effect might ſtand in ſome degree of Merit with any Man who thinks not his Smile would be a Diſgrace to his Wiſdom. But to return to our Hiſtory.

P. 308.

THERE needs not a more natural Reaſon to convince us of the Averſion the *Roman* People had to this Triumvirate, than the clamorous Applauſes that were given to ſome parallel Paſſages in a Play " that were thought to " hit the Character of *Pompey*. Among others was this:

Thou by our Miſeries art great, &c.

But what may more ſurprize us is, that *Cicero* too tells us, *Pompey* was now fallen into ſuch Diſgrace with them, that *he could ſcarce refrain from Tears to ſee what an abject paltry Figure he made in the* Roſtra, *&c.*

So feeling a Concern for *Pompey* (who had ſo lately left him to his own Defence againſt the vigorous Attack of *Clodius*) ſets *Cicero* in an uncommon light of Humanity; yet if we come a little cloſer to it, we ſcarce know whether he ought to have ſighed for *Pompey* or for himſelf. If we look through the Medium of the ſingular Simile he endeavours to illuſtrate this Concern with, we

ſhall better judge of the Queſtion. The Simile in the Words of our Hiſtory runs thus ---

" As *Apelles*, or *Protogenes*, would have been grieved " to ſee one of their capital Pieces beſmeared with Dirt; " ſo it was a real Grief to me to ſee the Man, whom I " had painted with all the *Colours of my Art*, become " of a ſudden ſo deformed, *&c.*

Here, I ſay, he ſeems to conceal what ought to have been the true cauſe of his Concern, *viz.* his having been ſo laviſh in his Praiſes of a Man whoſe Character had ſo little pretence to them. As the Flattery or Unlikeneſs of *Cicero*'s oratorial Picture then was not his Misfortune, but his *Fault*, *that* Fault only could have a Title to his Concern; but this not being the ſuppoſed Caſe of the *Apelles*, &c. his (the Painter's) Concern could be only due to his *Misfortune*, *the Dirt*, &c. The Grief on each ſide, then, having ſuch different Motives (the one not being in the *wrong*, and the other not at all in the *right*) how could there be any Similitude between the Caſe of the Painter and that of the Orator? But be all this as it may, if *Pompey* came out at laſt ſo low and lamentable a Patriot as *Cicero* owns him to be, how ſhall we excuſe his former Attachment to him, or his Reliance on ſo uncertain a Temper to ſave and ſettle the Republic? Here *Cicero*, methinks, gives us but a weak Inſtance of his political Foreſight.

Yet all this, in its ſtrongeſt Light, leads us not into the leaſt Suſpicion or Doubt of his well-meaning Integrity; the moſt unfortunate are not always the moſt blameable; nor

nor were the moſt viſible Errors of *Cicero* without their equal Merits to balance them, of which we need go no farther for a Proof than that, at this very Juncture, the greateſt Genius upon Earth, *Cæſar*, had offer'd him his Friendſhip; and it would be hard not to allow his refuſing it might proceed from a Principle of Virtue; or if even this was an Error, it deſerved not only Pardon, but Praiſe: Nay, ſhould we carry it yet farther, that tho' it too probably paved the way to his Ruin, it will ſtill leave him more a memorable Object of our Compaſſion than our Cenſure. Such are the ſtrong (tho' not the ſtrongeſt) Mixtures we ſhall find in the Character of *Cicero*. But---

P. 310.

AGAIN we ſee *Cicero* unfortunate in his Politics. When *Pompey* deſired to enter into *Meaſures with him to recover to him* the loſt Affections of the People, *Cicero*, as the beſt Expedient, adviſed him *to an immediate Breach with* Cæſar; upon which *Cæſar*, to make his Game ſure, played a Trump upon *Cicero*'s beſt Card, and *drew Pompey* quite away from him. But Politicians, we ſee, as well as Gameſters, are ſometimes apt to over-match themſelves.

P. 310, 311.

IN theſe two Pages we are ſurprized with what we ſeldom ſee *Cæſar* concerned in, a ſhallow Contrivance *to amuſe the City with the Diſcovery* of a new Conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate *Pompey*; the Conſequence of which is, *that it*

met

met with ſo general a Contempt from all Orders, that Cæſar *was glad to get rid of it by ſtrangling or poiſoning* Vettius (the principal Witneſs) *in Priſon, and giving it out that it was done by the Conſpirators.*

Whoever conſiders the Character of *Cæſar*, will have much ado not to think this Fact incredible; and not the leſs ſo, as no other Evidence of it is produced than the bare Affirmation that *ſo it was*; nor does even the Authority for *this* (in the Notes) go quite ſo far, it only ſays

---- *intercepiſſe veneno* creditur.

It was believed the Witneſs was poiſoned, &c.

But why he was believed to have been poiſoned by *Cæſar* (unleſs it were ſhewn what *Cæſar* was to get by it) is not yet come to our Knowledge. And tho' it may not be allowed us to ſuppoſe *Vettius* died a natural Death, yet, as *Cæſar*'s Station was not reduced to the neceſſity of ſuch flagrant Expedients to ſupport it, which his Nature equally abhorred, as the Dignity of his Policy contemned, ſure this mean Accuſation cannot rationally ſtand againſt him; for, take him in his worſt Light, this we may ſafely ſay, That no Malice was ever ſo ſtrong againſt *Cæſar* as to believe him a clumſy Offender, or weak enough to be wicked to *no purpoſe.* Cruelty was never objected to him, tho' his *Mercy* may have been artfully called *Art.* However, if there is a favourable ſide in this Queſtion, why may not our Candour come into it? The Author of our

Engliſh

Engliſh Cato, who wrote not in favour of *Cæſar*, handſomly ſays of him,

---------- *His Enemies confeſs*
The Virtues of Humanity are Cæſar's.

And tho' his Reply to this is -----

Curſe on his Virtues! they've undone his Country.

Yet even this warm Reproach admits him to be decently guilty; and what a diſſolute Country then muſt that have been which was *undone* by the *Virtues* of its Enemy? Look back into our Hiſtory, and there we ſhall ſee how long this lamented Country had been miſruled and mangled by violent Patriots that had no Virtue at all. If *Cæſar*, then, made thoſe Virtues the Steps to his Ambition, what milder Medicine than ſuch a *Dictator* could have been applied to the deſperate Diſeaſe of theſe *Roman* Complainants? But if we muſt ſtill call him an Uſurper, let us at the ſame time but call him one of the *Great Sons of Rome*, and we ſhall find he will have the ſame Plea for his private Ambition that his *imperial Mother*, *Rome*, had for all the impious Ravages of her magnified Empire: Or may we not inſiſt that his Conduct has yet a ſtronger Plea? For when ſo many military Spirits had, each in their turn, broke through their moſt ſalutary Laws with Impunity, how far was *Cæſar* obliged to be a paſſive Spectator of the Miſchief? What Medium could he obſerve where Sway or Slavery was only in his Choice?

When

When *Pompey* or *Cæſar* were to *command*, or to obey, to have ſtopt at the Danger was more dangerous than to encounter it; but whether his want of legal *Right* to make them happy will either excuſe his *uncalled Endeavours* to make them ſo, or will juſtify their *refuſing* to continue ſo, but upon their own ſeverer Scheme of deſtroying him, will be conſidered when *Cæſar* lies dead in the Capitol.

P. 313.

CÆSAR here, indeed, appears more *credibly* criminal, but ſtill more like himſelf, undiſguiſed, and openly avowing his diſputed Pretenſions. But let us ſtate his Caſe. The Senate, after the Expiration of his Conſulſhip, not chooſing to truſt him (as was uſual) with any conſiderable Province, " in which he might be troubleſome to their " Authority, had a mind to put him off with a mean " one; but *Cæſar*, as little caring to be leſſened or ſlighted, and who (as our Hiſtory ſays) *valued no Laws*, " without " any regard to the Senate, applied himſelf to his better " Friends, the People, and by an *extraordinary Law* got from them the Grant of the *Ciſalpine Gaul*, &c. for five Years. Now what is meant by an *extraordinary Law* 'tis poſſible many common Readers, as well as the Writer, may not readily comprehend, becauſe our plain Notion is, that nothing can be *real* Law but what is made by lawful Authority, and whatever has that Sanction can have no reaſon to be called *extraordinary*, unleſs we inſiſt that

that every Law made in favour of *Cæſar* was illegal. But let this Difficulty be ſolved as it may, we have no ſooner done with it but we meet with another full as hard to get over; here it is----

" The Diſtribution of Provinces (ſays our Text) was by " ancient Uſage, and *expreſs Law*, their (the Senate's) " undoubted Prerogative. This plainly refuſes the People, ſingly, to grant any Province to *Cæſar*.

But our Author, whom I implicitly rely on, in his learned Abſtract of the *Roman* Governments, tells us in his Preface (*P.* 34.) that " the Sovereignty was lodg'd in the " Body of the Citizens; and that one of their firſt Con- " ſuls, *P. V. Poplicola*, *confirmed* by a new Law *their fun-* " *damental Right of Appeal to them in all Caſes.* If *Cæſar*, then, had this Right to appeal to the People (in which it does not appear that he uſed either Violence or Menace) why is this Law, that was to give him the *Ciſalpine Gaul*, a Law *extraordinary?* unleſs it means, which is too trivial to be ſuppoſed, that for *Cæſar* it was an extraordinary *good* Law. However, to get rid of this puzzling Queſtion, we find at laſt (be it a right or a wrong Law) there was ſomething ſtill very *particular* in the ſickly manner of paſſing it; for tho' the Senate moſt bitterly diſreliſhed it, yet when they found it was likely to paſs without them, they prudently put on the Grimace of Benevolence, and to ſave Appearance to their Authority, *readily gave it to* Cæſar *themſelves*; ſo that this *extraordinary* Law might have been but a very plain matter, had

not this been an *extraordinary* Senate, which, when it once came to ſwallow ſuch bitter Pills, it was a ſhrewd Sign their Conſtitution was crazy, and that unleſs every Man would mend himſelf, a Dictator at laſt would be the only Doctor that *tout court* could roughly ſet them to rights.

P. 314.

WE have ſeen that *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, however plauſibly join'd as *Triumvirs*, to act always in a joint Intereſt, had ſtill each of them at heart the ſeparate View of being himſelf the ſole Superior; of which there needed no clearer Proof than their different Attempts to draw *Cicero* into the occaſional Meaſures of the one againſt the other. This diſtinguiſhed Value ſet upon *Cicero* by two ſuch great Men, does his Character more honour than all the Party Praiſes that had ever been heaped upon him. So acknowledged a Patriot, they knew, (to whatever Chief he adhered) muſt render their Sway more palatable to the Senate or to the People, when an extraordinary point with either, or both, was to be carried. It may not be unpleaſant therefore to obſerve how the Policy or Paſſions (for they are too often the ſame thing) of *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and *Cicero* operated on this critical Occaſion.

Cicero's Inclination had the Sanction of the Senate, who had adopted *Pompey*; *Pompey*, with a coy Compliance, had received *Cicero*'s Offers of Service with ſtrong Profeſſions of Faith and Protection; yet, in his Diſtreſs, meanly left

left him to the Malice and Oppreſſion of *Clodius*. *Cæſar*, to gain him, took a different courſe: 'Tis true, he politickly (but not treacherouſly) winked at his Diſtreſs (for as yet he had made him no Promiſes) as the ſureſt way to make *Cicero want* his Support; yet it appears not that he took any advantages of his Neceſſity, as hoping from thence to have him at a lower rate; for (*P.* 316.) *Cæſar* ſtill made him as honourable Offers as if he had been entirely free, and not (as he then was) under the menacing Dangers of *Clodius*'s Tribunate. Now tho' *Cicero* did not return this Compliment by his having as high an Opinion of *Cæſar*, and with his Acceptance of *Cæſar*'s handſom Invitation, but plainly ſhewed by his Refuſal that he *thought Pompey* the leſs dangerous Maſter; yet this amounted to no Proof that *Pompey* was in reality a better Citizen than *Cæſar*, ſince both had been at times rejected by *Cicero*. But *Pompey*, we ſhall find, was equally falſe to *Cæſar* as to *Cicero*: for no ſooner had *Cæſar* given up his hopes of *Cicero*, than with a new Proſpect of Succeſs *Pompey* availed himſelf of the Occaſion, and in a more preſſing, obſequious, inſidious manner than ever (notwithſtanding his former breach of Faith) proſecuted *Cicero* with new Aſſurances and freſh Temptations, mingled with the moſt artful Flattery, to recover him; and ſuch effect had this ſweet Cordial upon *Cicero*, that in his Letter to *Atticus* (*P.* 317.) he thus opens his Heart to him ------- Pompey *loves me, and treats me with great Kindneſs, and*

convinces me he is in earneſt, &c. This Weakneſs, however, is not inconſiſtent with the Character of *Cicero*. But alas! he too ſoon found, that all theſe fair Promiſes of *Pompey* began again to mingle with the Wind they were made of. *Cicero* then perceiving how far his Credulity had miſled him, at laſt, with a Reſolution unuſual in him, prepared to defend *himſelf* (from *Clodius* and his Party) *by his genuine Forces the Senate and the Knights, with the Honeſt of all Ranks*, &c. This, doubtleſs, was in *Cicero* acting like a Man of Virtue; or, if it needs a higher Commendation, was little leſs than falling a Sacrifice to it. But how far his Virtue laid him under the Obligation of ſtanding that Hazard in the Cauſe of ſo vile and broken a Government, few, I doubt, will have Virtue enough to decide; for if there was any other poſſibility of ſaving himſelf with Honour (which tho' it might be boldneſs to avow) yet then, I ſay, could that have been practicable, it might have been clearly ſeen, that his Dependence on *Cæſar* was out of ſight, a ſtronger Security than his Adherence to *Pompey:* For whatever *Cæſar*'s Faults might be, *Perfidy* was not in their number. But *Cicero* having profeſſed himſelf of the Senatorial Party, could not with honour poſſibly come over to *Cæſar*; and tho' this might be allowed no bad Excuſe, it was ſtill no proof that one Party was a Jot better than t'other. Now let us put all this into downright *Engliſh*, and ſee what ſort of Truth will come out of it.

Cicero,

Cicero, then, was of the Patrician Party,
And therefore ſtuck to *Pompey*.
Cæſar had the Hearts of the People,
And therefore *Cicero* did not like him.
Cæſar would have engaged *Cicero*,
But could not get him.
Pompey, for fear *Cæſar ſhould* get him,
Got him again, and again deceived him.
So that *Pompey* was the Sharper,
And *Cicero* the Bubble:
While *Cæſar* played his Game ſtraight forward,
And ſwept the Stakes from them both.

In a word, all the political Buſtle of theſe high and mighty Men, if we give it no more than its Due, will in the end plainly come down to this, That the poor *Roman* Liberty (in the *Pharſalian* Field) being ſet up like a *Shrovetide* Cock to be thrown at, was knocked down, Souſe! at a Blow! by the ſtronger Arm of *Cæſar*. So that when *Cæſar*'s Enemies have called him all the Names they can think of, it has ſtill appeared that he was but one of thoſe unruly Holiday Heroes, that all threw at the ſame Cock; that *Pompey* was not in any one Point more merciful to Liberty than was *Cæſar*; nor will all the Dirt that has ſtuck upon the latter leave a fouler Stain behind it than this; that of all theſe ravaging *Romans*, *Cæſar* was a greater Genius, and underſtood his Buſineſs better than the beſt of them.

As

As to the Juſtice of their Cauſe, if either ſide had the Hope or the Intention of reſtoring the Republic, there, at once, would the juſtice have been viſible. But when there was not an untorn Rag of the Laws left to cover the naked Wickedneſs of the one or of the other; when the Laws, I ſay, were ſo entirely ſhut out of the Conteſt, the great Men that bluſter'd on both ſides could not much mend the Morals on either ſide. Let us ſee then, for Amuſement (tho' quite out of its place) how *Lucan* has decided the matter in the following celebrated Lines, which are in the Mouth of almoſt every Schoolboy,

------ *quis juſtiùs induit arma,*
Scire nefas, magno ſe judice quiſque tuetur.
Victrix causâ diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

While Names ſo great a different Cauſe maintain,
To ſay which drew the juſter Sword, were vain:
The Gods upon the Victor's part appear'd,
But Cato *for the vanquiſh'd Cauſe declar'd.*

Tho' this high Compliment to *Cato* has been allowed its place among the critical Examples of the *Sublime*, yet we ſee the Poet is forced to beg a pretty prophane Queſtion in the dreſſing it up; to aſſert that the Will and Favour of the Gods did leſs Honour to the Victor's Cauſe than the Opinion of *Cato* did to the Vanquiſhed, ought to be a Truth *granted*, before it can have much weight

in

in it; for how *Cato*, with all his Integrity, came to be a better Judge of Virtue than the Gods, could never be made out to a religious *Roman* by any mortal Authority, but *immortal* Poetry, it ſeems, may do Wonders, and by the inchanting Spell of the *quidlibet audendi*, ſhall lift even the *incredible* up to our Admiration; 'tis but to *aſſert* with a bold Spirit, and the Buſineſs is half done. Thus while *Cato*'s Opinion is roundly preferred to the Will and Pleaſure of the Gods, the vacant Mind is ſtruck with the unexpected *Ah-ha!* and joins in the general *Stare* at the Boldneſs of the Stroke. Thus too to be eloquently bold enough to *ſay* a thing has often paſſed for the Proof of it, and ſometimes goes for a *good* thing. If therefore this Verſe is allowed to ſhine in this ſort of Merit, it has full as much Praiſe as it ought to pretend to; nor will it be at all diminiſhed by our averring, that it adds not a Tittle of the *Good* or the *Bad* to the Cauſe of *Pompey* or of *Cæſar:* For ſince bad was the beſt of them, of which Truth all the *Roman* Hiſtories have given in their undoubted Evidence, neither the Victory on one ſide, or the Opinion of *Cato* on the other, could give any great Weight or Sanction to either. But however, as nothing of all this is intended to depreciate the Character of *Cato*, ſo neither is it any farther offered in Juſtification of *Cæſar*, than to ſhew that it will be equally difficult to juſtify his Enemies.

As to *Cicero* then, tho' it was ſcarce practicable for a Man of his Conſideration to ſtand neuter during ſo deſperate

deſperate a Conteſt; yet while the ſtale Cauſe of Liberty ſeemed to be quite out of the Queſtion, and equally diſregarded by both Parties, a Man might with the ſame Innocence, or as little Virtue, have declared himſelf of the one as of the other; ſo that whether Prejudice or Conſcience directed *Cicero* rather to the Part of *Pompey* than of *Cæſar*, there could be no great matter of Merit to the Public in his Choice of either, ſince neither from the Victor or the Vanquiſhed the venerable ancient Liberty could hope for Redreſs or Aſſiſtance. And yet it cannot be denied that *Cæſar*'s Cauſe had but a diſadvantageous Aſpect in *Cicero*'s oppoſing him; eſpecially when there was ſo much reaſon to believe that *Cicero* might have prevented his own barbarous Baniſhment had he thrown himſelf under his Protection. He could not but know, *Cæſar* would not, as *Pompey* did, have deſerted and turned him looſe to the implacable Power of his Enemies. And it muſt be farther own'd, that nothing but the intrinſic Merit and Value of *Cicero* could have exacted from *Cæſar* his Conſent to the Repeal of his Baniſhment. This Circumſtance alone will be always an Honour to *Cicero* that has well repaid his Diſgrace, and over-balanced his Calamity.

By what bare-faced Violation of the Laws, by what villanous Craft and Perfidy the laboured Baniſhment of *Cicero* was puſh'd forward and perpetrated, our Hiſtory continues to relate to *P*. 334. But as thoſe Facts are but much the ſame aggravated Evidences of a corrupt and diſſolute

diſſolute Government, and which have been ſo frequently obſerv'd upon, the Reader probably will be as well pleaſed if no farther notice ſhould be taken of them. Let them therefore paſs with this general Obſervation, That whatever they were, they ſtill appeared to be Acts of the ſame Government that had ſtiled *Cicero* the *Father of his Country*, and had drove him into Baniſhment for the ſame Merit; ſo that whether *Cicero* or *Catiline* was the greater Offender, the Reward and Puniſhment could not poſſibly be due to the ſame Man: Nor, had they deified *Catiline* when they baniſhed *Cicero*, could it have added the leaſt breath more of Praiſe or Infamy to the ſame Government.

Section 5. *P.* 336.

WHETHER *Cicero* was well adviſed when he fled into a voluntary Baniſhment, before the Law had paſs'd that might have forced him into it; and although he afterwards condemned his own Fears for ſubmitting to it; whether he was ſtill more or leſs commendable in the one or the other, I doubt would be a Point too dryly critical for the Pleaſure of a Debate; at leaſt, where there is room for Favour, not to bear hard upon him may be excuſable. Beſide, *Cicero* himſelf, in one of his public Speeches after his Return to *Rome* (*P.* 345.) has in a good meaſure obviated this Inquiry by a more than tolerable Juſtification of

his Conduct, in all which he is ſcarce chargeable with one of his uſual Over-flights, unleſs we find it in the following Paragraph.

" I could, ſays he, have ſtill defended myſelf by " Arms, *&c.* nor did I want that ſame *Courage* which " you had all ſeen me exert on other Occaſions, *&c.*

Eloquently brave we muſt allow him; and here too, with a true *Ciceronian* Flouriſh: But be his Courage as it may, tough or tender, ſince on this Occaſion he did not chooſe to carry his Point by it, it muſt ſtill be doing him a great Favour to grant it was as honourable to fly as to fight for it. And had his Courage been unqueſtionable, might he not as well have ſaid nothing to magnify it? For Courage, like Female Chaſtity, does itſelf no great good when it throws out its own Vindication before it is called to it. But ſuch, alas! are the glaring Colours that too frequently predominate in his Portrait, even when *Cicero* draws it himſelf. --- Let us attend him to his Exile, and ſee what may be more obſervable in him there.

P. 350.

WITH what farther Malignity the Faction that baniſhed purſued him, we have a mortifying Inſtance, in that his old Friend *C. Virgilius*, the Prætor of *Sicily*, when *Cicero* was within ſight of it, durſt not ſuffer him *to ſet his Foot in it.* This, with more of the ſame ſort of Hardſhips, had ſo terrible an effect upon the Mind of *Cicero*, that he cautiouſly avoided even an honourable Reception,

ception, to which ſeveral Towns, and particularly *Brunduſium*, invited him, tho' with the farther Aſſurance that they would run all Hazards in his Defence. How far in this his Policy or his Fear directed him we may partly gueſs, when his Intreaties to have *Atticus* come to him were ſo preſſing, that he preferr'd the Relief of his Society abroad to all the friendly Services he might be able to do him by remaining in *Rome*, to facilitate his Reſtoration.

Now, tho' for one Friend to follow another into Exile, might be a Proof of extraordinary Affection, yet it was *ſuch* a Proof as would not become the moſt deſerving Friend upon Earth to *ask* for, eſpecially of a Man in the Situation of *Atticus*, who preferr'd his Quiet to all human Enjoyments, and had made it his Point ſo to live as not to be offenſive to any Party, whether oppreſſed or prevailing: Yet all this ſettled Happineſs would *Cicero* have had him ſet aſide for the dearer Delight of ſighing and ſorrowing with an inconſolable Friend in his far diſtant Solitude.

It almoſt grieves one to ſee *Cicero* make ſo little uſe of that Philoſophy of which he was ſo liberal to others; for whatever Eſteem we may hold him in, we cannot but ſay the ſober Wiſdom of *Atticus* in not gratifying ſo wild a *Requeſt*, ought to have much more of our Regard than the lighter Paſſion that made ſuch a Requeſt could hope for.

Nor from this Opinion does our learned Hiſtorian (who ſeldom gives up his Character wherever it is defenſible) totally diſſent; for (*P.* 358.) he fairly ſays of him,

" It cannot be denied, that in this Calamity of his " Exile he did not behave himſelf with that *Firmneſs* " which might reaſonably be expected from one who had " borne ſo glorious a part in the Republic, *&c.*

However commendable this mild Cenſure of *Cicero* may be in a profeſſed Admirer of him, yet we who are unbiaſſed by Favour or Diſlike of him, are excuſable in throwing off the thinneſt Veil that, in tenderneſs to *Cicero*, would hide from our Delight the more valuable Charms and Beauties of *Truth*. Let us honeſtly ſee what lies hid under this candid Account of him. To ſay, then, that he *did not behave with that Firmneſs*, &c. only ſuppoſes him *deficient* in a manly Patience, yet ſtill leaves him an implied *Remainder* of that requiſite Virtue; but Truth and Fact will go farther with him, and plainly ſhew, that in this Point he had not the leaſt Symptom of any Firmneſs at all; that he was loſt, ſunk, and fallen quite below himſelf, even to an Infancy of Weakneſs, with which his own Wife is ſo affected, that in reply to his Complaints (in the ſame Page) ſhe is forced to quiet him more like a ſobbing Child than a Husband or a Philoſopher. But alas! to as little purpoſe; ſo froward ſtill he continues, that all the *unſeaſonable Remonſtrances*, as he calls them, of his Friends, but heighten his Paſſion, and throw him into

into ſo pathetic a Detail of all the valuable Bleſſings he has loſt, that he thus concludes his Lamentation:

" I omit, ſays he, many other things intolerable to me, " for I am hindered by my Tears.

While this then is his Condition, while we conſider him in this unmanly Dejection of Spirit, what can our Humanity, our Candour, or our Conſcience ſay or ſubmit to in his Favour? Our Hiſtorian, 'tis true, with great Modeſty, gives us every Defence that *Cicero* himſelf, or others for him, could make; nay, ſome Writers, he tells us, have laboured " to defend him even againſt " himſelf, by endeavouring to perſuade us, *that all this* " *Air of Dejection and Deſpair was wholly feigned and* " *aſſumed* to move Compaſſion and engage his Friends to " exert themſelves more warmly in ſolliciting his Reſto- " ration, *&c.*

Whether this may not be refining too far in his Defence will need no great Conſideration; but admitting the Artifice to be Fact, it was more liable to prejudice than avail him: To ſuppoſe that the Tears he ſhed for his private Misfortunes ought to have more weight with his Friends than their Concern for the public Cauſe for which he had ſuffer'd, was making a very ill Compliment to their Virtue, and doing leſs honour to his own Merit. But let us lay aſide this idle Suggeſtion, and look upon the matter in its natural Light, then ſhall we find that the Misfortunes of *Cicero* were plainly ſtronger than his Philoſophy; that his Nature was unequal to the Glory of being

being *as great in his Affliction as in his Proſperity*; that his Attempt to juſtify the Weakneſs of his Sorrow by calling it *Hardneſs of Mind, or Stupidity not to feel Pain*, is a greater Weakneſs than his being ſo little *able* to bear it; for by what moral Law has *Patience* loſt its Rank among the Virtues, or *Impatience* of pain been dignified? But if the contrary is true, this Obſervation will be leſs ſevere upon *Cicero*, than *Cicero* is upon himſelf.

And why may it not be excuſable if in ſearch of Truth we ſhould ſtill make a little more bold with him? If the Freedom of it cannot be juſtified, let the Inquiry be condemned. As Vanity, then, has been generally allowed the moſt viſible Flaw in the valuable Character of *Cicero*, would it be quite unnatural to ſuppoſe this very Vanity might tempt him into ſo paſſionate a Diſplay of his Affliction, more to ſhew the Spirit of his Eloquence than the Reality of his Sufferings? Whatever Surprize this may give when we conſider the conſtant Delight he took in throwing whatever Images he painted into all the various Lights that could raiſe them to our Admiration, this Conjecture will not be totally uncharitable, eſpecially while it yields to him one way what it takes from him another, and what is aſcribed to the Strength of his Vanity will abate of his leſs pardonable Weakneſs, and of the Imputation that muſt otherwiſe lie harder upon the miſerable Lowneſs of his Spirit: Or if this Concluſion is rejected, and that, at all Hazards, we muſt ſtill ſuppoſe he would really have had his Sufferings to be believed as great as

he

he had painted them, then perhaps he will have another Difficulty to get over. There is an old Maxim that has long been deaf to the *Eloquence* of Grief, and which will ever make a ſtand againſt our too facile Compaſſion:

Curæ leves loquuntur: ingentes ſtupent.

Which for the eaſe of the *Engliſh* Reader may be thus paraphraſed;

The talking Grief that can be witty,
Begs rather for Applauſe than Pity:
But conſtant Minds, in greater Pain,
The more they feel the leſs complain.

Yet this, it ſeems, is *not* the Law, that is to govern us; the deciſive Eloquence of *Cicero* has talked down this *Firmneſs* of the Mind into *Hardneſs* and *Stupidity*; let us then pay to his abſolute Decree juſt as much regard as the Truth of ſuch infallible Eloquence can demand.

If this Speculation ſeems to be driving Truth to its utmoſt Limits, let it be conſidered, that as Truth is immutable, the ſtricteſt Inquiry into it, to which all Men have an equal right, ought not to lie under the Imputation of either Good or Ill-nature. Yet, as the moſt ſteady Hand, in this Office, is required to hold the Balance in an equal poiſe, here, it is confeſs'd, our Judgment ought to pauſe awhile; the Vanity of being thought to have made new Diſcoveries, is a ſtrong Temptation to our over-rating or puſhing thoſe Diſcoveries to Injuſtice. This I have hitherto endeavoured to keep clear of; yet, as I pretend not to be infallible, if

in any Point I have made too bold with *Cicero*, I have no better way of making him amends than by being full as warm in his Praiſe (where his viſible Merit demands it) as when in ſearch of Truth, where I fancied his Failings excuſed me, I have been bold in his Cenſure. But as we are now entering upon the moſt ſurprizing Event in the whole Life of *Cicero*, that of his glorious Return to *Rome*, after his ſo undeſerved and diſtreſsful a Baniſhment, there I ſhall give an equal Teſt of my Impartiality, by looking on him with much more Pleaſure and Admiration than when I may have imagined my throwing his Errors into their natural Lights was juſt or commendable.

This agreeable View takes ſuch ſtrong hold of my Attention, that whatever hiſtorical Facts preceded it, ſeem too quietly cold or ſlight to be taken notice of: From theſe Facts however (which contain near forty following Pages) it will appear, that the Iniquity, the Licentiouſneſs, and Confuſion in the *Roman* Government, had almoſt brought the whole Nation into a State of Nature, where every Party was equally in danger by taking their lawleſs turn to be equally Maſters. For this general Calamity, then, their only immediate Relief reſted in the recalling of *Cicero*. Here,

P. 394.

OUR learned Author grows majeſtically warm in his Contemplation of this *great Idea*; no Lover of Hiſtory can read it without a pleaſing Emotion; at leaſt it ſo far prevails

prevails on me, that I cannot help throwing in my (however unequal) Glow of Admiration to it.

In all the Convulſions of this tortured Empire no one Event yields us more matter of Amazement, than this unexpected Revocation of *Cicero*. At once to ſee him lifted from his low and miſerable State of Exile, to be, as it were, *per ſaltum*, the immediate Preſident of their public Councils; to ſee, I ſay, theſe Sons of Anarchy and Ambition, theſe memorable Maſters of Miſ-rule (whether inſpired by Virtue, or blindly blundering into the Paths of Wiſdom or of Glory, or by whatever Power directed) quietly to ſubmit, and yield up their almoſt implacably political Pretenſions to the Deciſion, Guidance, or Support of whatever moral Meaſures *Cicero* might chiefly direct or recommend to their Obſervance; that very *Cicero* too, whom the ſame factious Spirits had ſo lately driven from among them as a diſtinguiſhed Diſturber of the Public Tranquillity; to ſee him now (as the *Roman* Stile allows us to call him) the God and Guardian of their City. How extenſively pleaſing, how inchanting is the Speculation! This is an Event that ſcarce will find its Parallel in Hiſtory; let us enjoy the Aſtoniſhment. And ſince the diſtance of thoſe Days have left us no clear Account of the ſecret Spring that ſet this Mountain in motion, we are at liberty to delight our Imagination with whatever probable Power might have the foremoſt Hand in it. This Queſtion, no doubt, muſt lie between *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, without whoſe Conſent or Aſſiſtance it could never have

got forward. Perhaps my Partiality for *Cæſar* may here miſlead me to a Conjecture which never yet had a being in any Brain but my own.---- Here it is! While the calling home *Cicero* was in agitation, *Cæſar* was purſuing his Conqueſts in *Gaul*, but not without an eye to what was then doing in *Rome*, where he had ſtill an active Intereſt; and tho' the firſt notice of any Inclination to call home *Cicero* comes to us from *Pompey*'s Reſentment of an Inſult from *Clodius* (*P.* 363.) yet would *Pompey* make no Progreſs in an Affair of ſuch Importance, till he had firſt received from *Gaul Cæſar*'s Approbation of it; which Propoſal, had it been diſagreeable to him, *Cæſar*'s Art and Influence over *Pompey* would have eaſily diſſuaded him from, without coming to a Breach, or diſobliging him; an Inſtance of which kind he had lately ſhewn, when (*P.* 310.) he took *Pompey* out of *Cicero*'s Hands, when *Cicero* was adviſing *Pompey* to come to a Breach with *Cæſar*. *Cæſar*'s Approbation therefore, at this time, of *Pompey*'s good Intention to *Cicero*, naturally puts us upon thinking upon what Motive *Cæſar* ſo *readily* came into it. Where then would be the Abſurdity to ſuppoſe that *Cæſar*, as the Superior in Politics, might not, by his Agents in *Rome*, have ſo ordered matters, as to be himſelf ſolicited to forward a Scheme of his own planning? *Cæſar* very well knew that there were other vindictive Spirits beſides *Pompey*, in Poſts of Power, equally ready to take any ſort of Vengeance on their Oppoſers, by calling in *Cicero*, tho' at the ſame time they, like *Pompey*, might ſuffer

ſuffer their Country to be the better for it: And as it muſt have been evident to *Cæſar*, that *Cicero* (to whom Glory was ſo dear) would think his Reſtoration too high an Obligation not to be repaid even to an Enemy, what *Roman*, for ſuch a Favour conferred, could ſtand in Competition with, or could hope to have a warmer Intereſt in *Cicero* than *Cæſar?* And ſince we find too that this foreſeen end was afterwards made good to *Cæſar* by *Cicero*'s entire Reconciliation to him, to whom can we attribute a more probable ſhare in the Reſtoration of *Cicero* than to *Cæſar?* If this has any reſemblance of Truth, it may be enough to juſtify our bringing it to a Queſtion, which, tho' it may be more than any Man can pretend to decide, yet any one may conſider it; at leaſt the Debate, to a Mind that is not better employed, may be as particular an Amuſement, as to me has been the writing ſo much of it. Let us return to the *Roman* World now crowding to ſee *Cicero* come home again.

From his firſt landing in *Italy*, what accumulated Honours made way for him! What Statues from every Colony were decreed him! What general Congratulations followed him to the Gates of *Rome!* There, how the Populace hung in Swarms on Houſes Tops and public Buildings, paſſing him from Street to Street through one continued Acclamation to another, to his very Entrance into the Temple of *Jupiter*; all theſe uncommon Honours our Hiſtory more copiouſly relates. What an emblazoned Luſtre muſt theſe Signals of Applauſe have caſt on the

intrinſic and ſingly meritorious Virtue of *Cicero!* Not all their military Conqueſts, their extended Empire, or Terror of the *Roman* Arms, had ſo juſt a Claim to human Greatneſs. This was a Triumph not for Nations ſlaughtered, but a People ſaved; a Triumph which only conquered *Hearts* could grant him. In this exalted Station, who ſees not *Cicero* crowned with the *real*, pure, unmixed, and irreproachable Glory? And what ſtill adds to this peculiar Happineſs (too great, alas! for long Duration) is, that our Hiſtory farther gives it this too true and melancholy Praiſe, That the Reſolution to reſtore *Cicero was one of the laſt genuine Acts of the* Roman *Liberty.*

This exacted Tribute to the Fame of *Cicero*, 'tis hoped will weigh againſt the equal Liberties that have been (or hereafter may be) taken in the Cenſure of him.

This ſurprizing Reſtoration of *Cicero* muſt naturally raiſe in us an Impatience to know what Turn *this Beginning of his new Life* might give to the Public Affairs, and how far he might be the more conſidered, or now called into higher Power. It muſt be obſerved, then, whatever Party *Cicero* was by Principle inclined to, he certainly, as far as his Abilities could ſhew it, had the Appearance of good Intentions to his Country, and that, by the Force and Fame of his Eloquence, he had eſtabliſhed a general Opinion of his Integrity. This gave him great weight in the Support or Oppoſition of whatever came before the Senate or the People, and at this time a Sway very little inferior to the intimidating Power of the

Triumvirs.

Triumvirs. Strong Reaſons for *Pompey* and *Cæſar*'s taking him into their Councils! To be well with *Cicero* they knew would be the moſt plauſible Cover to their private Views, whenever his Aſſent to their public Meaſures ſeemed to give them a Sanction.

The Recal of *Cicero*, then, from his ſo painful an Exile was a Relief not to be refuſed by human Nature, but more particularly deſirable when the ſickly Liberty of his Country groaned for his Return; and as he could not with Safety, or without almoſt Ingratitude, hold at defiance theſe great and formidable Leaders, to whom he chiefly owed the Obligation; from theſe Conſiderations, I ſay, great Allowances ought to be made for what otherwiſe might ſeem to reproach him with too fearful or too facile a Compliance in matters of State. In a little time we ſhall ſee how this Policy of *Pompey* and *Cæſar* ſucceeded, and how *Cicero* conducted himſelf in ſo critical a Situation.

P. 402.

THE Day after his Arrival, his Reception was honoured by an expreſs Aſſembly of the Senate, where his Eloquence had a warm occaſion to diſplay his general and particular Acknowledgments to his Friends and Benefactors; and the next Day he had the ſame occaſion of haranguing the People from the *Roſtra.* Here the high Flight of his Compliment to *Pompey* is ſomething remarkable, ſweeter in Sound than in Matter or Argument; which,

which, leſt a Tranſlation ſhould give it more or leſs Light than it will bear, I rather chooſe to recite in the Language he ſpoke it:

Cn. Pompeius vir omnium qui ſunt, fuerunt, erunt, princeps virtute, ſapientia, ac gloria----- Huic ego homini, Quirites, tantum debeo, quantum hominem homini debere vix fas eſt.

" *Pompey!* of all the greateſt Men alive, of all that " ever *were*, or ever will be, foremoſt in the Rank of " Virtue, Wiſdom, and of Glory --- To this Great Man, " ye *Romans*, ſo boundleſs are my Obligations, that " ſcarce in Man, from Man, can it be pardonable to re- " ceive them.

Well ſaid, *Cicero!* This round Aſſertion muſt either avow *Pompey* to have been long Maſter of theſe Virtues, or would prove that tho' he might not have any one of them before, yet by the ſingle Merit of his ſo greatly contributing to the Reſtoration of *Cicero*, he at once took poſſeſſion of them all. But if what *Cicero* ſaid of him about five Years before ought to have any credit with us, it will now be very difficult to ſwallow what is ſo flat a Contradiction to it: For (*P.* 266.) as has been obſerved, he makes a little more bold with his Hero, and honeſtly owns that

" He was full of Envy within, and had no good In- " tentions towards the Public; nothing candid or ſincere, " nothing great, generous, or free in him.

But

But now -----

Quantum mutatus ab illo!

How unlike is the preſent Pompey *to the former!*

And yet it may abate a great deal of our Amazement, when *Cicero* had no other way to get out of his Debt, that he ſhould run his Eloquence ſo dead out of breath to come up with him. It is not, therefore, ſo much his *Intention*, as the *Execution* of his Flattery; not ſo much his Gratitude, as the broad Flatneſs of his Eloquence, that in this place calls upon our Judgment: For what could this bald and naked Aſſertion, this declamatory Admiration, that carries neither Proof or Conviction with it, riſe to more than a mere *gratis dictum*, or the pompous Puff of an Orator? Had this Compliment had its proportion of that *Attick* Salt which on ſo memorable an occaſion might have been expected from *Cicero* (as there was ample field for it in the military Exploits of *Pompey*) how much leſs might have been objected to it? But to crowd or lump them all into this Blaze and Bounce of a full-mouthed Period, adds no more to the Beauty of *Pompey*'s Character, than a ſwell'd Face does to the Comelineſs of a lean Lady. How! a Comick turn'd Critick upon the Eloquence of *Cicero!* Yes, Sir; but as you are left to the liberty of your own Thoughts upon it, pray let the Critick have the ſame favour, the Folly can only fall upon his own Head, *Cicero* will ſtand juſt as he did before he meddled with him; whatever his Eloquence

was,

was, it ſtill will be, tho' you and the Critick were to diſpute till you changed Sides about it. If this Levity has done *Cicero* any wrong, I will endeavour to atone for it by being more ſeriouſly juſt upon the following Inſtance of his Conduct in relation to *Pompey*.

P. 409.

UPON a Motion in the Senate (occaſioned by the Scarcity of Proviſions in *Rome*) " to inveſt *Pompey* with " an abſolute Power over all the Stores and Corn-Rents " of the Empire, *&c.* But even this not being thought ſufficient by his Creatures, *Meſſius*, one of the Tribunes, propoſed to give him the additional Power " of raiſing what " Money, Fleets and Armies he thought fit, with a greater " Command through all the Provinces than their proper " Governors had in each.

But here *Cicero* honeſtly confined his Gratitude to *Pompey* within his Zeal for the Public; theſe were Lengths he could not go, and therefore, by a ſort of eloquent Silence, had the Addreſs to get this exorbitant Amendment thrown out; a glaring Proof of his Influence and of his Integrity. Here he acted with the Steadineſs of a true *Roman* Patriot, a Character ſo difficult to maintain, that it is often loſt by the intractable Paſſions of its own Party; yet ſo naturally venerable, that the Head of every oppoſite Faction is forced to face his Pretenſions with it, and which has ſometimes been carried ſo far, that upon our own Iſland, Armies have fought againſt their King in the Field

Field for the *Preſervation* of his Perſon. And at this very Hour a rebellious Rout are committing all the Ravages of War upon their Fellow-Subjects in *defence* of their Rights and Liberties. Suffer me, good Reader, to carry on this Digreſſion a little further. Yet not all this has been the greateſt of human ſelf-created Evils. Even the Light of Chriſtianity, that came from Heaven to guide and ſave us here and hereafter, has impiouſly been wreſted from the Hand of Omnipotence to torture, to deſtroy and burn us into a new-fangled Faith, which the Chriſtian Purity never injoined us to embrace. Here it muſt be confeſſed, that later Ages have gone beyond thoſe leſſer Violences of the ancient *Rome*. The *modern Rome* has eclipſed her. Her religious Power is now crowned with a more exalted Glory than all their ſublunary Heroiſm ever could arrive at, that of a meek and *military* Mother-Church triumphant. What a merry monſtrous Maſque of Chriſtianity!

Theſe Conſiderations, I doubt, do but too plainly ſhew how much more prompt human Policy is to improve in Wickedneſs than in Virtue, and that the ſpiritual Tyranny of *Rome* at this very Hour is but the ſame Train of proud Principles that govern'd it in the Days of *Cicero*, when ſo many plauſible Protectors of her Liberty, by their drawing ſo many ſeveral ways, tore that precious Liberty to pieces. Yet, ruined as it was, more rational ſtill was the abſolute Sway of a temporal Maſter, than is now the carnal Preſumption of an *infallible* Holy Father.

From hence let us hope, that *England* will never be ſo infatuated as not to conſider that what *has* been *may* be; that domeſtic Diſſenſion, tho' for a time it may have been turbulently triumphant, yet never could it be ſecure or glorious. Glory contemns the ſhort-lived Prevalence of Factions, and only gives its Luſtre to the durable and honeſt Actions of public Benefits. As the moſt eminent Danger then that ever menaced the Religion, Laws, and Liberty of *England*, was avoided by her *Unanimity*, ſo from the uſe of that ſingle Virtue has her laſt Revolution preſerved the juſt Title of *Glorious* for now near three-ſcore Years. Let the laudable Sentiment of old *Shake-ſpear* (with a little change in the Expreſſion) warm us to preſerve this Unanimity, which will ever ſerve us as an impenetrable Armour.

Come the three Corners of the World in Arms,
England *no foreign Force ſhall e'er ſubdue,*
While Prince and Subject to themſelves are true.

Shakeſpear's *K.* John,

Tho' this Digreſſion may have very little buſineſs with the Life of *Cicero*, yet as the Life of *Cicero* has raiſed in us this profitable Reflexion, it will not be the Writer's Fault however little uſe may be made of it. Now let us ſee what was the conſequence of *Cicero*'s honeſtly oppoſing the forementioned Motion in favour of *Pompey*.

Pompey not only ſtifled his Reſentment of *Cicero*'s Coldneſs to him, but ſhewed his farther political Dexterity

rity in ſharing with him the public Approbation by his *declining* the extraordinary Power which had been moved for him, and in which he carried the Appearances of his Satisfaction and Sincerity ſo far, that he named *Cicero* for his firſt Lieutenant, *declaring, that he ſhould conſider him as a ſecond Self, and act nothing without his Advice.*

Here we ſee of what weight was *Cicero* in the Balance of Government, and that whatever might be the ſecret Views of *Pompey*, they were at leaſt kept within bounds by his paying this Regard to the prevailing Principles of *Cicero.*

While Affairs were in ſo promiſing a Train, what proſperous Days might not have been expected from the Return of *Cicero?* But alas! where ſo many Diſtempers had been ripened to a head, the Aſſuagement of one alone could but little contribute to the Relief or Cure of the whole: For, without Doors, we ſhall find that the Body Politic of this enormous City was ſtill labouring under its former Calamities of a broken Conſtitution, convulſed and racked with violated Laws, Outrage, and unlimited Inſolence: For example,

P. 410, 411.

ALTHOUGH the Public had reimburſed *Cicero* for the Demolition of his *Palatin* Houſe in the City, *&c.* yet the Difficulties that oppoſed his rebuilding it may be worth our Obſervation. *Clodius*, who in his Tribunate had got it raſed to the Ground, and by illegal Practices

had procured a Law to conſecrate the *area* to religious uſes, and render it irrecoverable to any private Occupation, was determined at any rate to let it remain a Monument of his own Piety, and of Infamy to the Baniſhment which *Cicero* had been ſentenced to. But the Legality of this Conſecration being ſtill to be determined by the *College* of Prieſts, gave *Cicero* ſo glorious an Occaſion of defending his Right, and of invalidating the pretended Law that had robbed him of it, that here his oratorial Power is not to be paſſed over without our warmeſt Admiration. Here his Eloquence flowed with Truth, Propriety, and Vigour, like a Torrent overwhelming whatever Inequalities oppoſed its courſe, till all was level to the Eye and clear to our Conviction. Here he was *Cicero* in his oratorial Glory. Not yet to have read it, is to have the command of an uncommon Pleaſure yet to come.

Yet, notwithſtanding, we ſhall find that Truth, Right, Law, and Eloquence, are but weak Defences againſt deaf and wilful Violence, for to all theſe had *Clodius* ſo little Regard, that (as he choſe

P. 422.

TO make ſhort work with whatever he was ſet upon) he came with a Band of armed Men to the Place where *Cicero*'s new Houſe was almoſt riſing to the Roof, and drove the Workmen out of the Ground without any Warning or Authority but his own Will and Pleaſure, nor quitted the Place till the ſame Piety and Zeal inflamed him

him to ſet fire to the adjacent Houſe of *Quintus*, with whom *Cicero* then lived, and from whence he was forced, with his Brother, to ſave themſelves and their Families by flight. Or if this does not ſufficiently raiſe our Aſtoniſhment, what ſhall we ſay when this very *Clodius* was, at this time, making Intereſt for the *Ædileſhip*, and farther threatning *Fire* and *Sword* to the City itſelf, if an Aſſembly was not called for an immediate Election; by this ſort of Merit he hoped, or was determined, as a qualified Candidate, to ſucceed. But we have not done with him yet; for

P. 423.

" IN this Humour, ſays our Hiſtory (a ſweet Humour " indeed!) happening to meet with *Cicero* in the ſacred " Street, he preſently aſſaulted him *with Stones*, *Clubs*, " *and drawn Swords*, &c.

If we had not the Evidence of *Cicero*'s own Words for this Fact, would it be credible? But *Cicero*'s Behaviour and Sentiments upon the Occaſion are almoſt as extraordinary; for tho' his Attendants rallied from the Houſe where he was forced to take Refuge, and beat off the Aſſailants, *and could eaſily have killed their Leader, yet I was willing* (ſays he) *to cure by Diet rather than by Surgery*; that is, he rather choſe to cut him down with a long Speech than a broad Sword. Now may it not be doubted, that to cure a broken Leg by Diet-drink, or to bring a Madman to his Senſes by talking to him, were Medicines no

where

where to be found but among the Phyſical Receipts of *Cicero*? But however wiſely *Cicero* would be thought to have acted in this Affair we may ſtill venture to ſay, that if in his own Defence he had knocked *Clodius* his Brains out, the ſevereſt Law in the World could never have condemn'd him for it. But when we would make a Merit of ſhewing Mercy to our mortal Aggreſſor that does not ask us for it, we beg a Queſtion for ourſelves that will admit of other Peoples thinking twice before they grant it; and if at laſt they don't laugh at our Goodneſs, let us ſay we are very well off with them. To have a Tenderneſs for thoſe who have inſolently put us to flight, ſeems to be a Charity that comes directly from *home*. Or, if it will better become us to be quite grave upon the matter, the Fact will plainly ſtand thus: That *Clodius* was as deſperate a Ruffian as ever broke the Peace upon the Highway, and *Cicero* was afraid of him.

This being the wretched State of Affairs in *Rome*, how ſhall we unravel ſo perplexing a part of our Hiſtory? How came this Gigantick Republic, theſe formidable *Romans*, that ſo ſtrongly govern'd the World, ſo weakly to govern themſelves? that without regard to Law, Juſtice, Humanity, or the public Peace, every licentious Leader of a Faction might commit whatever convenient Outrage his Conſcience had a mind to, without Shame, Puniſhment, or ſcarce public Notice? Or if any Notice at all happened to be taken of it, that very Notice was more aſtoniſhing than the Criminal complained of; for when at laſt

laſt (*P.* 423.) the Senate were reduced to bear the public Enormities of *Clodius* no longer, they manfully met upon it, and *many ſevere Speeches were made, and vigorous Councils propoſed*; and what was the Reſult of them? Why, they vigorouſly reſolved to adjourn without coming to any Reſolution at all in the matter.

Obſcurum per obſcurius.

We are now more in the dark than ever. This Indolence of the Senate is inconceivable! But our learned Hiſtorian (*P.* 434.) has a good deal relieved our Aſtoniſhment by a clear and ſenſible Solution of the whole Myſtery, ſhewing us by what concurring Accidents theſe almoſt incredible Facts became practicable; but as no Accidents under Heaven could make them excuſable, it will be no Injury to Truth to cut the Story ſhort in as vulgar Language as theſe great-vulgar Actions deſerve.

In the firſt place it muſt be ſhamefully conſidered, that this great Raſcal, *Clodius*, was of a very great Family, which (as the World has gone from that time to this) has been always inveſted with the Right of doing more Miſchief with Impunity than Profligates of an inferior Rank ought to pretend to: And farther, that as the Dignity of this merry Miſcreant was attended with an unuſual Share of Wit and Aſſurance, he naturally became a moſt tickling Talker; and in confidence of theſe more prevailing Talents, he bravely broke looſe from the ſtiff-rump'd Gravity of his Anceſtors, and rather choſe to have the *Laugh*

than

than the *Reſpect*, or to be the *Fiddle* than the *Fear* of his Company. With theſe acceſſible Qualifications he ſpent a great deal of his Money and Time among *the meaner Sort*, and became the firſt of his Family that had ever been the Favourite of that vulgar Part of the Government, the People. Now, as he rightly judg'd the World to be no leſs wicked than himſelf, he plainly ſaw, that whatever Inſult or Miſchief he offered to any one Party, he ſhould be ſupported in by another that would be obliged by it. Thus the Triumvirate politickly let him looſe as a Monſter, to be themſelves leſs ſtared at, and at the ſame time to make their Power appear more neceſſary to keep him from doing further Miſchief than they had ſecretly ſet him upon. And at this rate every Party, whether of Senate, People, Patriots, or Triumvirs, play'd him off one againſt another, till he had taken his full Round of being occaſionally the Friend or Foe, the Fool or Favourite of every one of them.

Nothing ſure can make Hiſtory more delightful than when it leads us into ſo many ſurprizing Facts, one upon the heels of another, to ſeize upon our Attention; therefore, in the rear of theſe already recited, behold another yet of a more glaring and enormous Dignity advances! Have a little Patience, good Reader, for it is not to be told but in Words as ſlow and ſolemn as the magiſterial ſtately Step it ſtalks in.

But here it comes! *Clodius* in Triumph! whom tho' every Party ought to have contemned and deteſted for the

the very Service he had ſeparately done them, yet ſo unanimous was their political Gratitude, that without the leaſt Oppoſition or Bluſh of a Vote, he was advanced at the next Election to the *Ædileſhip.*

Nay, 'tis true; ſo merrily monſtrous were the Morals of theſe grand Engroſſers of Glory, that to give an extraordinary Inſtance of their Spirit, when this noble Candidate ought to have been hang'd, they rather choſe to make him a Magiſtrate than a Martyr. Did they truly? Ha, ha, ha! Why then, by way of Admiration, let us toſs them up ſomething like the fag-end of an old Song,

O Rome! *it was a fine Town, and a gallant City,*
Such Government was never known, alas! the more's the Pity.

How is it poſſible to be ſerious upon the Frolicks of Fools, or the Miſchief of Madmen? Or if this ſhould ſtill ſavour of too much Levity, they who take theſe Facts more to heart may ſoberly ſigh out, as *Cicero* did, upon much the ſame occaſion,

O tempora! O mores!

Or, if they pleaſe, may amuſe themſelves with a yet more learned Conception, that theſe might be the very Times which *Horace* alludes to in his Compliment to *Auguſtus Cæſar*, who, by riding their Liberty in a Bit-Bridle, had mended their Manners.

------ *Ego nec tumultum,*
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente
Cæſare *terras.*

Tumults no more, nor Violence we dread,
While happier Worlds have Cæſar *at their head.*

Now did not this Government want a *Cæſar?* Yet theſe were the rough Reformers who have frequently been applauded for ſacrificing the firſt *Cæſar* to their precious ſelf-abuſed Liberty; a worſe Tyranny than his condemned Ambition ever wiſhed to impoſe upon them. Yet were they not leſs rationally happy for forty following Years, under their ſecond abſolute Maſter *Auguſtus* (who left them nothing but the *Name* of a Republic) than they knew how to make themſelves, when independent Guardians of their native Liberty.

How far this premiſed Obſervation may qualify the ſevere Imputation which the Zeal of Patriots is apt to caſt upon the (near approaching) Uſurpation of *Cæſar*, let the Sequel of our Hiſtory determine; for there ſtill ſhall we find, that the ſame turbulent Spirit of Miſrule we have been talking of was not at all abated, even after the Death of this flagrant Incendiary *Clodius*; for inſtance,

When *Milo*, who happened to be a Match for him, (and not quite ſo morally merciful as *Cicero* had been upon the ſame occaſion) fairly killed him in his own Defence, ſo variable were the Winds of Government, that he (*Milo*) was notwithſtanding condemn'd to Baniſhment for having

having ſo juſtly removed from the public Peace its moſt notorious Nuſance. Thus Guilt and Innocence were alternately offenſive or meritorious, and only had their Praiſe or Puniſhment as the caſual Prevalence of Parties was pleaſed to beſtow or inflict them.

How forlorn was the Situation of our *Cicero* among ſuch a herd of pretended Patriots and tyrannical Factions? What then could ſo frequently animate his Perſeverance in being ſtill ſo buſy in publicæ Affairs, when he could not but be conſcious that he had neither the Courage nor the neceſſary Numbers to ſupport any one important Point that he could advance for the good of his Country? Did he fondly hope to allure or ſoften the deaf and hardned Betrayers of it into a humanized Affection for it, by the Harmony of his eloquent Perſuaſion? Or could he, by producing the cleareſt Proofs that the honeſt Rags of Poverty were more glorious than the Robes of Rapine, propoſe that an Amendment of their Morals ſhould be the Conſequence? Was it here alone he ſeemed to have ſo little Inſight into the Depravity of human Nature, which at other times he had ſo deeply dived into? Did he not yet perceive too, how often his ductile Love of Fame had been the Dupe of the Great in Power? Or that, unleſs he could roundly reſolve to have been the Avower of their Practices and Principles, he could have no hope of any greater Favour from them, than *Ulyſſes* was to expect from *Polypheme* that he might be the laſt Man they would devour.

I know but of one Paſſion (and which is allowed to have been his ruling one) that could have decoyed him through ſo many Difficulties; a lively Vanity has ſometimes laboured with a Perſeverance that, in the moſt laudable Attempts, might have ſunk the ſtouteſt Virtue to have gone half ſo far with; but *Cicero*'s Paſſion for Glory, it is plain, could neither ſit ſtill or be ſilent: However, if *Cicero* (as we frequently find he did) *meant* well, we have the leſs to reproach him with; and tho' his Vanity might ſometimes be gratified in his Purſuit of an honeſt, however hopeleſs, Intention, yet ſo venial a Pleaſure is a Perquiſite to the Office it would be Severity not to let him enjoy; but when the ſame Vanity goes along with his Conduct, where it is *not* ſo viſibly virtuous, the Frailty then is leſs pardonable in *Cicero* than in a Man of leſs Eminence, as the following Fact will ſhew us.

P. 441.

THE Views of *Cæſar*, we have obſerved, had been long and painfully ſuſpected by *Cicero*; and yet, when at this time *Cæſar* grew rather more dangerous to the Public by his continued Victories in *Gaul*, *Cicero* ſeemed (perhaps for fear of offending him) ſo far to lay aſide his Fears of him, as to aſſiſt in the obtaining for him what was thought an *exorbitant Demand* in the Senate, *and procured a Decree to his Satisfaction*; *yet not without diſguſting the old Patriots*, &c. Now if *Cicero*'s own Party ſo directly condemned his thus ſuddenly coming over to the Intereſts

Intereſts of *Cæſar*, will not *Cicero* want the Hand of a Friend to help him out of the political Mire? for there he ſeems to ſtick. And either we muſt allow that *Cæſar* was not ſo enormous an Enemy of the Republic as *Cicero* had painted him, or that *Cicero* was in this Point not ſo firm a Friend to it as he had profeſſed himſelf. But Principle and Practice don't always go together; a Man may wiſh very well to a Cauſe, tho' he does not chooſe to ſuffer for it. Human Nature is more governed by the Fear of Diſtreſs than the Love of Virtue; and that this was now the Caſe of *Cicero* the following Words of our Hiſtorian allow us to believe, *viz*, *Yet the real Motive of his Conduct ſeems to have flowed, not ſo much from the Merits of the* (Cæſar's) *Cauſe, as the Condition of the Times and his own Circumſtances*, &c. And what theſe Circumſtances were will almoſt make us ſmile to ſee *Cicero*'s pompous Explanation of in the next Page:

P. 442.

THESE are his Words----

" As no Regard was to be had to our *Safety* without " a Regard alſo to our *Dignity*, ſo the Conſideration of " Dignity ought not to exclude the Care of our *Safety*.

Gently, gently, good *Cicero!* This Reſtraint upon Dignity ſeems to be more than you have a right to impoſe upon her. Dignity has neither Friend or Foe, Name, Breath or Being, independent on a conſcious Virtue. If therefore your Safety was ſo much conſidered in what you did

did for *Cæſar* (do it with what Grace you pleaſe) Dignity will diſclaim the leaſt ſhare in it, for Dignity implies a Superiority; and with this Advantage even *Cæſar*, who *made* this *exorbitant Demand*, will have a better Pretence to Dignity than *Cicero*, who ſubmiſſively *complied* with it. This dainty Dignity, therefore, that *Cicero* ſo inſiſts upon, comes out at laſt no better than a vain-glorious Phantom. To give the *mien* of Dignity to an Act of Fear is not within the reach of Human Hypocriſy.

Here I could wiſh it might be obſerved, that however inclined I am to ſet *Cæſar* in a favourable Light, yet, on this occaſion I am not ſo obſequious to his Cauſe, as even *Cicero* at laſt, you ſee, has choſen to be; I can ſtill ſee that *Cicero* depreciates his Character in contributing to the Increaſe of *Cæſar*'s Power, when it was already a Terror to the Public Liberty; yet this obliges me not abſolutely to condemn *Cæſar* for taking care that no Competitor or Party ſhould be able to oppreſs him: For in ſo corrupt a Government, no great Man could be ſecure but in his own Caſtle, and by reſolving there to be ſtronger than his Enemy that attacked it. This is the Diſtinction I would be always thought to make between the Goodneſs or the Badneſs of *Cæſar*'s Cauſe, between the neceſſary Defence or the Guilt of that Station which the Public had preferr'd him to. When we have proved *Pompey* a Patriot, it will be then time enough to inſiſt upon *Cæſar*'s being a *Traitor*. Condemn them *both*, if you pleaſe; but let not *Cæſar* be more a Criminal for having at laſt

conquered

conquered *Pompey*, than *Pompey* muſt have been had he conquered *Cæſar*. Whether the Favourite of the Senate or the Favourite of the People (*who were as rightful a Part of the* Roman *Government as the* Senate) prevailed, the Liberty of *Rome* muſt either way have been the ſame Sacrifice to the Victor. When *Cæſar* is looked upon in this light, it will not be ſo difficult (as learned Diſputants have made it) to know how far we ought to condemn or acquit him of Tyranny. But as yet we are upon *Cicero*.

From what has paſſed we find that the Genius of *Cicero* was ſtill buſied in the ſame troubled Waters we left him in before his Baniſhment, and in which again his politics are ſo plunged, that he ſeems utterly at a loſs which way to advance or retreat, whom to avoid or to confide in. Now *Pompey*, then *Cæſar*, now both, and again equally neither, are occaſionally Gods or Demons with him. From Schemes in ſo variable a Train no great Events could well be expected. Or if in favour of *Cicero* it may be urged, that it was not his Inconſtancy, but the unforeſeen Changes in his Allies which ſo often reduced him to break with them; yet, ſince half an eye muſt have ſeen to the bottom of their Deſigns, it would have been ſtill more to the Honour of *Cicero*'s Judgment had he known them better before ever he engaged with them. However, if under ſuch Diſtreſſes he was ſometimes governed by his timorous Nature, it is not always that he will more deſerve our Cenſure than our Compaſſion. But as at preſent *Cæſar* ſeems to be in a warm Poſſeſſion of him,

him, let us obſerve how this new Alliance went forward, and by what different Meaſures theſe two great Men ſecured to the one the great Confidence of the other.

In this amicable Conteſt we may naturally think (for in Principle they could not cordially be united) that the moſt artful Flatterer would have the fairer chance for the Aſcendant; and as *Cicero* had more reaſon to be afraid of *Cæſar* than *Cæſar* had to be of *Cicero*, the Smoothneſs of *Cicero*'s Tongue, in all appearance, gave him a conſiderable Advantage: But when, on the other ſide, it is conſidered how much better *Cæſar* knew the bottom of *Cicero* than *Cicero* did the depth of *Cæſar*, we ſhall find that *Cicero*'s Paſſion for Praiſe laid him ſo open to the Impreſſions of *Cæſar*, that one ſolid Grain of Applauſe from *Cæſar* might weigh againſt the moſt golden Eulogium from the Eloquence of *Cicero*; of this effect we ſhall anon have a very natural Inſtance.

The Reconciliation of *Cicero* to *Cæſar* being now the moſt intereſting Event that will engage our Attention, let us paſs unobſerved whatever is of leſs moment till the End of the firſt Volume, which by this time a reaſonable Reader may probably wiſh he were in ſight of. The next Effect of this new League then appears not till

P. 459.

WHERE, in the Senate, it was propoſed *to take one or both of the* Gauls *from* Cæſar, *&c.*

Here

Here it may be obſervable of how ancient a Date is the greater Influence of private Paſſions, than the honeſt Concern for the Public Good, in the Debates of Legiſlative Aſſemblies. Even *Cicero* himſelf (ſays our Hiſtory) *laid hold of this Occaſion* to *revenge himſelf* on (his former Oppoſers) Piſo *and* Gabinius, *and to get them recalled* from their Provinces *with Diſgrace*, &c. But as for *Cæſar*,

" His Opinion was, that *his* Command ſhould be con-
" tinued, *&c.*

This *Revenge* therefore ſeems to abate a good deal of *Cicero*'s Merit to the Public or to *Cæſar*, who, however, was wiſe enough not to refuſe the Favour merely becauſe *Cicero* had more Views than one in conferring it; or, according to our vulgar Proverb, *Cæſar* was not ſo nice as *to look a gift Horſe in the Mouth.* But the Argument of the Conſul *Philippus* againſt *Cicero*'s ſiding with *Cæſar* is of a lower kind than the moſt mercenary modern Politician would chooſe to make uſe of, *viz.* " That *Cicero* had
" more reaſon to be angry with *Cæſar* than with *Gabinius*
" himſelf, ſince *Cæſar* was the Author and Raiſer of all
" that Storm which had oppreſſed him.

No wonder if, from ſo weak a Reaſon, *Cicero* took the advantage of brandiſhing both his own Integrity and his Compliment to *Cæſar* by his Reply, *viz.*

" That, in this Vote, he was not purſuing his pri-
" vate Reſentment *(tho', by the way, our Hiſtory has told*
" *us he was)* but the Public Good, which had reconciled
" him to *Cæſar*; and that he could not be an Enemy

" to one who was deſerving ſo well of his Country, &c. And again,

" That *Cæſar*'s Adminiſtration was beneficial, proſpe-
" rous, glorious to the Republic; theirs, (*Piſo* and *Gabi-*
" *nius*) ſcandalous, ignominious, hurtful to their Subjects,
" and contemptible to their Enemies.

If *Cicero* at this time had ſo high an Opinion of *Cæſar*, why ought it not to ſoften a great deal of the common critical Prejudice againſt him; or, at leaſt, to make a Partiality for *Cæſar* excuſable?

It may have been obſerved too, that whenever *Cicero*'s Irreſolution had made him cool, or to ſtagger in his political Meaſures for or againſt him, *Cæſar* never made uſe of Menaces, Fraud, or Violence to recover him, but fairly relied upon his ſtrong and friendly Expoſtulations, which had ſuch prevalent Operations on his Mind, that without Inſenſibility or Ingratitude *Cicero* could not reſiſt them: By this ſort of Treatment it was that *Cicero* (*P.* 449.) dropt his (applauded) Oppoſition to the Affair of the *Campanian Lands*, which *Cæſar* had been ſo warmly concerned for.

P. 462.

WE now come to a more familiar Anecdote of this new Amity between *Cicero* and *Cæſar*. *Cicero*, not thinking his eloquent Zeal had done enough for him in the Senate, makes him a more paſſionate Tender of his Regard in the ſweeter Language of Poetry; having (ſays our

our Author) about this time " compoſed *a little Poem* in " Compliment to *Cæſar*.

Pity it is this *little Poem* is not preſerv'd, that from thence we might have judged to what degree *Cæſar* was the Favourite of his Fancy: But as Compoſitions of this kind are ſeldom without their Strains of Flattery, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that *Cicero* imagined from his own Fondneſs for Praiſe, that ſo ſweet a Preſent would not be unacceptable to the Senſe of *Cæſar:* But *Cæſar* went a ſurer, ſhorter way to ſecure the Heart of *Cicero*; not by returning the Compliment in kind, but by artfully *preſſing* Cicero *for a Copy* of the Original, which he knew would prove the moſt inſinuating Flattery to his Flatterer that a Poetical Vanity could ſwallow. It almoſt makes one ſmile to conſider, that if *Cicero* and *Cæſar* at this time were not cordially Friends (as probably they were not) what pretty pains, however, they took to ſave Appearances!

And yet, without this political Good-breeding, this decent way of deceiving, no two neighbouring Nations could have a Week's Peace or Patience with one another. Plain Truth would be the moſt outrageous Inſult that wild Hoſtility or Defiance could offer: For example, to come down to our own Days; if the true Meaning of a late News-paper Memorial from a Republican Miniſter to a great Monarch were to be put into plain *Engliſh*, it would certainly run thus:

SIR,

" Your feloneous Majeſty knows you have been too " great a Rogue and Robber to be honeſtly called ſo with " Impunity; my Maſters, therefore, chooſe to publiſh " their Deteſtation of you in Terms of Honour and Re- " ſpect utterly undue to you. You are powerful, they " are weak; you give Laws, and they unwillingly obey " them. In the mean time, till they can ſafely ſend " you to the Devil, be pleaſed to accept the Will for the " Deed, in Aſſurance of that unalterable cleft-ſtick Amity, " in which the Piety of your Politics has held them till " their Hearts ake, &c.

P. 463.

SO much has already been obſerved upon the Vanity of *Cicero*, that it is with Reluctance I take any farther notice of it; but he has a Paſſage in his Letter to *Lucceius* too extraordinary not to be made a little farther bold with.

Lucceius, who at this time intended to continue his *Roman* Hiſtory down to the time of *Cicero*'s Conſulſhip, is in this Letter importuned by *Cicero* to poſtpone what was to precede it, and to enter directly on that ſeparate Period, after giving him ſeveral fond Reaſons for his earneſt Requeſt, he in plain Terms begs him, that

" If he did not think the Facts themſelves worth the " pains of adorning, yet that he would allow ſo much

" to

" to Friendſhip, &c. as not to confine himſelf ſcrupu-
" louſly to the Laws of Hiſtory and the Rules of *Truth.*

Here our Hiſtory breaks off, and modeſtly leaves us to imagine the Sequel; but a little farther it honeſtly brings out the reſt in its full Senſe, and calls it *preſſing his Friend to exceed even the Bounds of Truth in his Praiſes.* Now *this Letter* (ſays our Author) *is conſtantly alledged as a Proof of* Cicero's *Vanity and exceſſive Love of Praiſe.* A ſtronger Proof of it, truly, I think cannot well be expected. But our cautious Hiſtorian is willing to ſet this Matter in a more favourable light; for " this Letter (ſays
" he) we muſt conſider as written, not by a Philoſopher,
" but a Stateſman, &c. impatient to taſte ſome Part of
" that Glory while living, &c. Let it be ſo. Let us ſuppoſe too that when a Stateſman cannot ſo properly tell Lies for himſelf, it may be ſometimes thought an equal *coup de maitre* to get another to do it skilfully for him. But *Cicero* was under no ſuch Neceſſity, he had Truth enough on his ſide to ſupport him. The wholſom Complexion of his Fame wanted no falſe Colours to embelliſh it; therefore to ſolicit Praiſes undue to him, was ſinking to the loweſt Female Vanity, of a painted *Lais* or a *Lesbia.* To be vain of apparent Merit may be a venial Frailty; but to be vain of what is not our own, a *borrowed* Merit, is ſingularly *Ciceronian*; and his propoſing to involve a Friend in the *Fraud* deſerves a double Cenſure. *Shakeſpear*, in the following Lines, has expoſed the fond Folly of over-doing a good thing in a moſt lively Likeneſs.

To gild refined Gold, to paint the Lily,
To throw a Perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the Ice, or add another hue
Unto the Rainbow, or with Taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous Eye of Heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous Exceſs. K. John.

However, the Application of this may ſeem to expoſe the Folly of *Cicero*, it at the ſame time allows his Merit to be as white as the Lily, as ſweet as the Violet, as glorious as the Rainbow, and as clear as the Sun.

If *Cicero*, therefore, could have been modeſtly contented to truſt his Fame upon its own Legs, it muſt have made a leſs childiſh Figure than it now does in his *Lucceian* Leading-ſtrings. In a word, it were to be wiſhed, for *Cicero*'s ſake, that this Letter had been rather written by the *Philoſopher* than the Stateſman, becauſe the Stateſman has drawn him into an Act of Vanity that cannot be defended by Truth, or concealed by the ſtrongeſt Maſque of Eloquence or Sophiſtry.

But however, *Cicero* (*P.* 497.) had yet a ſurer Friend than *Lucceius* to truſt the Perpetuation of his Glory to, his *ſafer Self*, who accordingly wrote a *Greek* Poem in three Books, *on the Hiſtory of his own Conſulſhip:* This Poem was ſent to *Cæſar* rather, one would think, for his Approbation, than his Opinion; for *Cicero*, to encourage his Brother (who was then with *Cæſar*) not to mince the matter, but to tell him the Truth freely, aſſures him,

that

that whether Cæſar *liked it or not, he ſhould not be a Jot the leſs pleaſed with it himſelf.* Well ſaid! this indeed was ſpeaking in the true poetical Spirit. But Verſe and Vanity are ſo inſeparably fond of one another, that, like conſcious Virtue, they quietly wrap themſelves up in their own Merit, and let the poor weak World (your heavy-brain'd *Cæſars*, and thoſe ſort of Cattle) think what they pleaſe of them.

Cicero, notwithſtanding, had not ſo high an Opinion of the next Poem he attempted, which being likewiſe by his Brother's Advice to be addreſs'd to *Cæſar*, after he had made ſome Progreſs in it, he modeſtly choſe to tear; for it may be eaſily imagined that to celebrate the Exploits of *Cæſar* was not quite ſo quick a Spur to his Muſe as the Praiſe of his own Conſulſhip. But his Brother, who ſeems to be the cloſer Courtier of the two, having previouſly acquainted *Cæſar* with the Deſign, *&c.* obliged *Cicero* to reſume and finiſh this *Epic* Poem in *Honour* of *Cæſar.* Now whether *Cicero* miſtook his Talent, I decide not, but this light manner of plying *Cæſar* with Poetry ſeems ſomething unaccountable in ſo grave a Stateſman as *Cicero*; for if *Cæſar*'s Fame had only had the Poetry of *Cicero* to live upon, the Memory of his Acts muſt have died with the Verſes many Ages ago. And tho' *Cæſar* himſelf had been an Eſſayiſt in Poetry, we don't hear of his giving it any place in his Politics, or that he ever thought it a proper Talent to do Buſineſs with, which is almoſt enough to perſuade us that *Cicero*

relied

relied a little too much upon it. However, if he thought it would ſtrengthen his Intereſt in *Cæſar*, it might not be *Cæſar*'s buſineſs to undeceive him, or to ſlight the Poetry that was certainly *intended* to pleaſe him; for whether *Cicero*, in his Profeſſions to *Cæſar*, was ſincere or not, the Appearance of it, while it laſted, *Cæſar* knew would be equally ſerviceable to him, and that it might not ſuddenly be dropt, he took as effectual care, by the ſtrongeſt Obligations, to make the Sincerity on his part equally credible to *Cicero:* If we turn back to *P.* 488, we there may have obſerved with how dear an Intimacy and Warmth they entered into an Epiſtolary Correſpondence, in which the flowing Generoſity of *Cæſar* in continued Acts of Favour, ſo politely conferred, may very well excuſe the zealous Eſteem, and (if we muſt call it ſo) that Partiality which *Cicero* confeſſes for him. But with theſe ſort of Virtues it was that *Cæſar* is ſaid to have *undone his Country.* Pity it is that his *Patriot* Aſſaſſins did not chooſe to ruin *Cæſar* by the ſame dreadful great Qualities.

Notwithſtanding the repeated Endeavours of *Cæſar* to keep *Cicero* eaſy and ſure to him, we ſtill find *Cicero* (*P.* 517.) giving up all his new Hopes again in the following Complaint to his Friends, *viz.* "There is no Republic, "no Juſtice in Trials, *&c.* My Enemies are partly not "oppoſed, partly even defended by me; and neither what "I love or what I hate is left free to me.

This

This Complaint at once ſhews us the diſtreſsful State of *Cicero*, and what was at the bottom of all his Poetical Compliment to *Cæſar*; ſo that whatever Party he took to, no political Amity found him ſecure or ſatisfied; unleſs his utmoſt Ambition was to ſhew, that he had left nothing in his Power unattempted (however unavailing) to ſave the ſinking Liberty of his Country. And yet if thoſe bare Attempts to ſave it deferred, but for one precious Day, that fatal Calamity, it was at leaſt a temporary Merit that ought not to paſs without its Praiſes; for certainly to the cautious Conduct of *Cicero* (however temporizing it might ſeem to be) was in a great meaſure owing the yet unbroken Unity of the Triumvirate, which, tho' it was at beſt too great an Evil, yet while their Power preſerved its Equality, it was ſtill exerciſed with more Lenity and indurable Regard to Form and conſtitutional Order than could be hoped for, had their broken League ſooner thrown the Reins of Government into the Hands of a ſingle abſolute Maſter.

But, not to give *Cicero* more than his ſhare of this Merit; after the Death of *Julia* (which happened at this time) it ſoon appeared that this continued Harmony of the Triumvirate had not been wholly owing to the well-meaning Labours of *Cicero:* This Lady being the Daughter of *Cæſar*, and the Wife of *Pompey*, her filial and conjugal Affection was a conſtant Check upon any irregular Difference that began to ſhew itſelf between them, ſome of which Appearances *Cicero* alone could not ſo effectually

prevent or repel. But the moſt obdurate of them (according to *Lucan*) this eminent Lady was able to ſoften.

------ *tu ſola furentem*
Inde virum poteras, atque hinc retinere Parentem.

Thy pious Power alone, the fatal Rage
Of jarring Lord or Father could aſſuage.

As from the Loſs of *Julia*, then, the Triumvirate could not be far from its Diſſolution, ſo every ſingle Man of it, when diſengaged, would of courſe become more impatient to be himſelf the only Maſter: The Death of *Craſſus* too happening ſoon after, left the two remaining Competitors, *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, but each of them one Step more to the height of their Ambition. And our Hiſtory tells us,

P. 524.

" THE Republic was in ſo great a Diſorder, that no-
" thing leſs than a *Dictatorial* Power could reduce it to
" a tolerable Eſtate, *&c.*

This being their wretched Condition, the Sharpneſs of their Remedy (a *Dictator*) began to be leſs terrible to them, eſpecially while there was ſo ſure a Check upon *Pompey* as *Cæſar* (for as yet *Pompey* ſeems to have been concluded the Man.) And yet, that *Pompey* had a better Title to it than *Cæſar*, has never been made clear to us by any Writer of the *Roman* Hiſtory; not that at the ſame time

it

it is pretended that *Cæſar*, any more than *Pompey*, had any juſt Title at all; for indeed, where Violence was the only remaining Authority, how was it poſſible that the higheſt Superiority could be claimed from any Right more lawful than that of the ſtronger Arm? And ſince to *that* only could the Cauſe appeal, to which ever Party the Poſſeſſion was decreed, it gave as good a Title as the Neceſſity of a ruined State could confer. As to the Pretenſions or Intereſts on which the ruling Power of theſe two great Competitors was formed, our Hiſtory, in the laſt Paragraph of this Volume, tells us, that

P. 552.

" THE Senate was generally in *Pompey*'s Intereſt, *&c.*
" determined to humble the Pride and Ambition of
" *Cæſar* by recalling him from his Government; whilſt
" *Cæſar*, truſting to the Strength of his Troops, re-
" ſolved to keep Poſſeſſion of it, in defiance of all their
" Votes, *&c.*

The plain Meaning of which is, that the Senate rather choſe to have *Pompey* for their Maſter than *Cæſar:* But *Cæſar*, not chooſing to have any Maſter at all, was reſolved to be his own Man, upon a Preſumption that he had as good a right to defend his Perſonal Liberty, as either *Pompey* or the Senate had to take it away from him, it being leſs painful to ſo high a Spirit to fall by Force, than by Submiſſion; or ſince the Maſtery of the

World was to be raffled for, *Cæſar* might think it a Folly not to take his Chance for the Prize.

Thus we ſee the Pride and Inſolence of the *Roman Glory* is at laſt brought home to its own Doors, and the ſame inſatiate Thirſt of Dominion that had ſo long been ravaging their innocent Neighbours, is now, for want of more barbarous Employment, tearing out its own guilty Bowels.

How theſe dreadful Parties proſecuted their different Reſolutions, and what ſort of Character *Cicero* maintain'd during theſe memorable Conteſts, will chiefly be conſidered in the next Volume.

OBSERVA-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

SECOND VOLUME.

Section VII.

NOTHING gives us a ſtronger Caſt of *Cicero*'s Temper, than his affecting to undervalue his Provincial Government of *Cilicia*, to which he was now advanced, and where he had gained more (moral) Glory than in any one Scene of his Life: Yet ſo it was, the aſpiring Soul of *Cicero* thought no ſublunary Glory deſirable that did not blaze and crackle in its Operation; and, in his Senſe, not to be a Leader in *Rome* was a Glory loſt that no inferior Dominion could ſupply; for though we are told

P. 15.

THAT from this *Cilician* Employment

" He reſolved to derive freſh Glory, by leaving the " Innocence and Integrity of his Adminiſtration as

" a

" a Pattern of Government to all ſucceeding Pro-
" conſuls.

Of which accompliſhed Reſolution too, our Hiſtory ſhews us ſeveral great and extraordinary Inſtances; though in this Adminiſtration, I ſay, he had thrown into actual Practice thoſe various Virtues of which, as a private Man, he had hitherto only recommended the Precepts; and tho' he had ſeen to his coſt, that to mend the Morals of *Rome* was not within the reach of human Policy, Benevolence, or Wiſdom, yet could he with *that* only, nor with any leſs glorious Atchievement, be contented. In vain, therefore, had the ſalutary uſe of his Power in *Cilicia* ſhewn him more *intrinſically* glorious than all the magnified Labours of his *Roman* Patriotiſm; for ſo quiet, ſo confined an Eminence, ſuch Simplicity of Virtue, alas! " had no Charms for *Cicero*, the thing itſelf was quite
" diſagreeable to his Temper. (*P.* 3.)

And truly a Temper more delicately difficult to pleaſe we ſeldom meet with; yet was not this diſtaſte more extraordinary than the Reaſons for it, which, in the Latin Note of the ſame Page, are given us in *Cicero*'s own Words, *viz.*

Totum negotium non eſt dignum viribus noſtris qui majora onera, in Republicâ, ſuſtinere & poſſem & ſoleam.

" The whole Affair was too inconſiderable for a Man
" of my Strength and Capacity, who am able as ever
" to ſuſtain, as I uſed to do, the weightier Buſineſs of
" the Republic.

Now

Now when the plain Meaning of this high-ſoul'd Greatneſs is inquired into, will the Wiſdom of it ſay more than this? that this paltry Glory, this obſcure Exerciſe of his Virtue, in a private Province, ſtood in no competition with his more loudly meritorious Attempt to cure an incurable Government at home? How officious, how chimerical a Paſſion, how blind a Concluſion! But Vanity, we ſee, is not apt to think Virtue its own Reward; nor will even private Intereſt come up to its Price or its Deſires, which nothing but the noiſy Voice of Fame, whether true or falſe, can gratify; for ſo fixed was the Heart of *Cicero* upon waſhing this *Æthiop*, his own incorrigible Country, that no Regard to the Advancement of his Fortune could tempt him from his Attention to it. For, contrary to the lucrative Deſire of former Governors, he made all poſſible Intereſt to be recalled at the end of the Year, and for what? why, leſt in his too long Abſence from *Rome* ſome other buſy Patriot ſhould take his impracticable Office out of his Hands; as if to be at the Helm in a Storm at *Rome* was a more eligible Station, than to make a proſperous fair-weather Voyage in *Cilicia*.

Tho' in ſo mixed a Mind it may be hard to ſay, whether the Virtue or the Vanity was predominant; or tho' the well-meaning Vanity of proſecuting a pious Action to no purpoſe will be always venial, yet whatever wants our Pardon can have but very little Demand upon our Admiration.

As

As to the military Part of his Commiſſion, he ſeems to have executed it (for a Man of the Gown) with Succeſs and Honour enough; a little done, where leſs was expected, has the appearance of a great deal, and *Cicero* ſtanding in this favourable Light, might poſſibly incline the Soldiery to think, that a tolerable military Merit, adorned with ſo extraordinary a civil Character, might juſtify their giving him the Appellation of *Emperor*, which they accordingly ſaluted him with, and probably with the leſs Heſitation, as they knew themſelves muſt be, in ſome ſort, Partakers of the Honour they were to confer upon the General under whom they had fought. It may be farther imagined, that ſo high a Title acquired by a Man of *Cicero*'s Fondneſs for Glory, muſt make him naturally impatient for the utmoſt Honours that could add to its Luſtre. We are therefore as little to wonder that *Cicero* the *Emperor* ſhould *entertain hopes* of a Triumph, as that *Cato* the Patriot (who choſe not to make thoſe Honours too common, nor ſuffered even his Perſonal Friendſhip to connive at the Grant of them) ſhould be a little ſtiff in his Compliance with theſe extraordinary Hopes of *Cicero*, to whom, in ſo tender a Point, the leaſt Coldneſs from *Cato* was, it ſeems, ſo inſupportable, that in his familiar Epiſtles he thus breaks out upon it,

Pardon me, if I cannot bear ſuch Uſage!

Whatever the Uſage was, if *Cicero* was humble enough to deſire Pardon for his Impatience upon it, it would be almoſt

almoſt cruel to refuſe it him: But what good will our Candour do him? The Caſe will ſtand juſt as it did; the Stiffneſs of *Cato* will ſtill be as juſtifiable as if *Cicero* had never been angry at it at all.

Upon the whole; if *Cato*, who had a great Eſteem for *Cicero*, was ſo cold to his Suit of a Triumph, we ought, at leaſt, in deference to the Judgment of *Cato*, to ſuppoſe *Cicero* muſt have been a little defective in his Pretenſions to it: But *Cicero*'s Philoſophy was not ſo rigid as to regard the uſual Envy that was apt to attend unmerited Honours; and it may rather be a Queſtion, whether without the Envy, the Triumph would not have loſt half its Charms for him. This, however, is one of thoſe ſplendid Frailties which ſometimes Men of the greateſt Eminence have not reſiſted. But it is time to relieve the Glory of *Cicero* from its narrow Confinement in *Cilicia*, and to bring him back to *Rome*, where the *majora onera* he was ſo fond of gave him field enough, where the public Diſtractions had cut him out more Work than he could maſter.

P. 43.

THE unavoidable Breach between *Pompey* and *Cæſar* now approaching, turned all Mens Eyes upon ſo intereſting an Event, and almoſt drove the neutrally-inclined into their choice of a Party. Here, then, that Irreſolution which *Cicero* had been often charged with, ſeemed to be more excuſable than ever; for, that neither the Cauſe of

Pompey or of *Cæſar* had any legal Pretenſions, can admit of no Diſpute; and therefore, as the Neceſſity of chooſing this or that Side could be enjoined by no Law at all, ſo the choice of either muſt be equally innocent or guilty, it being too evident that whichever Party might prevail, the public Good or Liberty were to expect very little Mercy from the Victor. In this caſe *Cicero* might naturally be divided between his Perſonal Obligations and his Opinion of which of the two Enemies (for ſuch they both were) might be leaſt injurious to his Country; a Point in which a more reſolute Patriot than *Cicero* might have wavered. From the equal Badneſs of their Cauſes then, *Cicero* had properly but one unblameable Courſe to take, that of a Mediator: If he could have reconciled theſe imperial Rivals, he had amply returned his Obligations to them both, and poſſibly might have ſaved to his Country ſome floating Privileges from this Wreck of its Conſtitution. All within his Power, therefore, he laudably attempted; he had private Interviews with each of them, wherein, according to his own Account, *Pompey*, to whom he was inclined, appeared inflexible, and *Cæſar* the more placable. How exactly does this Account tally with the generally-received Characters of theſe two great Men? that the one could bear no Equal, and the other no Superior.

Nec quenquam jam ferre poteſt Cæſarve *priorem*,
Pompeiuſve *parem* ------- Lucan.

Sure,

Sure, then, in theſe different Principles, *Cæſar* comes nearer to the Commonwealth's-man than *Pompey*. *Pompey*'s *no Equal* has a viſible Tincture of offenſive Ambition; while *Cæſar*'s *no Superior*, at moſt, aſpires but to *a Share* in commanding. But of this, more in its Place.

The occaſional Facts that precede this memorable Rupture between *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, and which till the twenty following Pages may paſs unobſerved, that nothing may interrupt us till we come to the Rupture itſelf, which having kindled the moſt dreadful Civil Wars (or *pluſquam civilia*) that ever blazed in Hiſtory, will now more effectually engage our Reflexion.

P. 63.

AFTER ſeveral Difficulties, Doubts, Debates, and political Schemes, to make bad matters worſe, at laſt the Senate (without any notice taken of the People's Right to confirm or reject it) came to this bold Reſolution, That

Cæſar *ſhould diſmiſs his Army by a certain Day, or be declared an Enemy*, &c.

Does not the very Menace in this Vote imply a Doubt or Apprehenſion of its not being obey'd? and whence could that Doubt come but from a Conſciouſneſs of their Severity in taking his Command from *Cæſar* before the time of its legal Duration was expired? Was this a Treatment that the high Spirit of *Cæſar* could comply with, or quietly bear? Or, indeed, if he *would* have born it,

where, at that time, was the Policy of it? What Good was the Senate or the Public to reap by it? Would they have had leſs reaſon to be afraid of *Pompey*'s Power, becauſe *Pompey* then muſt have had leſs reaſon to be afraid of *Cæſar*; while they were both Rivals, they could be but *Candidates* for Empire; but when one of them was deſtroyed, the other of courſe became equal to their Maſter duly elected. Could they then imagine that *Cæſar*, whoſe Strength (ſays our Hiſtory, *P.* 67.) *lay not in the Goodneſs of his Cauſe, but of his Troops*, would chooſe to come from the Head of them merely to humble himſelf into a private innocent Man, and to depend upon the Favour of *Pompey* for his future Preferment? Or if this was really what their Wiſdom propoſed by their ſage and ſober Vote, why, at leaſt, when they knew *Cæſar* was ſo formidable in the Field, would they not previouſly chooſe to ſoften him into Obedience by giving him a reaſonable Hope that ſome ſuch *great* and *gracious* Honour ſhould be ſecured to him? But, perhaps, the Neglect of this Civility might be owing to the *ſic volo* of *Pompey*, whoſe Diſregard of *Cæſar* might not as yet have given them his Orders to make him any ſuch Propoſal; *his* Orders I call them, becauſe whatever at this time was propoſed in the Senate went but very ſlowly forward, that had not an eye to the Intereſt or Good-liking of *Pompey*. It would therefore be the greateſt Abſurdity to ſuppoſe ſo raſh and enterprizing a Vote could have come from them *ex mero motu*, as the free and voluntary act of their own pious

Care

Care of the Public. No, had that been their Caſe, had they been their own Maſters, it can admit of no doubt but that *Pompey*, as well as *Cæſar*, would have had the ſame disbanding Vote paſſed upon him too. But *Cæſar* being then abroad, and *Pompey* at home, they naturally choſe to be moſt afraid of the Danger that was neareſt to them. Or, if this was not the whole Reaſon of ſetting *Cæſar* at defiance, let us more cloſely inquire into the reſt of it. *Pompey*, they knew, had for ſome time had it in his Power to ſeize upon the Government; but to come at it with a better Grace, he entertained a phlegmatic Hope that a moderate and gentle uſe of that Power would more plauſibly prevail on the Diſtreſſes of the State to make him a voluntary Offer of the Empire: But ſtill, this he could never hope to accompliſh, while *Cæſar* ſo viſibly ſtood in his way to it, whom therefore he had no Expedient ſo effectually to remove, as by procuring the Sanction of the Senate to disband his Army: That this was his View in his firſt breaking with *Cæſar* will more evidently appear from *Cicero*'s Account of his Interview with *Pompey*, which tells us, That

P. 60.

" As to public Affairs, he talked in ſuch a Strain as if
" a War was inevitable without giving the leaſt hopes of
" an Accommodation.

While

While ſuch was the Diſpoſition of *Pompey*'s Mind, we can be no longer in doubt from whence came this peremptory Vote upon *Cæſar*.

Thus the Government *de jure* having utterly loſt its Power, the only debateable Queſtion now was, Whether *Pompey* or *Cæſar* ſhould be the ſole Governor *de facto*. A melancholy Election for Liberty! Nor had it a better appearance to *Cicero*, who tells us (*P.* 62.) "That which "ſide ſoever got the better, the War muſt neceſſarily "end in a Tyranny; the only difference was, that if "their Enemies conquered, they ſhould be proſcribed; if "their Friends, be Slaves..

This being the moſt equal light that the Cauſe of *Pompey* or of *Cæſar* can ſtand in, we muſt either ſuppoſe, that had *Cæſar*, in obedience to the Senate, disbanded his Army, the Public Liberty would have been of courſe reſtored; or that if it would not (as there is not the moſt diſtant Pretence to ſay it would) it then muſt follow, that whether *Pompey* or *Cæſar* had prevailed, it could have wrought no different Conſequence to the *Roman* Liberty, the Ruin of which, under the ſole Dominion of either, muſt (as *Cicero* confeſſes) have been equally inevitable: Let this be granted, and neither the Virtue or the critical Learning of Poſterity will ever think this Cauſe a diſputable Point, or give the leaſt Preference to the Pretenſions of either of theſe celebrated Competitors. 'Tis true, they may tell us, that *Pompey* had the fairer Appearance in the Senate's Support. Yes, but in nothing

nothing more than Appearance; not by their free and independent Choice, but by the palpable Terror of his Arms; nor from their opinion of his any better Intentions to the Public than they conceived of *Cæſar*'s; but the plain Truth is, that, in this Situation, they rather choſe to let *Pompey*'s Orders ſeem to be their own, than that any thing ſhould appear to be tranſacted without their Authority. If *Cæſar* then was not ſo tame as the Senate in yielding up his Liberty, or refuſed to obey the Mandate of an intimidated Authority, rather chooſing, if he could not live like a *Roman*, to die like *Cæſar*; will this ſtand in no Excuſe for him? Or will it be too partially favourable, ſhould we call his ſlighting ſuch a Senate an almoſt laudable Ambition? For never ſure can it be urged that *Cæſar*'s *diſobeying* them was a more criminal Infringement of the Public Liberty than was *Pompey*'s keeping them in fear of him. And yet again, if the Preſumption of either their diſobeying or commanding could be mitigated by Appearances, *Cæſar*, by his offering to lay down his Arms, provided *Pompey* might be under the ſame Obligation, at the ſame time made an Advancement to the Patriot which *Pompey* had not Virtue enough to diſſemble. And tho' it may have been objected, that this Compliance of *Cæſar* was all but Grimace, without the leaſt Intention of his making it good; yet, as this is but an imaginary Charge, it ought at leaſt to have been brought to a Proof before *Cæſar* could be juſtly condemned upon it. But *Pompey*'s abſolutely,

lutely, and without Heſitation, refuſing the Propoſal was an open Declaration that no peaceable Terms ſhould prevail upon him to part with a grain of his Power. While *Pompey*, therefore, lies under this Imputation, he ſtands in a leſs favourable Light, or was rather a more notorious Offender than *Cæſar*.

But, in this memorable Cauſe, the rigid Accuſers of *Cæſar* treat him notwithſtanding as the *immediate* Deſtroyer of the *Roman* Liberty; whereas, were it conſidered in how long and loſt a Condition this boaſted Liberty had groaned, before *Cæſar* was in a Capacity to lift a Hand againſt it, methinks a great deal of this heinous Accuſation ought to be abated; not but if they will honeſtly come down to the Truth, and only ſay, He manfully defied all Power or pretended Authority that would have taken from him his *own* Liberty, as far as that can make him criminal, let the Obloquy remain a proportionable Flaw in his Glory. Yet, view him in his moſt diſadvantageous Light, even his Ambition will preſerve a Luſtre in its Conduct that will always excite our Admiration; for when, at laſt, in this Wreck of the Republic, He, as the boldeſt Pilot, placed himſelf at the Helm, and ſtill kept the *Roman* Glory from ſinking; when (by whatever means) he took this corrupted Government into his Care, and, without the arbitrary Amputation of a ſingle Limb, preſerved it into a wholſom Monarchy, what one real Grievance had they to complain of that was not merely nominal and imaginary? Could *Cæſar*'s ſole and ſenſible Will

Will be more tyrannical than their Republican Anarchy? Were Wiſdom, Clemency, Order, Peace, and Affluence, no longer public Bleſſings, becauſe they were the Gift of *Cæſar*? Or were their daily unpuniſhed Violences no public Calamities, becauſe their own many-headed Licence committed them? In ſo diſſolute and fierce a Government, then, *Cæſar* being reduced to be the Slave or the Maſter, boldly *threw the Die* for his Fate, and in defiance of the *Pompeian* Senate, paſſed the *Rubicon.*

Here his amazing Intrepidity ſeems to ſeize upon our Attention. Here he becomes an Object of the greateſt military Terror that ever ſhook this mighty Empire with Conſternation. Upon his paſſing this forbidden Rivulet, all the Paſſions in the whole human Syſtem were in various Agitation; the Great, the Vulgar, the Patriot, the Parricide, the Abandoned, and the Virtuous, had now their Fears, Hopes, Rage, Reſentment, or Ambition, raiſed or ſunk into Triumph or Dejection. Such are the Reflexions which on this Event muſt naturally occur to every ſenſible Reader, or ſuch at leaſt are what the Candid might wiſh to be awakened to.

Whether *Cæſar* foreſaw the ſurprizing Conſequence of ſo deſperate an Action, is hard to ſay; and yet, unleſs we inſiſt that the critical Advantage he gained by it was more than human Penetration *could* foreſee, we ought not totally to give Fortune all the Merit of his Succeſs: But let us obſerve the Conſequence, and from thence form our Judgment.

P. 74.

CICERO looks upon his paſſing the *Rubicon* as a *kind of Madneſs*; but this Opinion ſeems chiefly to be grounded upon a Preſumption that *Cæſar*'s greateſt Hope was to intimidate *Pompey* or the Senate into Conceſſions by ſo bold and ſudden an Enterprize: And though, it is true, they were equally bold in provoking him by their Defiance, when (according to our Hiſtory) *they were in no condition to oppoſe him*; yet as *Cæſar* could not but know of their being ſo unprepared for him, his Succeſs may be as reaſonably aſcribed to his Foreſight as to his Fortune. Be this as it may, all *Italy* was ſo alarmed at his Approach, that tho' *Pompey* was forced *to talk big* to the People to keep up their Spirits till they were better able to make head againſt *Cæſar*, yet ſo little was the effect of it, that when *Pompey* himſelf *ſubmitted to the Diſgrace of* flying before him, and of *giving up* Italy *as a Prey to his Enemy*, ſeveral of the principal Senators thought it as little diſhonourable to follow him.

As to the military Conduct on either ſide in this memorable War, I ſhall be very ſparing of my Obſervations, from a Conſciouſneſs that I am in no wiſe qualified to make them, my Point being chiefly to keep in view the moral or political Characters of *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, and of *Cicero*.

P. 79.

P. 79.

A divided People in Arms ſeldom ſpeak well of one another: Thus when *Cæſar* grew dangerous, it is not at all ſtrange the oppoſite Party ſhould endeavour to make him odious; for to no better Cauſe can we impute "the "Notion that at this time prevailed through *Italy* of "*Cæſar*'s *cruel* and *revengeful Temper*. Nay even *Cicero* (whom we might think ſhould have a clearer Knowledge of Men) ſays in many of his Letters, ſpeaking of *Cæſar*, that *he would be a ſecond* Phalaris, *not a* Piſiſtratus; *a bloody*, *not a gentle Tyrant*: And this aggravating Inference he partly draws "from the Nature of *Cæſar*'s "preſent Enterprize, and above all from the Character "of his Friends and Followers, who were, generally "ſpeaking (as he ſays) a needy, profligate, and audacious Crew. This ſeems to be a very grovelling way of attacking *Cæſar* or his Army. As to his Enterprize, it was hitherto not in any view more an Act of Cruelty than of Self-preſervation, nor had it ſo much that Appearance of Severity as had the Indignity offered to *Cæſar* by the Senate's ungracious Endeavour to disband him; or as had their ſcandalous Violence offered to the Tribunes, who had a legal Right to oppoſe, as they did, the Decree, till they were forced, for the Security of their Lives, to fly diſguiſed into the Camp of *Cæſar*. And of all Cruelties, that which is committed by Ingratitude is of the blackeſt Complexion. But then to ſay *Cæſar*

muſt be cruel becauſe his Followers were inſinuated to be a crew of Profligates, &c. is ſo impotent an Inference, that one almoſt bluſhes to ſee the *Ipſe dixit* of *Cicero* expoſed to ſupport it: For there certainly was a time when theſe Followers were all Heroes with *Cicero*, they being ſtill the ſame Ragamuffins that had done glorious Buſineſs abroad for the Republic under the ſame Command of *Cæſar*, and did it as effectually (valiant Raſcals as they were) as if they had been all Saints or Patriots. Let us be ſo juſt then to *Cæſar*, as to think a little better of his Followers: Or let them have been what they will, it could not be more ſcandalous or cruel in him, than it has been in the Senate to have made uſe of them. But of all this Party-dirt that has been thrown upon *Cæſar*, in the next Page (80) we ſhall find not one Grain will ſtick upon him; for there it is ſaid,

" There was no real Ground for any of theſe Suſpicions. And that *Cæſar*, with all his reproached Ambition,

" *Had from the Obſervation of paſt Times, and the* " *Fate of former Tyrants*, laid it down for a Maxim, " *That Clemency in Victory was the beſt means of ſecuring* " *the Stability of it.*

With ſuch political Juſtice did *Cæſar* govern what is called his moſt criminal Paſſion. Of this Clemency, in the ſame Page, he ſhews us a noble Example in his *generous Diſmiſſion of* Domitius, *and all the other Senators who fell into his Hands* upon the Surrender of *Corfinium*. This, ſays our Hiſtory,

" Made

" Made a great Turn in his favour.

And on the contrary,

" *Pompey*, on the other hand, appeared every Day " more and more deſpicable, by flying before an Enemy " whom his Pride and Perverſeneſs was ſaid to have driven " to the *Neceſſity* of taking Arms.

If a Hiſtory not written in his favour allows *Cæſar* to have been under this *Neceſſity*, why are we obliged to think him quite ſo black a Devil as ſome rigid Patriots have painted him?

P. 81.

EVEN *Cicero* is at laſt ſo ſoftned with the Clemency of *Cæſar*, that he ſent him " a Letter of Compliment " and Thanks upon it: to which, in the next Page, we have *Cæſar*'s ſenſible Anſwer, confeſſing the agreeable Impreſſion which *Cicero*'s Compliment had made upon his Humanity. Now, as our Hiſtory does not call it criminal in *Cicero* to hold ſo amicable a Correſpondence with a declared Enemy of his Country, it muſt be a ſign that whatever Opinion he had of his Cauſe, *Cicero* had no bad one of the Man: A peculiar Gift this, of *Cæſar*, to make himſelf ſo amiable an Enemy!

Having thrown in this Obſervation to balance the cenſurable Part of *Cæſar*'s Conduct, it is but juſt that as equal weight ſhould be allowed with the Failings of *Cicero*, which whatever they were, took ſo little from his remaining Value, that he ſtill ſupported the greateſt Civil

Character

Character in the State; otherwiſe theſe two military Troublers of the World's Repoſe, *Pompey* and *Cæſar*, would not have made it (as by their preſſing Letters to him it appears they did) ſo great a Point of Policy to gain him. In his Reply to theſe Letters it is only obſervable that *Cicero* generally commends *Cæſar*, and is as often diſguſted with *Pompey*.

Many of the following Pages are filled with farther literary Expoſtulations between *Cicero* and ſeveral of the great Men who at this time chiefly governed or diſturbed the State; but as they are moſtly filled with political Craft, whether in good or bad Meaſures, that prevailed on neither ſide, little better than dry Obſervations can be made upon them. Let us therefore look forward to ſome intereſting Fact that may more immediately warm us to wiſh well to one Party or the other.

P. 104.

AS to the Violence or Impiety committed by *Cæſar*, in *breaking open the Temple of* Saturn, *and forcing from thence the public Treaſure*, how can we juſtly excuſe or condemn it, while the common Diſregard of the Laws at that time ſuffered no Commiſſion to do either? For as *inter arma ſilent leges*; ſo, where the Sword is the Law, it will always be the Judge and the Executioner. This is ſo true, that " the leaving the public Trea-" ſure at *Rome* a Prey to *Cæſar* is cenſured more than " once by *Cicero* as one of the *Blunders* of his Friends; tho'

tho' he knew the written *Laws* permitted them not upon this Occaſion to remove it: But the Conſuls being more pious Obſervers of the Law than *Cicero* wiſhed them to be, contented themſelves with only *carrying away the Keys*, fancying that the Sanctity of the Place would ſecure it from Violence. This Fancy of the Conſuls, methinks, riſes not much higher in Wiſdom than that of the *Iriſh-man*, upon the Dog's running away with his Sheeps-head; *Pooh! let him take it* (ſaid he) *upon my Shoule he does not know how to dreſs it*; *noa fait, I have the Receipt for that ſaafe enough in my Pocket!* But *Cæſar*, it ſeems, wanted no Sauce to his Mutton; the Conſcience of a Warrior, and a canine Appetite, ſeldom uſe to be dainty.---- Tho' the learned Reader may have no reliſh for this Levity upon ſo ſerious a Subject, perhaps the Illiterate may be thankful for the Familiarity of a Stile that ſometimes comes down to his Underſtanding. And tho', I confeſs, nothing ſeems more unpardonable or low-minded in an Author than a vicious Endeavour to ſully or depreciate, with Flirts of frivolous Wit or Humour, the memorable Actions of great Men whom Hiſtory has delivered down to us as Objects of Praiſe or Emulation, yet to let all paſs for Gold that has the colour of it, to ſee only with others Eyes, to be borne along by the common Stream of Opinion, or to take every thing for criminal or virtuous that has been called ſo, may be running into a contrary Error, and be ſometimes as great Proof of our Facility or Weakneſs, as the other of a malevolent Sufficiency. But let us

ſee

ſee what our learned Author thinks of this Matter himſelf, who, upon this unfortunate Caution of the Conſuls not offending the Law, has the following natural Reflexion,

" It is a common Caſe in civil Diſſenſions, for the " *honeſter Side*, through the fear of diſcrediting their " Cauſe by an irregular Act, to ruin it by an unſeaſon- " able Moderation.

Yet, till it is proved to us which was the *honeſter* Side, how can we honeſtly ſay to which Side the Treaſure more juſtly belonged? If to *Pompey*'s, was it not as unpardonable a Breach of Truſt in them to leave it within the reach of their declared Enemy *Cæſar*, to whom by the Laws of War (the only Law then in force) it became lawful Plunder; as it would have been a military Weakneſs in *Cæſar* not to have made uſe of it?

P. 113.

CICERO, after full Deliberation, thinks it his *Duty* to follow *Pompey*, &c. for which the beſt Reaſon he gives us is, that

" Though from the nature of the War he plainly ſaw, " and declared, that it was *a Contention only for Rule*; " yet he thought *Pompey* the modeſter, honeſter and juſter " King of the two.

If we are to judge by the Facts in our Hiſtory, the kingly Qualities and Humanity of *Pompey* ſtand in no competition with thoſe of *Cæſar*; but that's a Point we need

need not inſiſt upon, becauſe till one of them *was* King, neither of them could have any Call upon his *Duty*; *Duty* would rather oblige him not to chooſe any King at all; and as he has allowed that the Public could reap no Benefit while their *Contention was only for Rule*, he might with equal Honeſty and Safety have ſtood neuter, like a *Carte-blanche*, to be filled up with the Will and Pleaſure of the Conqueror. Perhaps it might be aſcribing too much to the Sagacity of *Cicero*, or to the Generoſity of *Cæſar*, to ſuppoſe that *Cicero* judged it leſs hazardous to be the Captive of *Cæſar* than of *Pompey*, whoſe Clemency had never yet come up to that of *Cæſar* to his late Priſoners at *Corfinium*: Whether this might or might not be *Cicero*'s way of thinking, he afterwards found his Account in being no loſer, tho' of the beaten Party; for *Cæſar*, after his Victory at *Pharſalia*, rather choſe to make a Friend than an Example of ſo valuable an Enemy. *Cicero*, therefore, in his adhering to *Pompey*, only played a ſure Game. Had *Pompey* conquered, 'tis true, *Cicero* then might have triumphed; but as *Cæſar* proved the Victor, he was now no more than ſecure in his Clemency, or but in full poſſeſſion of his Eaſe by his Generoſity.

As to the various Events of the War till the Defeat of *Pompey* at *Pharſalia*, they will call for very little Obſervation farther, than that *Cicero* (*P.* 115.) ſoon repented of embarking in a Cauſe ſo imprudently conducted, *&c.* " and found himſelf even blamed by *Cato* for coming to " them at all, and deſerting that neutral Poſt which might

" have given him the better Opportunity of bringing about " an Accommodation.

If ſo firm a Patriot as *Cato* thought an Accommodation adviſeable, was it not a Confeſſion that *Cæſar* had ſomething in his Cauſe of the Sufferer, as well as of the Offender? or that Pardon and Juſtice were equally wanting on both ſides? Or, to be a little more confident on the ſide of *Cæſar*, may not the Fame of *Cato*'s Integrity, which has almoſt paſſed for infallible with Poſterity, have a good deal prejudiced us againſt the more enterpriſing Spirit of *Cæſar*? For, had *Rome* at this time been Miſtreſs of herſelf, both *Pompey* and *Cæſar* muſt have equally obey'd her, as Servants of the public Peace. But however, neither *Cato* or *Cicero*, in their preferring *Pompey*'s Arms to *Cæſar*'s, ſeem to have conſidered that tho' her Government was not *legally* changed, it was ſo viſibly altered by *Time* and *Accidents*, that it had now as much the appearance of an elective Monarchy as of a Republic, its ancient Liberty having ſcarce any one Privilege left but that of voting by the Sword, what ſhould be the Name of the Man that was to deſtroy it?

When the Rupture, therefore, between *Cæſar* and *Pompey* became irreconcileable, we are no longer to wonder at, or ſcarce to cenſure any Outrage or Violence that was committed on either ſide. The *Romans* now ought as much to be conſidered under a State of Nature, as under any ſettled Government. So that whether the Tribunes (as above) by their locking up the public Treaſure from

from *Cæſar*, or *Cæſar* by ſecuring it from *Pompey*, were more or leſs blameable, will ſcarce admit of any moral Queſtion at all; there being as much reaſon (according to the no-laws then in force) to prove either of them in the right as in the wrong. Ambition (whatever Army it is at the head of) has no time to ſtand upon Ceremonies, or to pay Compliments to Juſtice. Force is her Argument, and wherever that prevails, Conquerors never want a Title to whatever they can lay their Hands upon. This has been ſo long the Practice of the World, that a late modern Monarch of *France*, whenever he choſe to appeal to it, generally opened his Cauſe with his *ratio ultima Regum*, the audible Voice of his Cannon. And Arguments of that kind are never to be refuted but by diſmounting them. So that while this was the plain Practice on both ſides, the Honeſty of a Reader can have no great Concern for the Succeſs of one Party more than another. All that can gratify his Curioſity, or excite his Reflexion, is to know what good or bad uſe the Conqueror (whether *Pompey* or *Cæſar* might be the Man) made of that abſolute Power which Force and Fortune had intitled him to. The ſooner, therefore, to arrive at this critical Inquiry, let us poſtpone our Remarks upon whatever Events may ſtand in our way to it, without pauſing on the military Skill or Errors that gained or loſt this great deciſive Battle of *Pharſalia*. Let us make but one ſtep to the tremendous Conſequence, and ſee what effect

this Advancement to the higheſt Point of Glory had upon ſo conſummate a Genius as that of *Julius Cæſar*.

To ſee the Ambition of ſo great a Man, in the full Poſſeſſion of his Deſires, is a ſtrong Teſt of what Virtues Human Nature (ſubject as it is to Failings) is capable, is willing, or unable to purſue, or make the laudable Object of its unlimited Power.

Yet why ſhould we ſuppoſe a Soul ſo elevated as *Cæſar*'s could be ignorant of its Advantages, or could think that the Power of doing univerſal Good could have a Joy or Glory ſuperior to it? But here, alas! the ſtrongeſt Virtue will want Support, and muſt frequently depend upon the precarious Wiſdom of thoſe it means well to. For what avails the moſt extended Benevolence, where an impenetrable Heart or ſullen Pride is unwilling to be obliged by it? And ſince Opinion will ever be the Rate of the Good or Evil we receive, we muſt firſt ſuppoſe the whole Race of Man to be wiſe, or of one Opinion, before Omnipotence itſelf can univerſally make them happy.

Theſe then were the Difficulties which *Cæſar* found it eaſier to combat than to conquer. Liberty had ſtill ſo plauſible a Sound, that tho' the Subſtance had been long loſt by their egregious Abuſe of it, *Cæſar* was ſtill to hold his Sway with the Appearances of it, and therefore preſerved to them the nominal Offices and Magiſtracy of a Republic, tho' he ſaved them the trouble of their uſual bloody and outrageous Elections, by quietly appointing himſelf

himſelf the proper Perſons to fill the ſeveral Poſts of it. But, among the greater Men, *Cæſar* knew there was ſomething more piercing than the loſs of Liberty that galled them; to them, the Sight of one ſole Superior was inſupportable; a Grievance which he could only ſoften by laying on them the ſtrongeſt Obligations; not only by letting them taſte of his Clemency after they had been his Enemies in the Field, but by conferring on them the moſt honourable Offices in the quieted State: Yet neither theſe accepted Obligations, or the Tranquillity they might have enjoy'd them with, were of any force againſt a determined Conſpiracy, which afterwards proved as fatal to themſelves and their Country as to *Cæſar*.

Admitting then, that out of the Ruins of this ſelf-ſubverted Republic, *Cæſar* had for ſome time deſigned to erect a Monarchy, what more ſalutary Expedient could, in their preſent Diſtractions, be hoped for? Would *Pompey* have held the imperial Hand over them with more Gentleneſs than *Cæſar* did? Or in what had *Cæſar* more contributed to the Diſtreſſes of the State, which had reduced them to this Choice, than by his commiſſioned Conqueſts abroad, which, like thoſe of *Pompey*, by carrying the National Ambition to Extremities, had now made their military Merit too ſtrong for their Maſters to reward? when the Government, therefore, had been ſo long its own Tyrant, could their Liberty fall into worſe Hands than their Miſrule had thrown it? Did not the People under

under the ſhort Dominion of *Cæſar* taſte all the Sweets of Liberty but the Name? And did not that empty Name, under their own Government, tolerate all the outrageous Barbarity and Injuſtice of the moſt abſolute Tyranny? What ſort of Tyrant then would theſe fierce Aſſertors of Liberty make of *Cæſar*, who had ſo timeouſly prevented them from their own farther Deſtruction? But Envy, Ingratitude, and Faction have a different way of thinking, and will make a Devil of a Deity; for, as *Horace* well obſerves,

Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.
Nothing ſo bad that bad Men dare not do.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia, &c.

Or, as a bold Orator might ſwell it out,

" Heaven itſelf has had its fallen Angels,
" And *Cæſar* his Conſpirators.

But to be a little more methodical, for we are not yet come to the Death of *Cæſar*; let us in the mean time take a tranſient view of his Adminiſtration during the ſhort time he had this abſolute Power in his Hands.

Not to follow him then through the ſeveral fortunate or political Steps that advanced him to this imperial Throne, let us but juſt keep him in our Eye as he paſſes forward in his way to it.

After

After his Defeat of *Pompey* (for from that Day, tho' not in Form, yet in Fact, he became Maſter of the World) he followed him to *Ægypt*, where *Pompey* had been forced to take Refuge; but ſo terrible was the Fame of *Cæſar*'s Arms, that the timorous Prince of *Ægypt*, who owed his Kingdom to *Pompey*, trembled to repay the Obligation to the flying Enemy of *Cæſar*. So ill too did he judge of an heroic Mind, that inſtead of giving him Protection, he preſented the Head of *Pompey* on the Point of a Spear to *Cæſar*, as the ſureſt Proof of an Attachment to his Intereſts. But how was this Royal Wretch miſtaken! For tho' the *honourable* Death of *Pompey* could have been no cauſe of real Grief to *Cæſar*, yet when we are told that upon ſeeing him ſo ungratefully, ſo *inglorioufly* miſuſed, his Compaſſion dropt a Tear, there will need but little of our Partiality for *Cæſar* to allow that ſuch a Tear might be unaffected. When the Adverſaries of *Cæſar*, therefore, have no better a way of defaming him than by calling this a *diſſembled* Paſſion, it is a ſign their mean way of thinking is at a loſs for Matter of more moment to charge him with; but before we give them credit for this, let them bring us a modeſt Proof that there is not more of a blind Zeal for *Pompey*, than Truth againſt *Cæſar*, in the Aſſertion. For indeed, what Profit could *Cæſar* reap by wearing the Mask of ſo unwanted a Merit? Had not his barefaced great Qualities enough recommended him to his Friends, not to need any ſuch affected Supports? And to his Enemies he had ſhewn higher

higher Inſtances of his Humanity in his ſo frequently having granted Life, Liberty, and Pardon to the greateſt of them. No, Diſſimulation had no place in the Politics of *Cæſar*, tho' our Hiſtory (*P.* 134.) allows it was a remarkable Inſtrument in thoſe of *Pompey*. Nor indeed is it any great Compliment to *Cæſar*, to ſuppoſe him ſo humanly touched at the vile Uſage of *Pompey*; ſcarce a younger Brother, in common Life, but might naturally be as much concerned at the violent Death of an elder, tho' he were known to inherit his Eſtate by it. *Cæſar* had ſuch a Contempt for Diſſimulation, that he choſe not to make uſe of it, tho' to cover a real Frailty, in which, by his longer than needful Stay in *Ægypt*, he lay ſomething too looſely expoſed: Nor perhaps will it be any Plea in his Favour, tho' it ſhews us at the ſame time that his military Heart was not wholly engroſſed by Ambition; for in the midſt of Arms and Glory he was ſo abſolutely ſubdued by the (then full-blooming) Charms of *Cleopatra*, and wantonned away ſo much of his precious Time with her, that it

" Involved him in a deſperate War, to the hazard of " all his Fortunes.

And ſo far had his Gallantry upon her account neglected them, that *Cicero* tells us,

P. 138.

" HE was aſhamed to write any thing about it, till " he had extricated himſelf out of that Difficulty.

However

However this particular Frailty may have leſſened *Cæſar* in the rigid Opinion of Politicians and Philoſophers, yet by the ſofter Sex, perhaps, it may be looked upon in a more favourable light; let it too be ſome Extenuation of the Fair One's Frailty, that ſhe had Spirit enough to think,

None but the Brave deſerv'd the Fair. Dryden.

And ſure, at that time, a braver Man or a finer Woman in the World could not have been found out for one another.

[*Here it may be doubted whether the Author has not too far hazarded the Integrity, as well as the Gravity of his Character, by throwing in ſo youthful a Compliment to miſlead the Judgment of his handſom Readers in favour of* Cæſar.]

While *Cæſar*, then, was thus unbending the Hero with *Cleopatra*, his Enemies took advantage of that Interval to make *Afric* the Rendezvous of the remaining *Pompeian* Party, " where they had drawn together a more " numerous Army than his own, and talked of nothing " leſs than marching them to *Italy*, before he could re- " turn from *Ægypt* to intercept them.

Here again, before we can follow *Cæſar* to *Rome* (as was immediately intended) we are ſtopt in our way to obſerve upon the unfortunate Conduct of *Cicero*, whoſe timorous Deliberation in his Choice of a Party had at laſt

involved him in an unforeſeen Diſtreſs which very few Patriots but himſelf could have fallen into; for, after the Defeat of his choſen Maſter *Pompey* at *Pharſalia*, whatever Reaſon he had to be afraid of *Cæſar*'s Reſentment, whom he had deſerted, he was now under as much Apprehenſion from the Severity of the *Pompeians* (who while they were once more recovering to make head againſt *Cæſar*) had *declared all Men Enemies who were not actually in their Camp*; where *Cicero*, not having taken care to be preſent, had now brought his Condition to be, as he confeſſes, *intolerable* on both ſides. And from the ſtrong Inſtances which our Hiſtory (*P.* 142.) gives us of his *Unquietneſs* and *Deſpondency*, we cannot but ſay, that neither his Courage nor his Conſtancy were the occaſion of them. As indeed in moſt of his political Schemes his Inclination to Rectitude was ſtronger than his Heart to go through with it. Thus his frequent changing from and to the Intereſts of *Pompey* and of *Cæſar*, perſuades us that he neither loved, liked, hated, or adhered to either of them with any ſort of ſound Faith or Enmity.

But to know what is right, and to practiſe it, are Qualities that don't always meet in the ſame Perſon; the Precepts that *Cicero* left behind him are not at all the leſs valuable for his not being able to follow them: Moral Courage is not ſo much the Gift of Wiſdom as of Nature, and Nature will not be commanded to do what ſhe is not made for, or has not a mind to: Beſide, *Cicero* might

might be ſometimes the Dupe of his own Science, and perhaps more eaſily ſuffered his Fear to draw him into Errors, from a Preſumption that his Eloquence would be always able to extenuate or to juſtify them. 'Tis true, tho' this Speculation proves nothing, yet neither does it conclude or dictate to the Reader, but if there is Strength enough in the probable Truth of it to make the Conjecture excuſable, *Cicero* can have no great Wrong done him. Notwithſtanding all this unhappy want of Uniformity, Nature ſtill left him a great many laudable Qualities; he certainly had, in the main, a well-conditioned Heart; and tho' ſometimes his Vanity, and ſometimes his Fear, had too much the Government of it; yet theſe are Paſſions which puniſh themſelves, and carry very little natural Malice or intended Injury to others in the Indulgence of them. *Cæſar*, at leaſt, ſtill retained ſo good an Opinion of *Cicero*'s Genius and Credit in the State, that with all his Failings he invited him, by Acts of Eſteem and Favour, into his Intereſt. But this (it may be objected) *Cæſar* did only to ſerve the ends of his Ambition; not impoſſible! But is all Ambition equally injurious? If *Cæſar*'s Ambition could ſerve itſelf by real Acts of Generoſity or uncommon Virtue, was it not, in that at leaſt, leſs hateful than if it had made its way (as former Tyrants had, and as he might have done) by cruel Proſcriptions, by extirpated Families, and other ſanguinary Marks of military Vengeance? Yet if, with all this fruitleſs Extenuation of his milder Meaſures, the Cauſe of *Cæſar*'s

civil Arms is ſtill to be indelibly criminal, how then ſhall the Patriot *Cicero* be pardonable, who not only accepted of thoſe Favours from *Cæſar* (which a true Aſſertor of Liberty ought to have deſpiſed or fled from) but was at laſt ſo charmed with his Conqueror, that in a public Oration, ſpeaking of the civil War, he breaks out with this paſſively pious Concluſion, "

P. 175.

" THE Cauſe then was dubious, ſince there was " ſomething that might be ſaid on either ſide: But now, " that needs muſt be thought the beſt which the Gods " have favoured; *and after the Experience of your Cle-* " *mency, who can be diſpleaſed with that Victory* in which " no Man fell who was not actually in Arms? *&c.*

If, as *Cicero* ſuppoſes, no Man (then living) could be diſpleaſed with ſuch a Victory, we may very well ſuppoſe that no Man (now living) will think the *Romans*, in the rude and ruinous Condition they then were, could have any high cauſe of Complaint againſt the proſperous Ambition of *Cæſar*. But a little before (which ſhould have been firſt obſerved) *Cicero*, like an honeſt quiet-minded Man, to ſplit the difference into Equity between the two contending Cauſes, fairly puts the following Queſtion to *Cæſar*, viz.

" What other View had you in the War than to de- " fend yourſelf from Injury?

In

In this view, then, we muſt either let the Cauſe of *Cæſar* triumph, or we muſt condemn *Cicero* of the moſt ſervile Flattery; but if we call it Policy, he will be but upon a Par with *Cæſar*, who firſt played his Flattery upon *Cicero:* For *Cicero* could not have poſſibly any more Title to the Favour of *Cæſar*, than *Cæſar* had to the Compliments of *Cicero*.

Flattery, therefore, may be allowed as neceſſary to the Politician as to the Lover: Flattery brings as many hard Matters to bear in the Cabinet, as in the Bed-chamber; and as, at that time, it was rather more neceſſary for *Cicero*'s fair Words to hide his Diſlike of *Cæſar*, than it was for *Cæſar*'s to ſoften the Terrors of his Ambition by the Court he made to *Cicero*, *Cicero* had as little reaſon to be aſhamed of the civil things he ſaid to *Cæſar*, as *Cæſar* had to be aſhamed of the unmerited Favours he conferred upon *Cicero*. In all this, therefore, there is no great matter of wonder, for Politicians, however bold they may make with their private Morals, never make a trip in their public Manners; nor indeed, without a little of this Good-breeding on both ſides, would they be able to carry on any Buſineſs at all. This Reflexion, however, may be obſerved to make as bold with *Cæſar* as with *Cicero*. And yet the Flattery of *Cæſar* had a Greatneſs in its Mien that almoſt raiſed it to Sincerity, a Grace that *Cicero*'s had not the Spirit to come up to; for tho' *Cicero* fell off from his fair Promiſes, yet *Cæſar* as conſtantly forgave him, nor ever took any vindictive Advantage of his

his Levity. So little cauſe too had *Cicero* to complain of him as a Tyrant, that tho' *Cæſar* knew his Principles were *irreconcileable to his Adminiſtration*, he ſtill made his Life not only tolerable but eaſy to him; ſo intirely Maſter of his own Time and Actions had *Cæſar* left him upon his being called again into *Spain*, that our Hiſtory entertains us for many Pages following with little more than an Account of his ſeveral political and moral Works which then employed him, and which, without great leiſure and a Mind at eaſe, no man could be ſuppoſed to have gone through with.

Now when we view him in this Tranquillity, oppoſed to the late tempeſtuous Times he had been toſſed in, was it Gratitude in *Cicero* that he ſtill *frequently talked of* Cæſar *as the Oppreſſor of his Country?* Or were the recovered Sweets of Life, which *Cicero* was now taſting, all imbittered, becauſe the Generoſity of *Cæſar* had no Title to make them ſecure to him? If ſuch Indulgences were the Effect of Tyranny, what Name ſhould *Cicero* have given to that upright Republic that had baniſhed him? But ſuch Inchantment is there in the mere choſen *Name* of Government, that it can turn Injuries into Juſtice and Liberty into Oppreſſion. Now, in reality, wherein was *Cæſar*'s Uſurpation more a public Grievance than in the throwing Water upon a Houſe in Flames? Had not the Republic almoſt conſumed itſelf for want of ſuch Aſſiſtance? Or was it better that the whole had periſhed than that an uncommiſſioned Power ſhould have preſumed

to

to ſave the Remains of it? Was ſo unasked a Favour an Injury, when public Violence was grown too ſtrong for the old Laws; had not Neceſſity, when ſhe had no Laws, a right to form new ones for her own uſe? And what poſſible Power but that of *Cæſar* could have aſſiſted that Neceſſity to make them?

Tho' Form and Order may be indiſpenſable in the *quiet* Execution of Laws, yet there may be critical Seaſons or Times of Danger, when the breaking through them may be equally neceſſary, and which the *Roman* Republic, under their happieſt Settlement, thought it ſometimes adviſeable to comply with, and in ſuch Caſes made a temporary Dictator *to take care the Commonwealth came to no harm*, &c. Thus, by parity of Reaſon, when *Pompey* had by his intimidating Army made himſelf little leſs than ſuch a Dictator, had not *Cæſar* juſt as good a right to diſplace him? So that whatever Title was wanting to *Cæſar*'s Office, his Office at leaſt became neceſſary; and had he not executed it, this unfortunate Republic would have been in as ridiculous a Diſtreſs as was once a Queen of *Spain*, who, falling from her Horſe in the Field, was ſuffered for ſome time to lie with her Royal Nudities expoſed to the Air, becauſe the proper Perſon was not at hand to pull down her Petticoats.

All that is expected from the Application is but to enforce (what was before obſerved) that tho' the officious Power of *Cæſar* was not literally legal, it was apparently neceſſary to cover the Shame of the Commonwealth.

But

But to return to his Treatment of *Cicero.*

Notwithſtanding *Cæſar* plainly ſaw that the Compliments which *Cicero* had paid him were little better than Grimace, yet *Cicero* found himſelf ſo much at liberty, that he publiſhed a Treatiſe, wherein he ſhewed how much better he thought of *Cæſar*'s moſt immoveable Enemy *Cato*, than of *Cæſar* himſelf; in which all the fine things he had ſaid of *Cæſar* before were totally obſcured and obliterated by the ſuperior Encomiums he now beſtowed upon *Cato.* Yet even this Freedom was *Cæſar* ſo far from reſenting in a tyrannical manner, that he only took the equal Liberty of a private rational Diſputant to publiſh his *Anti-Cato* in Reply to it: And did it with ſuch Decency, that *Cicero*, (if he was not again reduced to his Flattery)

P. 213.

" Return'd him Thanks for the great Civility with " which he had treated him, and paid his Compliments " likewiſe in his turn, upon the Elegance of the Com- " poſition.

Such, and ſuch only were the tyrannical Strokes which fell from the Revenge of *Cæſar* upon thoſe who had taken the liberty even of the Preſs (if we may ſo call it) to cenſure or oppoſe him.

But however unapt this ſame Tyrant might be to reſent the Inſults of a conquered Party, yet much more quick and prompt was he to reſtrain the immoral Licences

or

or arbitrary Actions of his Adherents, of which he gave an illuſtrious Inſtance in the rough notice he took of his Friend *Antony*, who, preſuming upon his Favour, refuſed the Payment for thoſe Houſes of *Pompey* which he had bought at the public Auction; but *Cæſar*, governed by a different Principle, inſtantly obliged him to pay the ſtipulated Sums that were due for them.

Yet all theſe Qualities (ſay his penetrating Enemies) were only falſe Colours, political Engines, and the Arts of *Cæſar:* And what Patriot's Word are we to take for the Truth of this Diſcovery? But let them enjoy it. Whatever might be the Motive to this Juſtice of *Cæſar*, it was ſtill of that kind which might have preſerved the Public Liberty, had the pretended Champions of it been as viſibly Maſters of it as *Cæſar* was; or would they have been but ſo gracious to have as well diſſembled it. But if an Act equally uſeful to others, as the moſt viſible Virtue could be, is not to be allowed the *Name* of Virtue, it will ſtill be Ingratitude or Impudence in the Perſon relieved by it to undervalue or ſcandalize the Favour.

P. 222.

WE are now drawing forward to the Fall of *Cæſar*, ſo intereſting an Event of Terror, or a higher Example of the Inſtability of human Greatneſs has ſcarce its Parallel in the Records of Hiſtory. Take him then, as *Florus* ſays, " dreſſed in all his Trappings, like a Victim deſtined to " Sacrifice.

Let us ſuppoſe him thus ſeated on the imperial Throne, and with a majeſtically parental Eye looking round him for what moſt concerned his Virtue, Duty, or the Dignity of his Office to take care of, filling up the greateſt Poſts of Truſt and Honour with Men of Eminence, Courage and Capacity, while himſelf propoſed an Expedition againſt the *Parthians*, from whence *the freſh Laurels he hoped to gather by retrieving the Honour of the Empire againſt its moſt dreaded Enemy*, might reconcile the Male-contents (for ſuch ſtill there were) *to a Reign that was gentle and clement at home, ſucceſsful and glorious abroad.* Let us farther view him ſurrounded by the whole *Roman* Senate and People, all crowding to be foremoſt in his Favour, pouring upon this new *Father of their Country* (for ſo they now had called him) all the Honours and Titles, both human and divine, that Flattery, Fear, Duty, or Inclination could beſtow; yet in the midſt of this tumultuous Glory ſhall we find *Cicero* manfully ſtanding in the Gap of Liberty, determined, tho' unable,

" To reſtrain the Exceſs of this Complaiſance within " the Bounds of Reaſon.

As we have ſeen a Rock in a rapid River rudely ruffling the Stream only into a greater ſhew of its Strength. But *Cicero* loved to ſignalize himſelf, whether with or without Succeſs: Alas! was this a time to reaſon with a Torrent? Such Patriot Proweſs, without Numbers to ſupport it, reduces it to idle Virtue; as ſhould a Priſoner of War flatly inſiſt upon his Liberty becauſe he had no mind

mind to part with it: For when the Battle was over, and ſo clearly againſt him, it could have been no great Diſhonour to the vanquiſhed *Cicero*, had he been thankful for a little favourable Uſage from the Conqueror.

But to the Exceſs of theſe accumulated Honours is imputed the Infatuation of *Cæſar*'s Ambition, who,

" When he was actually poſſeſſed of every thing which " carried with it any real Power, wanted (ſtill) to be " called a King.

This indeed ſeems to be the moſt queſtionable point in all the good Senſe of *Cæſar*'s Politics, a Weakneſs, if it was real, ſcarce reconcileable to ſo ſublime an Underſtanding, which therefore obliges us to be cautious what Evidence we admit or reject before we intirely acquit, or abſolutely pronounce him guilty of it.

Let us ſee how far the following Fact will either way affect him, when, at the Feſtival of the *Lupercalia*, *Antony*,

P. 223.

" AT the head of his naked Crew, *made him the* " *Offer of a Regal Diadem, and attempted* to put it upon " his head, a *General Groan* diſapproved it from the whole " *Forum*; but upon *Cæſar*'s *ſlight* Refuſal of it, the Peo- " ple loudly teſtified their Joy by an univerſal Shout.

This Circumſtance ſeems to inſinuate (what has never been proved) that the Offering the Crown to *Cæſar* was a previouſly concerted Expedient between him and *Antony*

to feel the Pulſe of the People: To ſhorten the Queſtion then, let us ſuppoſe all this to be Fact, and ſee what will come out of it; not more than this, ſure, That *Cæſar* had a mind to be King, provided it could be with the Conſent of the People; but when he found it diſagreeable to them, he troubled himſelf no farther about it. And why ought we not, with equal reaſon, to believe, that in *Cæſar*'s refuſing the Crown he was as much governed by his *Affection* to the People, as by his *Fear* of them? If we allow then that *Cæſar* would not have been diſpleaſed had the People called upon him to be King, it is as much as we can in conſcience charge him with. But if it is inſiſted, that he had *ſet his Heart* upon the Title, it will be taking too much from the Intrepidity of *Cæſar* to ſuppoſe he would not, at any hazard, have gratified his Ambition. When he had once made himſelf Maſter of the *Roman* World, could there be any great difficulty in his giving what Name he pleaſed to the Office? It is not eaſy therefore to conceive, that the ſolid Senſe of *Cæſar* could be very anxious about a Title which neither the Want or the Acquiſition of could leſſen the Glory, or add to the Honour of his Station. The Power of it he was ſecure of, and no Title could enlarge it. But take the Power *from* the Regal Title, and it will ſignify no more than the Word *King* in a Dictionary. And tho' a great deal of Streſs has been laid upon this Point, as the moſt unpardonable Mark of *Cæſar*'s Ambition, I cannot ſee why his Deſire or his Indifference to be

King

King gives him a Jot more or leſs to anſwer for: For if his bringing Order into ſo diſtracted a State will not excuſe his making himſelf perpetual Dictator, his being made King could not have been at all a better or worſe Reaſon for deſtroying him.

P. 236.

OUR Hiſtory now opens to us the laſt Scene of *Cæſar*'s Life, which, however terrible it might be in the *Capitol*, ſeems too cold in the Narration to give us any Concern at all. All we are told of the laſt ſevere and memorable Moments of the greateſt Man that ever breathed is, that

" When *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were called away to the " Performance of their Part in the tragical Act, they exe- " cuted it with ſuch Reſolution, that through the " Eagerneſs of ſtabbing *Cæſar* they wounded even one " another.

After which we are not gratified with a tittle more of him, than that

" Thus fell *Cæſar* on the celebrated Ides of *March.*

As if, *when* he fell, were of more conſequence than to know *how* he fell. For my own part, I cannot be content with taking either ſo tame or ſo haſty a leave of *Cæſar*. I never read his Story in other Authors but when I come to the firſt lifted Dagger of *Caſca*, I feel the Stroke that is to follow it; not a ſingle Word or Action paſſes in

in that intereſting Scene that ſome one Paſſion is not affected by.

When ſo tremendous an Action is preſented to the mental Eye; when *Cæſar*, famed for every great Quality that *could exalt the human Species*, whoſe diſtinguiſhed Spirit has never been rivalled by a Succeſſor; when this ſomething more than wondrous Man, in the height of his unbounded Power, loaded with Laurels, and all the heroic Honours that mortal Adulation could adorn him with; when ſuch a Man, without one Warning-moment, is ſummoned by a ſudden Dagger's Point (felt before he ſaw it) to yield and give up all his Glories, and at the ſame inſtant his awful Eye compelled to cloſe and mingle with the common Duſt, how muſt every ſenſible Imagination ſhudder at the Idea? But when we ſee with how compos'd a Dignity he faced his Fate, as if unhurt by all his Wounds but one, which his laſt tenderly reproaching Words, his *et tu Brute*, confeſſed was painful to him; but that Shock once paſſed, without a farther Pang he threw up the World, as in contempt of that mean-ſoul'd Envy which would no longer ſuffer him to rule it; then decently covering with his Robe the dying Agonies of Nature, he took his leave of Life with the ſame Magnanimity he had paſſed it; to the laſt Point, like *Cæſar*. But here are we at a loſs whether to let our Wonder or our Compaſſion govern us, whether more to admire or to lament him.

Such

Such was the Fall of *Cæſar!* whom, tho' our Hiſtory preſents to us rather as a ſuffering Criminal than a dying Hero, yet does it not ſo utterly neglect his Character as not to have allowed him " all the great and noble Qua-" lities that could exalt Human Nature, and give a Man " the Aſcendant in Society, *&c.* Perhaps, then, it may have been the Luſtre of theſe noble Qualities that has made me ſo frequently ſpeak of him with a ſuſpected Partiality, an Error which the ableſt Authors almoſt inſenſibly run into, when what they themſelves admire they naturally endeavour to heighten, and to give their Readers the ſame Opinion of.

To me then, I confeſs, there is ſuch a dazling Greatneſs in the enterprizing Soul of *Cæſar*, a Something ſo beyond the reach of common Ambition, that if a ſtricter Juſtice ſhould refuſe to pardon, methinks it may at leaſt indulge us in our abſtracted Admiration of it. Yet *Cicero*, ſpeaking of his Death in the Capitol, tells us,

P. 243.

" HE had the Pleaſure to ſee the Tyrant periſh, as " he deſerved.

Who can ſee *Cæſar* fall with this *Ciceronian* Stain upon him? Had this Expreſſion come from the Mouth of a malignant *Caſſius*, little had it ſurprized us; but from the mild Morality of a *Cicero*, that *Cicero* too, who, when under his Protection had looked on him in ſo different a View; when not only his Eloquence, but his excellent

Poetry,

Poetry, had been inſpired with the Praiſes of this very *Tyrant* whom now he vilifies and depreciates. In this light, I ſay, it calls for farther Expoſtulation. Whence then theſe jarring Sentiments? Was *Cicero* or *Cæſar* altered, that the one could give or the other merit ſuch different Terms of Praiſe or Cenſure? Could that *Cæſar* deſerve to periſh as a *Tyrant*, whom *Cicero* had allowed to have taken up Arms *with no other View than to defend himſelf from Injuries?* Or could ſuch an Inſult from *Cicero* be due to the Aſhes of a Man whoſe Clemency he had ſo lately taſted, and ſo gratefully had celebrated? If *Cicero*, then, was a Flatterer when he offered theſe Praiſes to *Cæſar*, why are we not equally to disbelieve him, when he blackens or loads him with Invectives? *Cæſar*, with all his imputed Tyranny, is in every part, but Power, ſo unlike the hideous Wretch we call a Tyrant, that the Name finds no Reception among the viſible Virtues it here injuriouſly breaks in upon. Every Act and Motion of him ſo rejects the Infamy, that he ſeems a Genius rather formed to lead a ruined People into Happineſs, than to drive them into Slavery. But I cannot yet part with him.

Were we to look upon *Cæſar* ſimply as a fierce Uſurper, who with an unwarning Violence had ſeized upon the Public Liberty, and had torn to pieces the Happineſs and Quiet of a well-ſettled Government, then, indeed, might the *Pleaſure Cicero* conceived in ſeeing him periſh be allowed to flow from the laudable Paſſion of a Patriot.

But

But as our Hiſtory (which is no Panegyric upon him) has not ſet *Cæſar* in quite ſo deteſtable a light, nor yet the injured Liberty of *Rome* in ſo clear a one, why may we not look with a complaining Eye upon this Patriot *Pleaſure* of *Cicero?*

If the Life of *Cæſar* was a Sacrifice due to his inſulted Country, why had not *Cicero* a hand in his Death? If his Death was an Act of Injuſtice, or liable to be thought ſo, why does this *Pleaſure* applaud it? Was it the Tenderneſs of his Conſcience or of his Courage, that made him balance between the Raſhneſs and the Glory of being concerned in the taking off ſo pretended a Tyrant? Or ſince our Hiſtory allows *Cicero* not to have been totally a Stranger to the *Deſign*, was it the Doubt the *Conſpirators* had of his Reſolution that aſſigned him not a Part in the Execution?

But perhaps the moderate *Cicero* thought his uſual *middle way* was the wiſeſt, and therefore prudently kept out of the Danger himſelf, from an Aſſurance that warmer Spirits would risk it without him. And yet, methinks, as a Man who, to an Idolatry, was fond of Glory, this *middle way* would give him no great ſhare in whatever degree of Fame was to ariſe from the Death of *Cæſar*. But *Cicero* ſeems to have a view of higher Fame in reſerve; for tho' he had no hand in the *mortal* Wounds that were given to the Body of *Cæſar*, yet he well knew, that by his public Juſtification of his Aſſaſſins, the pointed

Dagger of his Eloquence would do more, it would give an *immortal* Wound to his Ambition.

However favourably this may ſound on the ſide of *Cicero*, when we come a little cloſer to Truth, I doubt it will be ſtill more difficult to excuſe the *Pleaſure* he felt in ſeeing *Cæſar* fall in the Capitol, than it will be to condemn the Deſtroyers of *Cæſar*, or to extenuate the Tyranny which *Cicero* inſiſts he ſo deſervedly died for. For example: If by Tyranny is meant no more than the nominal Guilt of his being perpetual *Dictator*, what will it be more than a nominal Tyranny? But if we go farther, and inſiſt, that becauſe he was *Dictator* he was therefore an immediate Enemy to his Country, and conſequently deſerved the Fate that befel him---- there let us pauſe---- this ſeems a little *too* much to be ſo ſuddenly granted; for tho' his Ambition might have gone beyond the Ambition of others who at that time were viſible Candidates for this very Tyranny complained of, yet the Public, at leaſt, were or might have been Gainers in their Preference of ſo meritorious a Maſter, who, tho' his *Will* gave Laws to the *Roman* World, yet his *Laws* were no Reproach to his *Will*. Nor could even the Conſpirators ſay they would have governed better than *Cæſar* did, when out of themſelves he had choſen the principal Magiſtrates. What then did *Cæſar* take from them that was ſo dear to them, unleſs it were the liberty of ſo frequently breaking thoſe wholſom Laws which their wiſer Anceſtors had

had made for their Security? All the real Hardſhip *they* ſuffered from him was the Loſs of that little Care they took to ſee them *obey'd*; and could the Redreſs of this Grievance be a new Grievance? When particular Men grew too big for the *old* Laws, was it not rather a Remedy than a Diſeaſe, that *Cæſar*, by giving *new* Laws, grew too ſtrong for the ſtouteſt of theſe republican Tyrants? If their own Adminiſtration could have kept them within bounds, they had not wanted a *Cæſar* to repair the Fences they had broke through: In this, then, *Cæſar* leſs deſerved to be called the Wolf than the Shepherd.

But alas! to the Lawleſs and the Tumultuous, ſo dear had been the headſtrong Liberty of confounding, ſo ſweet were the Acquiſitions of party Violence and prevalent Corruption, that the dull dreaming Peace and ſurfeiting Plenty which *Cæſar* had reſtored to them (becauſe *Cæſar*, it ſeems, had no *right* to beſtow them) were to paſs rather for Injuries than Bleſſings, and equally deſerving an exemplary Revenge or Puniſhment. Admitting now we were to receive all this as undeniable Reaſon, and that *Cæſar*, with all his Benefits and great Qualities, was ſtill a Grievance becauſe he was thought or called ſo; yet where ſhall we find thoſe honeſt, injured *Romans*, who had this abſolute and unqueſtionable right to complain that he had either offered Violence to their Virtue or their Innocence? Was it the uncorrupted Magiſtrates, the Senate, or the People, or the collective Body of them

all, that inſpired theſe Patriot-Conſpirators to revenge the general Injury? It could not, ſure, be the legal Government, that had long, long before been torn to pieces by a Succeſſion of civil Broils and Factions, of which the Uſurpations of *Marius*, *Sylla*, *Pompey*, *Craſſus*, and a Train of ſuch pious Menders of the State had been too flagrant Inſtances. Had he injured the People? neither; he had aſſerted and had recovered their Rights, and had charmed them with his Magnanimity, for which they loved, and therefore more willingly obeyed him. ------- Halt a while! Might not theſe Services be purely Political? Were they not all outſide, with no other view in his Heart than firſt to make Fools, and then Slaves of them? But why this Inſinuation? Why this preſumptuous Imputation upon a juſt Action? Or why ſo hard a Reſtraint upon Virtue, that ſhe is never to act when any incidental Benefit to the Agent, beyond the Merit of the Deed, may be joined to it? Muſt the Public too be Sufferers, becauſe a private Account may be found in relieving them? This *may* be an Argument with thoſe who will ſuffer none to do good to the Public but themſelves, and that in their own way too. But the Laws of Virtue are more favourable; they tolerate all Actions of Public Spirit, nor ſuffer them to be diſcountenanced, tho' ſure that ſuch an Imputation were to lie upon the Duty or the Merit of them. Hard were the Fate of *Cæſar* if Suggeſtions might invalidate his Virtue! No, *Suggeſtions* ſhall not ſo much as caſt a Shade over the *Conſpirators*; their private Paſſions,

Paſſions, their blind Revenge, their Ingratitude and their Envy, need not the weak Aſſiſtance of *inſinuated* Guilt to piece and patch out a Complaint againſt them. The Caſe of *Cæſar* and of his Aſſaſſins can never be decided, if any Evidence leſs than Fact is admitted on either ſide. Let us hear then what the Senate has to complain of. What, all ſilent? Has *Cæſar* made up with *them* too? Is he to be acquitted by a *Volenti non fit injuria?* Have they with *open Eyes* compounded with his Tyranny, and made the Empire of the World his *Purchaſe?* This indeed were a moſt enormous Corruption! Sure they could not but impeach him for it! No, they rather choſe to load him with Honours and unlimited Power, found their Liberties ſafer in his Lap than in their own unruly Hands, ſtiled him *Imperator*, with the higher Diſtinction of *Father of his Country.* Such was *their* Reſentment, ſuch their Grievances, and ſuch ----- their Remedy. Was then this mighty Work of their own Hands, this Monument of Power erected only to teſtify and commemorate, or to *redreſs* and *heal* their Calamities? For healed they certainly were, till from the freſh Wounds of *Cæſar* broke forth a worſe Calamity, a fatal civil War, that never ended till *Roman* Liberty was no more. Where then ſhall we find theſe yet undiſcovered Sufferings from *Cæſar*, unleſs in the dark vindictive Boſoms of the Conſpirators? There indeed we ought to ſuppoſe them more grievouſly tyrannical, becauſe ſo dreadful, ſo vaunted a Vengeance reſented them. And yet has it never been known that

their particular Complaints were diſtinguiſhed by any greater Hardſhip than what was offered in common to the reſt of the quieted *Roman* People. Nor do we find that any public Act had deputed *them* (the Conſpirators) to be the public Avengers. The greateſt of them were but ſelf-commiſſioned, and in that but at beſt a ſort of ſecret Uſurpers of the Public Authority. And yet, ſo farther unfortunate is their Cauſe, that of all People theſe were *leſs* qualified for ſo high an Office, than (from the higheſt to the loweſt) were the moſt offended *Romans*. For tho' Obligations and Favours ſo lately accepted from him could not make them *grateful*, they might at leaſt have made them *merciful* to *Cæſar*. But alas, ſo it was, the Provinces he had aſſigned to ſome, and the greateſt Poſts of Dignity to others (from which too not even his pardoned Enemies at *Pharſalia* were exempted) had avail'd him nothing. The arrogant *Preſumption* of being generous, juſt, and gentle to his Foes and Fellow-Citizens, was to *their* jealous Honour ſuch a ſtinging Provocation, ſuch a Triumph of ſmiling Pride and Inſolence, as could never be forgiven or got over, but by the determined Death of the Diſtributor. What a Tyrant! What Patriots! Were not this enough to make our Judgment ſicken, when ſo bold, ſo weak, ſo wicked a Cauſe is before us? But let us not too haſtily give Sentence. Perhaps the warmer Advocates for Liberty, the Patriot Abhorrers of *Cæſar*, may think it a Narrowneſs of Mind in us to ſuppoſe his plauſible Acts of Benevolence and Bounty ought

to

to have excited a Senſe of Gratitude in the uncorrupted Spirit of a *Roman*; and that it is more a Call for our Admiration than our Reproach, that theſe valiant Champions of the Public rather choſe to plunge their Daggers in his Heart in *ſcorn* of his Obligations, than to be meanly merciful at the Price of their Honour. And yet, methinks, the heroic Spirit of theſe Patriots had not been leſs brave or noble had it previouſly *refuſed* theſe Bribes of *Cæſar*; the *Scorn* ſhould have *preceded* the *Acceptance*, but the *Pride* was debaſed that came *after* it. Then too, with a better Grace, they might have drawn their Daggers, not upon their acknowledged Benefactor, but their Enemy avowed. But however,

Tho' we cannot eaſily get over this Weakneſs of thinking them *ungrateful*, yet if we are ſtill ſo juſt as to allow this animated Enterprize or this glorious Vengeance (if we muſt call it ſo) the utmoſt Merit it can lay claim to, if we conſciouſly confeſs (for ſure they can ask no more of us) that " to ſacrifice our private Intereſts to the Public " Good is the higheſt Merit that human Virtue can aſpire " to. Yet,

If we can go no farther with them, or if we cannot allow that even the *Godlike Good of our Country* can demand the Sacrifices of our Conſciences and Honour, for neither Laws Divine or Human will tolerate the Crime of Murder, or have ever yet ordained *Aſſaſſination* to be the Puniſhment of the moſt barbarous, the moſt high or horrid Offender; then, I ſay, both the Cauſe of *Cæſar*, and of

theſe

theſe Patriot-Conſpirators, have only the Decrees of moral Equity and Juſtice to appeal to.

In this Inquiry, then, let us take the light of Hiſtorical Truth along with us; let the Public Good (the declared Motive of the Conſpirators) be at leaſt as viſible to us as the ſacrificed Intereſt; let us be ſure we are within ſight of the one, and not blinded by the other: Firſt let us be morally convinced that the *Death* of *Cæſar could be the Cure* of all the public Complaints; that it was as infallible, as it was the only one to which the Redreſs of this injured Liberty was limited: For if the Republic was in no wiſe relieved by it (as our Hiſtory will ſoon ſhew it was not) how unskilful or how inhuman muſt have been the Application of ſo violent a Remedy? What then ſhall we call it but a more deſperate Act of Tyranny than ever *Cæſar*, in all his courſe of Ambition, committed?

To proceed then with the ſame Caution; let it be clear to us that, under the Cauſe of Liberty, were concealed no private Paſſions, no ſtimulating Pride, no lurking Envy, that moulded this Conſpiracy to the dreadful Form it came out in: For as Hiſtory has ſet a Mark of more than Suſpicion on their Principal, as *Caſſius* was more known to have hated the *Perſon* than the *Tyranny* of *Cæſar*, it will add but very little to the Honour of their Cauſe to ſay his Accomplices were *impoſed* upon, or that the artful Management of this turbulent Spirit had made it a dazling Point of Glory to break through their Bonds,

Bonds, both of private and of public Gratitude, in clearing their way to the Heart of *Cæſar*. However pompous the Pretence might be, it will be hard to prove that it had either Conſcience, Honour, or the moſt diſtant Hope of honeſt, luſty Liberty to build upon.

But now we are to ſtand a ſtronger Oppoſition; the Honour and the Integrity of a *Brutus* now riſes to diſarm our Mercy for *Cæſar*, and to vindicate his Death. By the Fame of *Brutus*, then, let us be awed into whatever Reſpect his Virtues may demand. Hear what has been ſaid for him. If *Brutus* thought no Ties, not even the Love that *Cæſar* bore him, were of equal Value to the Cauſe of Liberty; if *Brutus* (ſay his Admirers) choſe to make his Friend and Benefactor fall a Victim to the Public Juſtice; if ſuch a Man, of ſo immaculate a Character, was of this Patriot-Party, ſhall not the Sanction of ſo great a Name hang immortal Praiſes on their Memory?

Such indeed have been the Encomiums which the Learned have ſometimes heaped upon him, and which even the Friends of *Cæſar* cannot *totally* refuſe him; for who can disbelieve that *Brutus* would have died to ſave or ſerve his Country? Such then be the Praiſe of *Brutus*. But had *Cæſar* a Spirit leſs brave againſt the Enemies of *Rome?* How often, with the uncommon Hazard of his Life, had he oppoſed and conquered them? Yet he murdered none of them. Now, in killing *Cæſar*, *Brutus* but ſaved her from an *Imaginary* Tyrant; *Cæſar* ſaved

her from a *real* one, from her worſt of Enemies, *herſelf*. In ruling *Rome*, *Cæſar* preſerv'd to it all the *eſſential* Good of Liberty, but the Name. When *Rome* ruled herſelf no Laws reſtrained her; unlimited Liberty is the worſt of tolerated Tyranny. When *Cæſar* gave her Laws, Peace, Affluence, and Glory were the Reward of her Obedience. Too happy *Rome!* too ill-rewarded *Cæſar!* If *Brutus*, then, look'd on *Cæſar* and on *Rome* in a fallacious light, let it be leſs his *Fault* than his *Misfortune*. *Brutus* might be juſt, and brave, yet was not more than *Man*, nor as *ſuch* could he be infallible. When Virtue ſwells into Enthuſiaſm Reaſon has no hold of her. This then will be his beſt Excuſe, when *Brutus* from the Hand of Juſtice ſnatches her Sword, and reconciles even *Murder* to his *Virtue*. No wonder if the ſtronger was his Virtue the more vigorouſly miſtaken was his Vengeance; he might be juſt in the Principle, tho' deceived in the Practice of it: For never has it yet appeared that *Cæſar* was black, as *Caſſius* has made him. And tho' *Brutus* might ſtrike for Liberty, he could never reach it through the Heart of *Cæſar*. Not half the Work was done while there remained an *Antony*, a *Lepidus*, and a younger briſtling *Cæſar* ſtill to cope with, the firſt having the *Conſular* Power to aſſiſt his equal Ambition, the ſecond a great Army, and the laſt as much legal Right as the murdered *Cæſar* could bequeath, to ſucceed him; and of this Misfortune *Cicero* (*P.* 476.) afterwards makes the following Complaint to *Brutus*,

" That

" That all the Equipage and Furniture of Kingly " Power was ſtill left to *Lepidus* and *Antony*, &c.

If, indeed, *Brutus* could have eradicated or ſubdued the whole *Roman* Ambition, or have turned Faction into Virtue, *then*, perhaps, Liberty might have aroſe from this particular Sacrifice; but from ſo unprofitable an Expedient to expect the Cure of a National Contagion, by putting only *one* infected Perſon to death, how wild! how vain! how inviſible the Hope! And tho' we ought not to judge of Attempts by their Succeſs or Failure, yet when the Hope of Succeſs has ſo ill a Foundation, what but an imaginary Caſtle could be built upon it? Nay, the very People whoſe Cauſe theſe Conſpirators pretended to aſſert, choſe rather by their compaſſionate Clamours for Vengeance on the Murderers of *Cæſar*, to ſuſpend their Liberty, than to enjoy it by a baſe and cruel Connivance at their Eſcape. Strong, very ſtrong muſt have been their own Republican Grievances, when they rather choſe to be ſettled Slaves their own way, than to feel (as they had done) in ſo many violent Magiſtrates, ſo many galling, griping, grinding-Maſters. A Provocation which in later Governments has ſhewn us that *Revenge* may be ſometimes ſweeter than *Liberty*. But farther,

Were we to give up all that is asked of us, that *Cæſar* appeared in every light, to the Eye of *Brutus*, the *real* Grievance which theſe violent Patriots had complained of, even in that View can we juſtify the *Aſſaſſin?* Was *Brutus* to be at once the Judge and the Executioner?

If it is urged, that Juſtice had no other way to reach him; let the ſame Neceſſity, then, plead for *Cæſar*. If Juſtice, with a few Followers, might go out of her way to *revenge* the Public, why might not *Cæſar*, with greater numbers, take an extraordinary Step to *reform* the Public? But ſtill, ſay his Enemies, *Cæſar* deſerved to *die*; perhaps not more than he deſerved to *reign*, or leſs than ſo diſſolute a Republic deſerved ſo mild a Maſter. One is as eaſy to be ſaid as t'other, tho' not equally credible, becauſe the *Roman* People had ſo good an Opinion of him, that they joined the Arms of *Antony* to revenge their Dictator. To *them* the Sword of *Cæſar* was not ſo flaming an Evil as was the Dagger of *Brutus*. *Their* Reſentment, after a full Hearing of both Parties in the *Forum*, plainly proved, that whatever Grievance could only be cured by *Murder*, had left a worſe Diſeaſe behind it, and wanted ſtill a Medicine for the Cure. *Aſſaſſin* was a Name ſo horrible to Nature, that no Virtue could adopt, without deſtroying itſelf. The Aſſaſſin was a Criminal without Appeal or Mitigation, that wanted even the wild Excuſe of ſudden Rage to excite in the moſt merciful or the moſt facile Minds either Pardon or Connivance. Not the Lion run mad can be a Monſter more dreadful than the Aſſaſſin. Can we then give a milder Name to the unhappy *Brutus* than that of a *miſguided* Patriot? And if our Juſtice exacts for him this Diſtinction, will not the ſame Juſtice demand for *Caſſius*, and his other Accomplices, an oppoſite Diſtinction in the black Reproach of Cruelty,

Cruelty, Ingratitude, and a more wicked Ambition? Yet not to pay too implicit a Regard to the Principles of *Brutus*, it will be but juſt to obſerve what is ſaid in the latter end of this Hiſtory (*P.* 471.) upon ſome Inconſiſtencies in his Character, *viz.*

" Which would tempt us to believe he was governed, " in many caſes, by the Pride and Haughtineſs of his " Temper, rather than by any conſtant and ſettled Prin- " ciple of Philoſophy, of which he is commonly thought " ſo ſtrict an Obſerver.

But again, to ſoften this Severity, (if on ſo ſerious a Subject we may be allowed to quote a Poetical Authority) as I know no Hiſtorian who more deeply enters into the Heart of an old *Roman* than our natural *Shakeſpear*, let us hear what he ſays of *Brutus* in his Tragedy of *Julius Cæſar*, when, after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, his Body is found with his own Sword through it, it occaſions this Reflexion, *viz.*

This was the nobleſt Roman *of them all:*
All the Conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did in Envy *of great* Cæſar.
He only in a general honeſt Thought,
And common Good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the World, This was a Man!

All

All I propoſe by this Quotation is to ſhew, that whatever Errors I may have committed in favour of *Cæſar*, or in cenſure of his Aſſaſſins, I have at leaſt one of the beſt-natured Men in the World, and of the greateſt Genius to ſupport my Opinion.

Having thus ſet the Fall of *Cæſar*, and the Triumphs of the Conſpirators, in the cleareſt light that a diſintereſted Conſcience could ſhew them, if upon the whole my Partiality to *Cæſar* cannot join in the *Pleaſure* that *Cicero* felt in ſeeing him *periſh*, perhaps the Learned may ſtill think it ſafer to allow *Cicero* in the right, than to ſuppoſe ſo obſcure an Author not in the wrong. But if only what is juſt ought to be the Rule of our Judgment, *Truth* will ſtill be *Truth*, tho' an unlearned Man were to utter it.

Upon this deſperate Removal of *Cæſar*, we might naturally expect the *Roman* Liberty ſhould have been reſtored; otherwiſe, how in vain and barbarouſly was this great Man deſtroyed. But ſo it was, either it was never intended that his Death ſhould have ſo wholſom a Conſequence, or if it was intended, their Meaſures to produce it were ſo miſerably concerted, that they only widened the way for the ſtronger Tyranny that followed it. Let us ſee how it gets forward in our Hiſtory.

P. 248.

" THE News of this ſurprizing Fact raiſed a general " Conſternation through the City.

How!

How! a Conſternation! What, at the Death of their Tyrant? Were the People frightened then, and not in Joy at it? Could the Diſcharge of their Slavery be a cauſe of Fear or of Sorrow to them? No, but till they were ſure that their Liberty was to follow it, or would now be in milder Hands than it had been while in *Cæſar*'s, they might very reaſonably be under ſome Conſternation whether their Condition might be the better or the worſe for the Death of *Cæſar*; and therefore what did theſe careful Conſpirators do? Why,

" Their firſt care was to *quiet* the Minds of the " People.

A trouble they need not have taken, had they done nothing to *diſquiet* them: But, to their Surprize, they now found that the People were not ſo pleaſed as they could have wiſhed them, with the hard Uſage *Cæſar* had met with; but therefore again, ſhould not that Point (of what effect it might have upon the People) have been conſidered, before they laid their violent Hands upon him? Well, but that was now too late to be debated; *Cæſar* was dead, and they were now to take their chance for the Conſequence; and therefore, to keep matters in a right Channel, they did their beſt (and no body does more) for out they marched " in a Body, *with a Cap as the* " *Enſign of Liberty carried before them on a Spear*, &c. brandiſhing their Weapons yet reeking with the Blood of *Cæſar*, and with the exulting Sound of Liberty! Liberty! greeting their late Fellow-Slaves and Citizens. But Liberty,

berty, alas! had too long been cowed and kept under to give Attention to the call of Virtue; or, if ſhe heard the Voice, was yet too timorous to come forth and follow it. Thus the Death of *Cæſar* not proving to be the ſame cauſe of Joy to every Citizen, as it was to the Conſpirators, became rather a matter of freſh Contention than of general Content; for now new Schemes, new Claims were formed, all covering with the Public Good their various Views and private Intereſts, which were not poſſible to be ended but by the Deciſion of a civil War, wherein, when the laſt remaining Friends of Liberty were ſcattered and deſtroyed the Notion and the Name of Liberty was heard no more.

But what indeed could better have been hoped from an Enterprize ſo crudely reſolved on? For our Hiſtory directly tells us, that theſe Patriot-Schemers of the Conſpiracy

P. 251.

" HAD formed no Scheme beyond it, but ſeemed as " much *ſurprized* and *amazed* at what they had done, " as the reſt of the City.

Can any thing more ſurprize or amaze us than the Conduct of ſuch wild Conſpirators? Does not this Account ſet them now as ſtrongly ſavage before our Eyes, as they then ſtood before the *Roman* World, breathleſs and bloody from the Deed, vacantly ſtaring one upon another, till ſome one, wiſer than the reſt, ſhould find them

them freſh Work, or tell them what was the next dangerous Miſchief they were to do. For ſo few of them, it ſeems, were let into their main Secret of what was to follow, that the ſame Paragraph tells us,

" They fancied the Integrity of their Cauſe would " be ſufficient of itſelf to effect all that they expected " from it.

And yet, the Integrity of a Cauſe that was to be carried by Murder, methinks, could not have any great Bleſſing to hope for, unleſs it could firſt have ſhewn us in what Claſs of Virtue Murder was to be placed: And tho' the Conſpirators might find it a very eaſy matter themſelves to be violently angry with *Cæſar*, yet they found it more difficult to perſuade other People that any Anger, tho' never ſo honeſt, could give itſelf a Commiſſion to put him to death. I doubt then, to clear them from the Folly of depending on the Integrity of their Cauſe, we muſt do them the favour to ſuppoſe they were guilty of a wiſer Wickedneſs, and that they *foreſaw* the Confuſion which the Death of *Cæſar* would produce, was the only Expedient that could make a new Tyrant neceſſary; nor was it improbable that among ſo great a number more than one of them might ſeparately hope to be himſelf the Man. But be all this as it may, real or imaginary, the Conſequence of *Cæſar*'s Death was certainly another Tyrant, and that upon much harder Terms than *Cæſar* had been received upon. In a word, when the Government had been overflowed ſo long by a practiſed Illegality

of Power, the cutting off *Cæſar* was no more than making a wide Wound in the Water. So that, upon the whole, I doubt theſe ſometimes applauded Conſpirators, by their having ſo little mended the matter with their Sacrifice of *Cæſar*, will be obliged to give up a good deal of that imaginary Glory which their Undertaking has aſpired to: For even *Cicero*, who had always been a Well-wiſher to their Cauſe, deſcends at laſt into a very poor Opinion of them; theſe are his Words:

P. 258.

" THAT the Ides of *March* had produced nothing " which pleaſed him but the Fact of the Day, which was " executed indeed with manly Vigour, but *ſupported by* " *childiſh Counſels.*

And yet it may be a Queſtion whether the wiſeſt Counſels could have ſecured any Good to the Public by the Death of *Cæſar*, unleſs an undiſturbed Authority could at that time have hanged up the Conſpirators according to Law. But while ſo many powerful Parties were all violating the Laws in ſupport of their own Will and Pleaſure, the Public Juſtice had not a Law left to protect the Public Peace with.

The *Roman* Government, then, being in this diſſolute condition, the juſt and natural Queſtion ſeems to be, Whether *Cæſar*'s *unlawfully* preſuming to mend it, were a greater Evil than no Government at all? Now I cannot ſee why, without being Advocates for arbitrary Power, we

we may not ſuppoſe Liberty quite out of the Caſe, and then may not in a great meaſure extenuate what is called the Tyranny of *Cæſar*. I muſt therefore have either very ill explained myſelf, or muſt have been very much miſapprehended, if in all I have ſaid for *Cæſar*, I ſeem in any Point to have leſſened or given up the Value of that precious Liberty, without which no Man can naturally *be* himſelf, or can *enjoy* himſelf.

If the Death of *Cæſar* had been followed by the Public Liberty, it might have left the Friends of *Cæſar* nothing to have ſaid in defence of his Conduct, or againſt that of the Conſpirators; but, as it has been evidently ſhewn, that there was no Foundation for Liberty to have built the leaſt hopes upon his Removal, the Violence and Injury of his Death will always have a right to call in queſtion the Authors of it, and muſt give a more favourable Caſt to the Appearance of *Cæſar*'s Ambition. For if we inquire into every immediate Fact that had its Riſe and Conſequence from the Death of *Cæſar* (whether we take them from *this Life of* Cicero, or from any other Writer of the *Roman* Hiſtory) they will all bring in their various Evidences to the Truth of this Aſſertion, That the Death of *Cæſar* could not poſſibly reſtore the *Roman* Liberty.

This I take to be ſo clear a Point, that, to ſhorten the Proof of it, I ſhall only diſtinguiſh thoſe Facts that will carry their Evidence in their Title. Take them, then, as I find them collected to my hand in the Contents prefixed to the Fourteenth Book of Monſieur *Vertot*'s *Revo-*

lutions of the Roman *Republic*; and becauſe the plain Readers I write to may not all happen to underſtand *French*, I will humbly offer them as they ſtand in the *Engliſh* Tranſlation, *viz.*

Book XIV. *Vert. Revol.*

" After *Cæſar*'s Death, two Parties ariſe in the Com-
" monwealth: One declares for the Conſpirators; the
" other demands that the Death of the Dictator be
" puniſhed.

[*Although* Cæſar *was called a Tyrant.*]

" *Mark Antony*, the Conſul, declares ſometimes for one,
" ſometimes for the other, according as it ſuits his own
" private Views.

[*Which never ſuited with Liberty.*]

" His Schemes of Grandeur croſſed by young *Octavius*.

[*Who, having as good Schemes of his own,*]

" Procures his Adoption, as *Cæſar*'s Son, to be confirmed,
" and declares himſelf openly his Heir, and whoſe Name
" (of *Cæſar*) he aſſumes.

[*Not, ſure, becauſe he thought* Cæſar *was an odious Name; but rather, as he hoped there might be what even angry* Brutus *feared there was, a popular Charm in it.*]

" By

" By *Cicero*'s Aſſiſtance he brings the Senate over to his
" Intereſt.

[*This was not the firſt time* Cicero *had been out of his depth in Politics; but, to him, no Scheme could be worſe than doing nothing at all.*]

" At laſt followed the Triumvirate of *Octavius*, *Antony*,
" and *Lepidus*, and their cruel Proſcriptions.

[*How inſolent was it in* Cæſar *to make himſelf Dictator without them! But the more humble* Octavius *rather choſe to make Sacrifices, than Friends, of his Enemies, and accordingly ordered their Throats to be cut as faſt as he could lay hold of them.* Cæſar *choſe not to be ſafe upon the ſame Terms.*]

" *Octavius* makes uſe of the Forces of *Lepidus* and *An-*
" *tony* to undo the Conſpirators, and then declares againſt
" *Antony* and *Lepidus* themſelves; and at laſt remains
" (*what they both had a mind to be*) ſole Maſter of the
" whole *Roman* Empire.

Yet this was the well-meaning Youth whoſe Intereſt *Cicero* had recommended to the Senate; and ſuch were the Events, that in a connected courſe followed the Death of *Cæſar*; in all which we plainly ſee how greatly ſuperior, and every way more powerful, were the real Enemies than the real Friends of Liberty; for if *Cæſar*'s Life had been the only Obſtacle to Liberty, why was not his Death the immediate Eſtabliſhment of it? If the Removal

of

of *Cæſar* had ſo plainly opened the Door to Liberty, why did not Liberty, and her Powers, inſtantly walk forward and take poſſeſſion of her ancient Rights? No, that was not yet practicable: Why not? Becauſe a new Ambition would not ſuffer it. There were other Pretenders to the Sovereign Power that blocked up the way with their Claims, and whoſe private Intereſts were to be all ſerved before a ſingle Step could be taken for the Public Relief. Now this being the Fact, are we to believe that the Conſpirators did *not* foreſee theſe freſh Contentions would be the conſequence of their killing *Cæſar?* Or muſt we ſuppoſe they *did* foreſee them, and killed him notwithſtanding? One of them we muſt believe, but both of them we cannot. If they did *not* foreſee the Conſequences, then they only did a wicked thing to no purpoſe; but if they *did* foreſee them, they then did a more wicked thing to the worſt of Purpoſes.

Having ſhewn by the above Abſtract of Events how little chance there was for the Recovery of Liberty after the Death of *Cæſar*, it might be a needleſs Labour to give thoſe Paſſages any farther Comment, which could amount to no more than a Repetition of the Proofs already produced; I ſhall therefore cloſe my Obſervations upon this Head with this only farther Reflection: That nothing more ſhews us how valuable and how precarious a Bleſſing is Liberty, than that its moſt pious or impious Oppreſſors are forced to have it in their Mouths whenever they would make Fools of the Strong, or Slaves of the Honeſt

Honeſt and Ignorant. Neither *Antony*, *Octavius*, or any of thoſe heroical Highwaymen, who, at the Hazard of their Heads, reſolved to put the Public Good in their Pockets, had been able to carry their Arms ſo far againſt Liberty, had they not ſometimes covered their Cauſe with the Defence of it. But poor abuſed Liberty has been ſtill liable to a more terrible Caſualty: For the ſame Thirſt of Power that has firſt divided a People into Parties, has afterwards ſubdivided even the Friends of Liberty into new Enemies and Competitors; ſo that, in all Countries of great Strength and Riches (Soils that Virtue ſeldom thrives in) Liberty will always be more or leſs in want of Support, and the Reaſon of it (it is to be feared) will hold for ever, becauſe Riches will be always able to purchaſe Power over other Men; and this Power the natural Avarice of other Men will never refuſe to ſell, provided they can meet with an extraordinary Chapman, that is a handſom Corrupter, that will come up to their Price. Therefore when we talk of the *ancient Liberties of Rome*, we muſt go as far back as their early Days of Poverty, for there only ſhall we find them: But in ſuch powerful and corrupted Governments, all that the moſt untainted Loyalty can hope for, is but to prevent bad Matters from growing worſe, which poſſibly may be done by now and then keeping a good Look-out upon thoſe *itching Palms* which honeſt Men are ſometimes forced to truſt with the Public Good; and ſo far, without anſwering for his Succeſs, was *Cicero* certainly a good Patriot.

But

But when the difficulty of diverting depraved Natures from their wicked courſe in their broken Truſts becomes too apparent, when neither Prudence or Patience can protect us from open Tyranny and Oppreſſion, when we are thus driven to the laſt Inch of our Virtue, we then ſhall have but one ſhort Point to decide, *viz.* How far it may or may not be worth a Wiſeman's while to risk his Neck in the hopes of but an eaſier Chair for the reſt of his Life.

But let us not honeſtly deſpair; the Riches of a Country are not always the Happineſs of it, nor is the Violence that deprives it of them always fatal to its Liberty; Liberty is a Tree that ſometimes bears the better Fruit for loſing a few of its luxuriant Branches.

Now let us farther obſerve what Account theſe heroic Conſpirators found in making their bold Puſh for Liberty upon the Life of *Cæſar*. But firſt let us take this Poſtulatum along with us, That the Crime complained of in *Cæſar* is not of the ſame kind of Treaſon as that of a Subject who ſeizes on the Throne of his lawful Prince, and then ſteps into it himſelf. No, *Cæſar* uſurped only upon Uſurpers, upon a corrupted Government, under which the *Roman* Liberty had long groaned, even before the Triumvirate had inſulted it; for in the diffuſed Tyranny of many, *Cæſar*, at worſt, made but one in ſcarce leſs than a hundred; and when thoſe licentious Rulers were reduced to Three (of which, 'tis true, *Cæſar*, in his own Defence, ſtill thought fit to make *one*, and found at laſt he

he had no other way to be intirely ſafe than by being the *only One*) he had juſt as good a right to take the Reins of Government from the other Two, as the united Three had to take them from Thouſands. However, if the Conſpirators ſtill thought they had cauſe enough to put *Cæſar* to Death, let us ſee what viſible Good they did the Public in making themſelves the Public Executioners: For let their Cauſe be however juſt, it had at firſt but a melancholy Aſpect, when the Public, for whoſe dear Sakes they had done this deſperate Deed, were ſo cold in their Gratitude as to let the Aſſaſſins, their Benefactors, (*P.* 257.) in fear of their Safety, ſteal away from their Victory in the *Capitol*, like ſo many public Criminals and Fugitives: Nor did even *Cicero* think it prudent to ſtay behind them, tho' he had only commended the Deed, without having had the honour of a hand in it; for our Hiſtory tells us,

P. 258.

" THAT he left *Rome* ſoon after *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, " not a little mortified to ſee things take ſo wrong a " Turn, *&c.*

So far, at leaſt, Liberty had but little to ſhew for what the Conſpirators had done to *Cæſar*; nor ſhall we find its Intereſts much advanced by what remarkably follows.

P. 296.

SERVILIA, Siſter to *Cato*, and the Mother of *Brutus*, who, tho' ſhe poſſibly might have improved her Genius to Politics, by her having been a diſtinguiſhed Miſtreſs of *Cæſar*'s, and by whoſe Bounty ſhe had vaſtly mended her Fortune, yet ſhe ſuffered not her Gallantries to interfere with her moral Obligations to her natural Offspring, but

" Had ſuch a Share in all the Counſels of *Brutus* (*tho'* " *he had killed her Paramour*) that it made *Cicero* the leſs " inclined to enter into them; at their Deſire, however, " he went over to them at *Antium* to aſſiſt at a ſelect " Council of Friends, &c.

This Council, conſiſting of ſo many great Ladies, as well as Gentlemen, merits our particular notice.

" There were preſent (ſays our Author) among others, " *Favonius*, *Servilia*, *Porcia*, *Brutus*'s Wife, and his " Siſter *Tertulla*.

A Conſultation in State-matters, with more than one Fair Lady at a time, is what we do not frequently find in Hiſtory; tho' whether theſe *Roman* Dames came all in their own Right, each as one of the *Quorum*, or were only called in as Aſſiſtants (as Judges are in a Houſe of Lords) our Hiſtory explains not: Yet, if any great or extraordinary Action had been the Reſult of this uncommon Committee, it had left us little to wonder at; (for not to undervalue the Spirit of the Sex, we have had modern

Heroines,

Heroines who have been Miſtreſſes of memorable Expedients in political caſes of Extremity) but when we are told, that

P. 298.

" *CICERO* took his leave (of this Aſſembly) having " found neither Prudence, Reaſon, or Deſign, in what " they were doing, &c.

We may very well believe what he ſaid before of the vigorous Action upon the *Ides of March*, that it was ſupported *by childiſh Counſels.*

In a word, the Intereſts of Liberty ſeem ſtill to be ſo much at a ſtand that the ſame Paragraph tells us, *Cicero*,

" If he had any doubt before, he had none now, but " longed to get abroad as ſoon as poſſible. And yet

P. 298.

UPON the Arrival of *Cæſar*'s adopted Son *Octavius*, at *Rome*, *Cicero* relapſed into another fond Hope for his Country: For upon the cold Reception and the ill Uſage which this hopeful Hero met with from *Antony*, *Cicero* obſerving that the Republican Party paid him more Regard, in proportion as *Antony* grew more formidable, ran into ſo high an Opinion of *Octavius*, that he thus talks of him to his Friend *Atticus*:

P. 299.

" *Octavianus*, says he, I perceive has Parts and Spirit, " and seems to be affected as we could wish, towards " our Heroes, *&c.*

If he had only said, *as disaffected to* Antony *as we could wish*, he might have had as much Consolation from it as the Fact could have excited in him; but to conclude from thence (as he does in the same Page) *that his Disposition was good*, &c. I doubt was giving a Merit to his Disposition which it had not; for what good Intention could *Octavius* have to the Murderers of his Uncle farther than could arise from his being so grosly provoked by their professed Enemy *Antony?* For tho' *Antony* wanted, as much as *Octavius*, to revenge the Death of *Cæsar*, yet he chose to have all the Glory of it to himself, that he might not have a Sharer with him in the Profit of that Glory: And tho' he ventured to disoblige *Octavius* rather than to be beholden to his Assistance in it, does it at all follow that *Octavius* would give up his Resentment of *Cæsar*'s Death, because *Antony* was too jealous and thwarting to admit him as a Partner in the Revenge of it? No, but as it now became necessary for *Octavius* to ruin *Antony*, as to destroy the Conspirators, he wisely made Dupes of the Conspirators to assist his Design; and when that was once accomplished, it would be time enough to turn his Face again to the Conspirators, and come to a closer Account with them too; which

which was juſt the Game the Conſpirators were playing upon *Octavius*, with whoſe Power they deſigned to deſtroy *Antony*, and then *Cicero* was to tell *Octavius* who were his Maſters. But as on the contrary it happened that *Antony* rather choſe to make up with *Octavius*, than leave him looſe to ſtrengthen the Conſpirators, all the new Hopes that *Cicero* had of *Octavius* his *good Diſpoſition*, &c. proved abortive; ſo that the Cauſe of Liberty ſeemed ſtill to be hung up for another political Term. From theſe ineffectual Events it therefore ſeems too concluſive to ſay of *Cæſar*, that his Ambition had ruined the Liberty of his Country, when it had not appeared, in ſo long a time after, that the violent Death of him had in the leaſt contributed to the Recovery of it. And tho' we ſhould ſtill grant that *Cæſar* was ambitious, yet that Ambition was only criminal to his military Competitors, under whom the abuſed Public had been long led in a military Slavery; *Cæſar* therefore, by making himſelf their ſingle Maſter, had but wiſely, tho' invidiouſly, quieted the Storm. This ſeems to me the moſt equally ſtated Caſe by which we ought to judge of *Cæſar*'s Ambition; which, whether it was originally pernicious or not, carried with it this Decency to the laſt, that it always preſerved the Appearance of a Self-defence as a pleadable Excuſe for it. But we loſe ſight of *Cicero*.

So many Writers have delivered *Cicero* to us as a conſummate Stateſman, that I have often obſerved him allowed as ſuch in Points wherein, I confeſs, I have rather

been

been puzzled to account for his Conduct; and this occaſional Diffidence of my own Judgment has at laſt brought me to this cloſer Inquiry about him, that I might either know a little more of my own Weakneſs, or have a chance of hearing that others, as hardy as myſelf, were not aſhamed of coming into my Opinion. Here, then, let us make the Experiment. Let us now view him in this new Storm of the State, cautiouſly ſteering among Rocks and Enemies, yet ſtill fond of being at the Helm as often as poſſible, or, when that is not practicable, impatient to be any where on Shore, or to ſit inactive, with his Arms acroſs, like a common Paſſenger. In one of theſe Humours we now ſee him, taking his leave of his Friends at *Antium*, determined upon his Journey (or Flight, if you pleaſe) into *Greece*. And tho' his Friend *Brutus* received the Notice of his Intention but very coldly (*P.* 309.) *Cicero*, notwithſtanding, reſolved to embark, tho' it was not without

" Some Perplexity to the laſt about the Expediency of " the Voyage, and jealous of its being cenſured as a De- " ſertion of his Country.

To reſolve to do ſomething, and not well to know what, is what Men in Fear often do; and yet Fear is but an unfortunate Mark of a Stateſman's Ability. Now *Cicero*'s reſolving to embark in theſe Perplexities, looks like doing what wiſe Men ſeldom do, a raſh thing, or what weak Men often think they do, a very politic thing, before they have found out a Reaſon to call it ſo. This, then,

is

is one of thoſe Inſtances of a great Stateſman which my ſlow Comprehenſion does not eaſily come up to; I therefore take notice of it to ſet the Depth of *Cicero*'s Judgment, or the Shallowneſs of my own, in the true Light they ought to ſtand in. But however,

Happily for *Cicero*, his Voyage was at laſt prevented by contrary Winds, and that at a time when the News of an unexpected turn of Affairs ſeemed to have made his Stay at *Rome* more neceſſary. In his Return home he met with *Brutus* at *Velia*, where a part of their Converſation will explain a great deal of what might have been the unfortunate Conſequence, had this intended Voyage of *Cicero* taken effect. Here *Brutus* gives theſe remarkable Reaſons for his being exceedingly pleaſed with *Cicero*'s Return, *viz.*

" That he had never approved, tho' he had not diſ-
" ſuaded his Voyage.

And why *Brutus* did not ſhew more of the real Friend before he went, and honeſtly ſpeak out to him, *Cicero*, in his Account of this Meeting to *Atticus*, gives us the following Reaſon, that *Brutus*

" Thought it indecent to give Advice, to *a Man of*
" *his Experience.*

It is pity this Compliment to *Cicero*'s Experience did not come to us from a third Hand, becauſe when he ſpeaks in his own Favour, he generally does it in as ſtrong Words as the Matter will bear; and yet, with all their Authority, it will ſtill depend upon the Reader's Good-

breeding,

breeding, whether he will think himſelf obliged to believe up to the full Senſe of them, or not. But not to inſinuate what we cannot be ſure of; *Brutus* now, at leaſt, told him plainly, " that he had eſcaped two great " Imputations on his Character--- (which is owning, that, without the Eſcape, they would have lain pretty ſtrong upon him,) *viz.*

" The *one*, of too haſty a Deſpair, and Deſertion of " the common Cauſe; the *other*, of the Vanity of going " to ſee the *Olympic Games*.

A Curioſity much like that of a modern young Gentleman's going to ſee *York* Races. ----- But begging *Brutus*'s Pardon, *Cicero* does *not* eſcape the Imputation of either of theſe Errors, becauſe it was not owing to his *Will*, but to the Wiſdom of the Winds, that he did not commit them: And therefore *Cicero* is ſo grateful to the Goodwill of the Winds that, " preſerved him from ſuch an " Infamy, that he likens them to *Good Citizens* for blowing " him back to the Service of his Country. Now if we could ſuppoſe the Winds, when they blow, had any Will of their own, this might be taken for a fine Simile; but as we know they blow they know not why, then, I doubt, to call them *Good Citizens*, becauſe they were not bad Winds enough to blow no body Good, will only be a pretty *Ciceronian* Conceit. --- Miſtake me not, learned Reader, theſe ludicrous Liberties, in playing upon the Words of ſo great an Orator, are not taken to gratify my own Vanity, but rather to gain Favour with the Vulgar

and

and Half-witted, who love to ſee great Merit drawn down, as near as poſſible, to a level with their own. I therefore leave it to their bolder Ignorance to inſiſt that *Cicero*'s Simile is a bad one. Yet I hope this Levity has not made the Reader, as it had like to have made the Writer, forget to obſerve in what Rank of his State-policy this intended Trip of *Cicero* to *Greece* ought to be placed.

P. 315.

BUT we are now coming to an unqueſtionable Part of his Conduct, that firm Patriot-Zeal which he ſo glorioufly exerted in his *Philippicks* againſt the arbitrary conſular Practices of *Antony*. Here he ſtands ſurrounded by a general Veneration. His Cauſe, his Conſcience, his Courage, all brightned by a blaze of Eloquence that ſuffers not a former Fault or Frailty of him to live in our Remembrance. Here he again immerges the immaculate, the immortal *Cicero*. And tho' this memorable Monument of his Virtue proved fatal to his natural Life, yet has it, for Ages after it, lengthened out the Life of his Glory. Theſe famous Orations, particularly the Second, cannot be read without drawing greater Praiſes after them than I have been able to follow them with. Even *Juvenal*, who, as has been obſerved, tho' he had but a moderate Opinion of his Poetical Fire, yet is juſtly generous to this memorable Flame of his Eloquence; for this he allows to be

--- *Conſpicuæ divina Philippica famæ.*

Be not ſurprized, gentle Reader, that you here find me ſo warm in the Praiſe of *Cicero*, and in the laſt Paragraph ſo familiarly free with him; both theſe Extremes proceed from the ſame Cauſe, the Love of Truth. I ſpeak of *Cicero* directly, and as he occaſionally appears to me, whether truly Great, or unaccountably otherwiſe. Neither the Lightneſs or the Gravity of my Stile have, I hope, any other Inconſiſtencies than what the Variation of his Character demands of me. For ſo it is, with ſuch incredible difference of Praiſe or Cenſure may we talk of the ſame Man, yet either way ſpeak Truth of him. However, in this Liberty I offer but my own Opinion, without laying any Part of it down as a Rule to others. I neither give or take from *Cicero* what I am not willing to retract or reſtore whenever Truth, Juſtice, or even Doubt have any thing to plead in his favour.

In the mean time, if it ſhould appear to the learned Reader, that my Ignorance of the *Roman* Laws or Cuſtoms ſhould have miſled me into the making falſe Concluſions upon Facts or Sentiments, let him paſs Sentence upon me only from the Evidence contained in this authentic Life of *Cicero*, for 'tis to that written Law only I am anſwerable; and it would be hard to condemn me for not knowing more of *Cicero* than his Hiſtory has told me of him.

But to return to the right Side of this great Man, and to the greater Pleaſure of doing him there all the Juſtice his Merit has a claim to.

What

What is not the leaſt ſurprizing in this laſt Conduct of *Cicero* is, that in this undaunted Diſplay of his Eloquence, he here, contrary to his natural Uſage, may be obſerved to recover from his Apprehenſions of whatever Dangers had menaced him, and to have come deliberately through every Terror of them, to a ſettled Reſolution of diſcharging his whole Artillery of Oratorial Thunder againſt the abuſed Authority and tyranneus Inſults of *Antony*; how amazing, how almoſt incredible was the Succeſs of it! That this vaſt turbulent City, whoſe violated Laws, whoſe intimidated Senate, had been ſo long contemned and ſet at nought by her own military Magiſtrates, ſhould at laſt, by this animating, this coercive Eloquence of *Cicero*, ſo ſtrongly recover into its native Power, as with the bare Validity of its Senatorial Votes and Orders, to drive *Antony*, that poiſonous Peſt of the public Peace, from the Gates of *Rome*. Here, I ſay, how ſuperior was *Cicero* to his uſual Self! How unlike, in this enterprizing Spirit, was the *preſent* Patriot to the *former!* No more the timorous, heſitating, cautious Stateſman, but the determined, the intrepid Hero; the other *Cæſar*, let us call him, that with an equal *Roman* Reſolution paſſed this *Rubicon*, in defiance of all the formidable Force of *Antony*.

This, ſure, is as high a ſpirited Act of Virtue as any in the whole Life of *Cicero*; and tho' in the Letter of his Friend *Brutus* we find the Policy of it condemned, from the then diſtant Ill-effect of it, yet a virtuous Action

ought not to be denied its due Praiſe, tho' it happens not to be rewarded by the good Conſequences it intended to draw after it. And tho' even the driving *Antony* out of *Italy* could not of itſelf immediately reſtore the Republic, yet, as it gave the Cauſe of Liberty a time to breathe, and to caſt about for its farther Security, it had, at leaſt, a Merit proportionable to the Duration of that Relief, whatever unforeſeen Inconvænience or Misfortune might afterwards happen to overtake it. But however, where Truth is principally to be regarded, no Tenderneſs or Concern for *Cicero* ought to obſcure it. The Truth is, then, that this compelled Retreat of *Antony* did but open the way for the ambitious Deſigns of *Octavius* to come forward, which he ſo artfully covered, that he drew in even *Cicero* himſelf to aſſiſt them, to the hazard of the Public Safety. Great, therefore, muſt be the Indulgence that can pardon *Cicero*'s ſo eaſy Confidence in the adopted Son of *Cæſar*, as to ſuppoſe it poſſible he could ever be a real Friend to the Republic, or that (let his Profeſſions be never ſo fair) he could have any Views excluſive of ſtepping into the Power and Poſſeſſions of his Father, and conſequently that he only waited for a ſufficient Strength to revenge his Death upon the Republican Patriots who ſo avowedly juſtified it.

Octavius, therefore, young as he was, knew the weak ſide of *Cicero*; that he was no where more acceſſible than by his Vanity; that the ſureſt way to make him his Friend, was at once to make him his Maſter. Accordingly,

ingly, without Reſerve, he ſeemed to throw his Cauſe, Himſelf, and his Forces, into the upright Hands of *Cicero*, promiſing, ſays our Hiſtory,

P. 324.

" TO govern himſelf in every Step by his Advice.

Well judging too, from his natural Fondneſs for Direction, that *Cicero* would be rather tender, than rough, in his Meaſures, leſt too large a Liberty taken that way ſhould walk him out of his Poſt before he was well ſettled in it. Thus ſweetly, Hand in Hand, proceeded *Cicero* and *Octavius*, each ſeeming to be led by the other, and as faithfully reſolving each to coit his Companion down the firſt Precipice where he moſt conveniently might break his Neck. ---- This Thought, perhaps, might have been more decently dreſſed, but I know no honeſter way of ſpeaking plain Truth, than in plain *Engliſh*.

Whether *Cicero* was ever convinced that *Octavius* had the ſame Deſign upon him, I recollect not; but our Hiſtory tells us *Octavius* had certain Intimation that ſuch was the Deſign of *Cicero*; of which his own Words (*P.* 459.) his *laudandum juvenem*, *ornandum*, and his equivocal *tollendum*, are pretty near a Confeſſion. And it is only from their mutually diſſembled Views that we can account for ſuch different Principles ever having truſted one another at all. But as *Cicero* kept the Condition of his ſerving *Octavius* a Secret from him, that he deſigned to ruin him the moment he made any Attempts upon

upon the Public Liberty, ſome Authors who call this concealed Secret a Perfidy in *Cicero*, have offered it as an Excuſe to *Octavius* for his having given up *Cicero* to the Revenge of *Antony*, when he inſiſted upon his having his Name in that dreadful Inſtrument of Death, the *Proſcription.*

Yet *Cicero*, notwithſtanding this uncommon Mixture of weak and great Qualities, has one illuſtrious Merit that will ſtand againſt whatever critical Cenſure may arraign him. In all theſe violent Contentions between illegal Power and Liberty, *Cicero* had conſtantly been the occaſional *Aſylum*, as well of the ſtronger as of the weaker Parties; and even when he had neither Poſt, Power, or Commiſſion from the Public, nor was inveſted with any other Authority than that of a ſingle Senator, yet he had ſtill a Sway and Influence in his natural Dignity that was above the Power of Law to confer on the greateſt Magiſtrate. This drew towards him a Regard that the moſt implacable Enemies, of whatever Party, thought it their Intereſt to own was due to him; not the ſtrongeſt Leader in theſe Commotions, therefore, but thought his Cauſe, however proſperous, would ſtill be ſtronger under the Sanction of *Cicero*'s Approbation or Support. *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Brutus*, and now at laſt *Octavius*, all, we ſee, fly in their turns to his Favour and Protection, as to the public paſtoral Dictator. Nay, what ſtill ſeems more ſurprizing is, that tho' he frequently left one Party for another, he loſt not his credit with either; even *Pompey*

and

and *Cæſar*, when they could not ſingly hold his Favour, were always ſeparately glad to recover it.

Whether this diſtinguiſhed Deference, this almoſt implicit Reliance on him, was more owing to his commanding Eloquence, or to the confeſſed Integrity and conſtant Zeal he had always ſhewn for the Public Good and Tranquillity, or whatever innate Quality might exact it from them, I pronounce not; but that this amazing Merit in *Cicero* was *viſible*, it can be no great Boldneſs to avow. Whenever, therefore, a Fault or Failing in his Conduct or Principle ſeems to depreciate him, let us but look on him in this light, and we ſhall ſtill find ſomething greater to admire in him. And tho' to give him this Praiſe may be what the ſtricteſt Juſtice ſhould pauſe upon, yet Candour and Humanity will never refuſe it him; and theſe, in my humble Senſe, ſeem to be the trueſt Outlines of his Character. But we are now to conſider him in the laſt political Scene of his Life.

Through a thouſand Difficulties and perplexing Incidents, *Cicero* and *Octavius* were frequently brought to a critical Teſt of their League and Amity; but ſtill ſo cautious were they of coming to a Breach, that they neither of them choſe, by a flat Negative, ever to oppoſe what was reſolved or adviſed by the other. In this happy Compliance, or rather Diſſimulation, it may ſurprize us to find, that not all the Sagacity, and Experience of *Cicero* was a Match for ſo young a Genius as *Octavius*. To give

one,

one, out of a hundred Proofs, may gain Credit for any Number of them. Our Hiſtory tells us,

P. 336.

" THAT when *Brutus* was beſieged in *Modena* by " *Antony*, *Octavius*, without expecting the Orders of the " Senate (but by the Advice of *Cicero*, by which he now " governed himſelf in every Step) marched out of *Rome* " at the head of his Troops, &c. to encourage *Brutus* " to defend himſelf, &c.

Thus we ſee *Octavius* under a greater Regard to the Advice of *Cicero*, than to whatever might be the Will and Pleaſure of the Senate, now flying to the Support of *Brutus* (whoſe Cauſe he hated) even againſt *Antony*, whoſe Cauſe (as far as it intended the Revenge of *Cæſar*'s Death) he ſecretly wiſhed well to; and all this, at any rate, to keep well with *Cicero:* While *Antony*, who knew *Octavius* was no more a Friend to the Republic than he himſelf was, yet treated him as an Enemy becauſe he had got *Cicero* to ſupport him. Thus again, without *Cicero* could nothing be done. What a medley of jarring Intereſts were the political Paſſions of theſe mighty Men engaged in? While *Octavius*, therefore, went ſuch extraordinary Lengths with *Cicero*, rather ſeeming to obey his Commands than to comply with his Advice, *Cicero* has a great deal to ſay for his credulous Opinion of him. Nor, to do him Juſtice, was *Cicero* himſelf without his handſom

handſom Diſſimulation on his Part; his warm Recommendation of the young Hero's Virtue to the Senate,

P. 344.

WAS ſaying a good deal more in his favour than *Cicero* could poſſibly believe he deſerved from him (unleſs we are to disbelieve what he ſaid of him before (*P.* 277.) *that it was impoſſible he could make a good Citizen*;) and his now anſwering for his Fidelity was making as great Dupes of the Senate as *Octavius* had made of *Cicero*: But through the thick Lies that Politicians will tell, and the falſe Appearances they delight in, who can look into their Hearts? 'Tis therefore with a jealous Eye we ought to ſurvey the moſt ſhining Qualities of theſe celebrated *Romans*. *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Brutus*, and *Cicero*, all of them, occaſionally, were eminent in Virtues, but they had their Seaſons too of ſinking into common Men. Whoever, therefore, has written any of their Lives without an equal Remembrance of their too viſible Failings, when he has thus drawn the Hero bigger than the Life, muſt have made the Picture leſs like the Man.

If *Cicero*, then, was not always ſucceſsful in his Politics, be it owing to the Caprice of Fortune, or to his own miſtaken Judgment, will it not be equally uſeful to us to diſcover the Truth, whether it may acquit or con-

demn him? But when an Author, to give the higher Luſtre to the great Qualities of a great Man, throws a Veil over his Defects, and would almoſt perſuade us that he had no Faults at all, his Hero will be more apt to raiſe our Disbelief than our Emulation. Whereas, if we are honeſtly let into his Errors or Frailties, we are leſs inclined to think his Virtues romantic, and are more ready to take heart, that with all our own Imperfections we are not diſqualified to imitate the moſt laudable Mortal before us. For this reaſon I am the leſs fearful of taking any due Liberties with *Cicero*, yet not farther to diminiſh the Beauty of his Portrait than is neceſſary to bring it within a more credible Likeneſs of him.

However confident *Cicero* might be that he was in poſſeſſion of the high and forward Spirit of *Octavius*, we now find that this ductile Youth had a determined Will in his own Breaſt, ſecretly active and independent on the Councils of his political Maſter: For tho' he had carried his Arms againſt *Antony* almoſt to the utter Ruin of him, (*P.* 428.) yet he now found he had puſhed his Services to the Republic as far as his Compliance with *Cicero* or his ſeparate Intereſt could afford. And as Empire was his Aim, his Actions ſhew he began to conſider, that he was not yet ripe enough in the Public Favour, or ſtrong enough, with *Lepidus* his Aſſiſtance only, to make an immediate Seizure of it: For *Lepidus* (*P.* 437.) *tho' Maſter of a good Army, was certainly a weak General.*

If

If therefore he had totally deſtroyed *Antony*, the Republican Party, when ſo ſtrong an Enemy was removed, might have grown too powerful for any of their Enemies remaining: Not to give the Republicans, therefore, this Advantage *Octavius* rather choſe while

" He had reduced *Antony's* Power ſo low, and raiſed " his own ſo high,

To take that Occaſion of ſtrengthening his Hands, by laying upon *Antony* the Obligation of repairing his Fortune, and receiving him as a third Maſter in that *Triumvirate* which at this time he found it neceſſary to form.

Lepidus then, being but a Noſe of Wax; and *Antony*, however tried a Soldier, yet by his not being equally dear to the Friends and Veterans of the dead *Cæſar*, as *Octavius* the adopted Son and Heir of his Fortunes was, there now remained between *Octavius* and the Monarchy, properly, but one Competitor, and him he foreſaw, the ſame Force and Policy that had ſet him up would, in the proper Seaſon, be able to remove.

When *Octavius*, therefore, from the Aſſiſtance of *Cicero*, found himſelf ſtrong enough to be his own Miniſter; or rather, like the young Lion, had learned to prey for himſelf, tho' the Republican Party were deceived in the Promiſes of *Cicero*, that they ſhould find him a more tractable Creature; yet it is not ſo clear that *Cicero* was

himſelf deceived in him, it not being eaſy to admit that *Cicero* did not foreſee his Ambition would rather riſe than fall by what he had done for him. Nor can we ſuppoſe he had ſo weak an Inſight into human Nature, as to imagine the vigorous and fluſhed Hopes of *Octavius* were to be *talked* into Moderation and Virtue: Or that the Glory of reſtoring the Republic would yield an equal Rapture to the being Maſter of it. Suppoſing this then to be the Caſe, what real View, or Paſſion of his own, could *Cicero* propoſe to gratify, by his zealous Attachment to *Octavius?* For he could not but know, that not the leaſt Hope for Liberty could be within ſight of it. Yet ſome View he muſt have had. Let us conſider then, at ſuch a Conjuncture, what might be his moſt natural Motive to it. In ſuch dangerous Days, ſure, there can be no Severity in ſuppoſing *Cicero* was not without his ſhare of thoſe Fears which the greateſt Politicians are not always free from, and the firſt Reſult of thoſe Fears generally is to take care of themſelves; as the next is to put the beſt Diſguiſe upon them they can think of. What then could be a better Diſguiſe to the Fears of *Cicero* than to take upon him the laudable Task of making *Octavius* a good Citizen? well knowing, tho' that might be impracticable, yet the occaſional Services he ſhould do him in the Attempt might, at worſt, make a Friend of him. So that whatever the Event might be, *Cicero*, we ſee, was not weak enough to work

work for nothing. But the Jealouſy of his Friend *Brutus* goes farther with him, and in one of his expoſtulatory Letters upon his Conduct, adviſes him to take care, while he is ſo pleaſed with *Octavius*, that he is not thought

" Not to have diſliked a Maſter, but to have wanted " a more friendly one.

However hard this may bear upon the Morals of *Cicero*, yet, when we conſider the frequent Shiftings of ſo timorous a Temper, it will be harder not to believe but there muſt be ſome Truth in the Imputation.

Notwithſtanding theſe Suggeſtions in his Disfavour, our Hiſtorian, with a learned Zeal, ſeems, in the following Words, to ſupport the Morals and Dignity of *Cicero* to the laſt Hour of his Life, *viz.*

P. 471, 472.

" Whatever *Brutus*, or *any one elſe* may have ſaid, " if we reflect on *Cicero*'s Conduct, from the time of " *Cæſar*'s Death to his own, we ſhall find it in all Re- " ſpects *uniform*, *great* and *glorious*.

As to the Merit of its Uniformity, that muſt depend upon the Meaſures it ſets out with; for the beſt Arithmetician, that computes upon a falſe given Number, will find but a lame Account in his Labour. And unleſs

Cicero

Cicero made a right Choice of *Octavius* to reſtore the Republic with, the Zeal of his going on with him muſt, at laſt, only come out to be a Uniformity in Error: If, therefore, the miſtaken Will to do well is not equally laudable to the Deed, then, I ſay, when we impartially conſider either the dangerous Power which the Conduct of *Cicero* threw into the Hands of *Octavius*, or his weaker (double-dealing) View of intending to call in that Power, when the proper Uſes were made of it; and farther, how fatal at laſt the Conſequence of all this Policy proved to the Public Liberty, I doubt we ſhall be at a loſs to what part of his Politics we ought to give the *Great* or the *Glorious*. If, indeed, *Cicero* had ever raiſed in *Octavius* the leaſt Concern for the Public Liberty, *Glorious* might have been too cold a Praiſe for him: But as the Modeſty of Virtue ſeldom chooſes to have her Actions glorified till they have been attended with Succeſs, perhaps it may be eaſier to find out ſome former Merit in *Cicero* that will give him a clearer Title to Glory, than theſe later leſs ſucceſsful Schemes of his Life can lay claim to. But, as this Queſtion of his whole Conduct, ſince the Death of *Cæſar*, is ſo eloquently debated in the famous Literary Correſpondence, between *Cicero* and *Brutus*,

P. 474.

P. 474.

IT is from thence we ought to form our Judgment. In the mean time I ſhall only obſerve, That tho' our learned Author has afterwards ſaid a great deal more in Vindication of *Cicero*'s Conduct, than *Cicero* has ſaid for himſelf; yet, this kind coming in to his Aſſiſtance ſeems to confeſs, that *Cicero* had not ſo compleatly made good his Defence as not to need a farther Advocate; nor do I find, even *with* this Aſſiſtance, that the main Point is yet made out to us, which is, that from any Part of *Cicero*'s Management of *Octavius*, he has given *Brutus* one tolerable Reaſon to hope that he could ever lead him to the Defence of Liberty; or that the Meaſures he took to incline him to it, would not have made the moſt ſanguine Friend to the Cauſe deſpair of his ever bringing it about. As, therefore, in both theſe Particulars, he has left us unſatisfied, *Cicero* has only ſhewn us, in this celebrated Letter, how finely he could write to no purpoſe. And tho', to make the Preference given to the Letters of *Cicero* ſhine the more, we are farther told, That in the Reply of *Brutus* there is,

P. 487.

" A churliſh and moroſe Arrogance, *&c.*

Not quite ſo ſmooth, it muſt be confeſſed, as *Cicero*'s Complaiſance to *Octavius*. Yet, if this were ſtrictly true

true of *Brutus*, I don't ſee why the Juſtification of his Friend's Court-breeding would be at all the ſtronger for it. *Brutus*, his being in the wrong, could not make *Cicero* a Jot more in the right; or if we ſhould allow they might both be in the wrong, then let us ſee whether the Error of *Brutus* or of *Cicero* is the more excuſable.

Tho' in the Letter of *Brutus*, the many noble Sentiments which our Hiſtorian, in the ſame Page allows to be worthy of old *Rome*, have moſt of them the Misfortune of being uttered out of Seaſon, yet there runs through them ſuch an heroic Dignity in the Diſdain of all thoſe inſolent Favours which *Cicero* was importunate with *Brutus* to accept from *Octavius*, that the Term of *Moroſeneſs* ſeems too weak to come up to the Spirit of ſo noble an Error. Or if we muſt ſtill lower it to this unfavourable Idea, I cannot ſee why this Churliſhneſs of *Brutus* is any more than that of an honeſt Traveller, who unwillingly parts with his Purſe to a Highwayman; why then might not *Brutus* eaſe his Heart in being a little roughly clamorous for a greater Injury? Beſides, as *Brutus* was then under the Smart of the unhappy Conſequences ariſing from *Cicero*'s Miſmanagement of *Octavius*, it is no wonder their Expoſtulations had ſo different a Stile; to accuſe, and to defend, as naturally choſe the Roughneſs of a Language on the one ſide, as the Smoothneſs of it on the other.

But

But ſince our Author refers us to theſe Letters,

P. 473.

" To form the ſureſt Judgment of the different Spirit " and Conduct of the Men ----

Tho' I will not anſwer for the *Infallibility* of my Judgment, I will honeſtly own what Effect they have upon me, when I read them.

When I go through *Cicero*, I have all the Pleaſure that an agreeable Eſſayiſt can give me, without Conviction.

When I come to *Brutus*, tho' I am not much more charm'd with his Politics, yet I find in the Sublimity of his Sentiments a Feaſt for the moſt luxurious Underſtanding.

In a Word, *Brutus* ſeems to inſiſt upon *Cicero*'s taking Meaſures more honourable than practicable; and *Cicero* contents himſelf with thoſe, which, tho' an unambitious Prudence might go on with, yet the Spirit of a *Roman* Virtue could not ſtoop to.

The Principle of *Brutus* was ſtoically this ----

That it was more neceſſary to live with Honour, than to live at all.

But the Principle of *Cicero* riſes very little higher than that worldly Wiſdom which, from the Time of *Horace*, has talked to us in almoſt all the Languages of *Europe*; The *Roman* Poet's Words are theſe:

----- *Rem facias, rem*
Si poſſis rectè; ſi non, quocunque modo rem.

Which in plain *Engliſh* is,

My Son, get Money,
Honeſtly, if thou canſt;
But ---- get Money.

Thus *Cicero*, who had honeſtly gone great Lengths in oppoſition to the dangerous Deſigns of *Antony*, found, upon ſecond thoughts, it wou'd be leſs hazardous to keep upon better Terms with *Octavius*.

In ſo flagitious a Government, where the variouſly prevailing Sword could only give Laws, the greateſt Patriot, who was not a ſucceſsful General, or diſdained to be a Tyrant, could never hope for better Terms, as a private Citizen, than thoſe of a favourable Slavery. But *Cicero*, who had ſometimes too unhappy a Confidence in his Parts, or perhaps might be too fond of honeſtly ſhewing them, not being able (like his Friend *Atticus*) to ſit neutrally quiet, was at laſt forced to ſink under the Burden of his own Politics.

P. 490.

P. 490.

AT length we are arrived to the dreadful Uſurpation of the Triumvirate, whoſe vindictive Proſcriptions were the moſt cruel Acts of Tyranny, that *Rome* in her greateſt Calamities had ever ſubmitted to. And now was the Hour of *Cicero* come. Now was he at once to expiate his criminal Love of Liberty, and thoſe unpardonable Provocations which the honeſt Acrimony of his Eloquence had given to *Antony*, either of which Virtues were Offences deep enough to have condemned him: Tho' it ſeems not quite clear, that had not *Antony* been inexorable, but *Octavius* might have ſpared him. However, *Antony*, it is evident, took upon him the Charge of putting him to death. How cruelly it was executed is not my Province to repeat; nor can we, while we read it, ſee *Cicero* die with ſo compoſed a Dignity, without raiſing our Pity into the nobler Sighs of Admiration. When the military Ruffians of *Antony* came upon him, his ordering his Servants to make no Reſiſtance; his calling out for the Blow, and reaching forth his Head from his Litter to receive it, are Marks of a more heroic Magnanimity than might have been expected from a Mind ſo cloſely wrapt up in Politics, or peaceable Philoſophy.

The deteſtable and mean Barbarity of *Antony* to the dead Body of *Cicero* cannot be paſſed over, without the due Abhorrence it muſt excite in us; his ordering the Head and Hands of this great and memorable Man to be fixed upon the *Roſtra*, where his affecting Eloquence in defence and commiſeration of his Country had ſo lately been applauded, was a Revenge that reliſhed more of the wild *Indian* than of the civilized *Roman* Soldier. And yet, however horrible it may ſeem, it was but in the Stile of that legally infamous *Roman* Glory which licenſed their victorious Generals to lead their conquered Kings and captive Princes in Chains, ſhamefully to fill up the proud Parade of their Chariots in Triumph. Is it poſſible to conſider them in this light without honeſtly exclaiming, How could theſe great, theſe glorious *Roman* Raſcals, think there could be any Merit or Dignity in treating their innocent Superiors, whom they had robbed and plundered, with ſo much ſenſeleſs Inſolence and Barbarity? Yes, gentle Reader, I know this to be the ſame vulgar Language which, more than once, I have made uſe of upon much the ſame Occaſion; but pardon me, if I think it leſs ſhameful to be miſtaken for a Brute myſelf, than to proſtitute the Terms of Reſpect to thoſe greater vain-glorious Brutes who have ſo little Pretence to them. And as there cannot be a more ignominious Wretch in the World, than he who ſets the Laws of Humanity and the Cenſure of Poſterity at defiance, how would it be

poſſible

poſſible to preſerve, or rather not to mock thoſe Laws, were we to ſtile the Injuries of *Antony* to *Cicero* the glorious Revenge of a *Roman* Hero?

The mean Pride of Great Men, or the Flattery of Inferiors, may give to wicked Actions what Names they pleaſe; but it will never be within the Reach of Art or Eloquence, of Menaces or Force, to change their imaginary into real Value; neither the Slave or Tyrant can turn their Braſs into Gold, or paſs them current in the Accounts of Honour, Truth, or Virtue. As therefore no Succeſs or Victory can wipe off the Stain of Infamy from a bad Cauſe, ſo neither can the Aſſerters of a juſt Cauſe be made inglorious by their Captivity or Death. If then a true Senſe of Glory can have followed them into the other World, what a miſerable, mean-ſpirited Being muſt *Antony* have found himſelf, compared to *Cicero?* In this Light, at leaſt, will or ought they to be ever looked upon by the many unborn Ages that may yet ſurvive to throw a due Contempt or Praiſe upon their real or miſtaken Glory.

At this very Criſis too (to his laſting Glory) may it be ſaid, that with the laſt Gaſp of this venerable, hard-fated Father of his Country, ended the feeble Life of *Liberty*, which of late Years had ſcarce ever breathed but from the Mouth of *Cicero.*

Having thus followed *Cicero* to the End of his Life, I ſhall decline carrying my Obſervations beyond the decent

Leave

Leave I have endeavoured to take of him. Here, however, may it naturally be expected I ſhould give a compendious Sketch of his Character, as it now ſtands under the Remarks I have thrown upon it: But as that might be aſſuming the uſual Air of an Author dogmatically dictating to the Judgment of his Reader, I rather chooſe to recommend to him the laſt eighty Pages of our learned Hiſtorian, where he will find as copious and elaborate an Eulogium on the public and private Character of *Cicero*, as even *Cicero* himſelf could have wiſhed his Friend *Lucceius* would have bleſſed him with. To all which, if I do not totally aſſent, I have, however, ſo little to object, that in the whole I know but one Point that immediately calls upon my Notice, which I ſhould not preſume to take, did it not ſo directly condemn the Liberty with which I have frequently treated the viſible Vanity of this great Man. In Vindication of which Frailty, 'tis true, our charitable Hiſtorian has drawn up the ſtrongeſt Arguments that the Cauſe will bear, or the moſt able Pleader could produce; but, whether all theſe will weigh againſt the ſolid Folly of a Man's being ſo frequently eloquent in his own Praiſe, is a Queſtion that, I doubt, will be apt to ſet a ſenſible Judge in a Smile, whenever he is called upon to debate it.

Yet, in reſpect to ſo learned a Writer, I ſhall chooſe to treat the Matter with that ſerious Decency which a Gentleman

Gentleman of his Merit and Profeſſion may demand of me.

After a great deal ſaid in favour and in excuſe of *Cicero*, he tells us, tho'

P. 520.

" The Proof of his Vanity is drawn from his boaſting " ſo frequently of himſelf in his Speeches both to the Se- " nate and People.

Yet all this is to avail but little againſt him; for,

" If (ſays he) we attend to the Circumſtances of the " Times, we ſhall find it's not only excuſable, but in ſome " degree even neceſſary.

And yet, methinks, it were to be wiſhed ſome one critical *Circumſtance* of thoſe Times had been pointed out to us, that our immediate Attention to ſo viſible a Proof on his ſide, might have prevented ſo hard a Queſtion upon the Vanity of *Cicero*. However, if this Vanity is ſtill to be thought *neceſſary*, we may yet venture to affirm, that whatever is neceſſary ought to imply, or to promiſe, ſome certain good Effect to follow it: But the Good that could poſſibly accrue to *Cicero*, or to the Public, from his ſo frequently being the Herald of his own laudable Atchievements, ſeems not to be yet cleared up in the laboured Defence that has been made for him: For tho' a due Acknowledgment of his Merits and Services might not

not have been paid him from all Parties, yet it was only the Envious, the Ignorant, the Blind, or the Seditious, that refuſed it. By what means, then, was *Cicero* to open the Eyes, the Ears, or the Hearts of ſuch obſtinate Enemies? Not, ſure, by his own vaunted Opinion of his good Works; he could not hope that his preſuming to be Judge in his own Cauſe would gain him a ſingle Convert, or would go farther to his Juſtification than the viſible Benefits they had or might have received from his public Conduct; all which had ſpoke ſo much more to the purpoſe than the moſt forcible Words in their Praiſe could pretend to; for example,

If the Merit of ſuppreſſing *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy could not (as he found) ſave him from Baniſhment, could he dream that his own Praiſe or public Boaſt of ſo glorious a Service, or of any other popular Act, would draw the leaſt effectual Good after it? If, then, all theſe eloquent Efforts of his Vanity were unprofitable to him, how could this vindicated Diſplay of it be *neceſſary?* And if it was not neceſſary, muſt it not ſtill want a great deal more to be *excuſable?* But be all this as it may, our benevolent Hiſtorian ſtill thinks this ill-judged-of Vanity ſo excuſable, and ſo neceſſary, that here he ſeems rather to eſpouſe it as a Virtue, than to give it up as a Frailty; and ſo far intereſts himſelf in the Diſpute, that he tells us,

P. 522.

" IT muſt needs raiſe our *Contempt* and *Indignation*, " to ſee every conceited Pedant and trifling Declaimer, " who know little of *Cicero's* real Character, and leſs " ſtill of their own, preſume to call him *the vaineſt of* " *Mortals.*

Truth has ſuch abſolute Power with me, that (if I had Learning enough to be ſuppoſed a Pedant) all this rough Reprimand I could patiently take to myſelf: But as there is a poſſibility that ſo implicit a Deference to our Author might miſlead me to the doing Truth as evident an Injury by embracing, as by rejecting his Poſition, I am farther emboldened to ask, By what Obligation are our free Thoughts of *Cicero* never to wander out of the Pale of his Praiſe? Or how comes it to be impoſed upon us as an Article of our Hiſtorical Faith, that his Character is immaculate? Or why, at laſt, is the Liberty of ſuppoſing a poſſible Flaw in him to incur the *Contempt* or *Indignation* of his more zealous Admirers? unleſs it is inſiſted, that we don't underſtand the plain *Engliſh* in which this faithful Hiſtory has delivered him to us: Otherwiſe, I am not conſcious that I have made the leaſt Remark upon any Weakneſs of *Cicero* but where the direct Words of our learned Author have laid the Occaſion before me.

Is then this his Concern raiſed by a Solicitude for the Fame and Honour of *Cicero?* Or may we ſuppoſe it thrown out from a more natural Cauſe, an Impatience to ſupport the Credit of what has been ſo zealouſly urged in defence of him? For what is *Cicero* to him, or he to *Cicero*, that he ſhould fret for him? The Merit of a Biographer is not at all concerned in the Virtues or the Imperfections of his Hero; Truth only is the Regard that ought to govern him; and while he is never out of the ſight of that (be his Hero what he may) his Adherence to Veracity will be always one of thoſe indiſpenſible Qualities that may make him a valuable Hiſtorian. Why then are we ſurprized with ſo ſevere an Emotion at the plain Judgment or Capacity of the many, many Readers who may not yet be convinced that the Vanity of *Cicero*, however glaring to Them, was in Him a commendable Quality? But farther,

Is it not obſervable that, in our Holy Hiſtory, *David*, the very Man after God's own Heart, has not the leaſt Veil thrown over his Sins or Frailties, but that they are as copiouſly laid open as his Piety and Virtues? Yet neither the Dignity, the Truth, or the Inſtruction of that ſacred Example, ſuffer the leaſt Diminution from the unreſerved Impartiality of the Narration. Inaſmuch, then, as the Holy Hero muſt be allowed ſuperior to the Prophane, is not the Writer or the Reader of *Cicero*'s Hiſtorical Life not only authorized, but almoſt injoined,

joined, to obſerve the ſame due Impartiality? Whereas, were we to be reſtrained in this equal Liberty of Praiſe or Cenſure, we then, indeed, might be ſuppoſed, with greater probability, *to know but little of* Cicero's *real Character.*

As the Avoidance, therefore, of his Errors may be as inſtructive as the Imitation of his Virtues, whoever has the impartial Skill of ſetting Theſe or Thoſe in their true and cleareſt Light (whether it be *John*, or may happen to be *Thomas*) may either of them come out a laudable Proficient in the Science of *Writing well.*

F I N I S.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM